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THE MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY.

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WITH PICTURES BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE.

PASSING southward through Kentucky on the Louisville and Nashville Railway, the observant traveler will notice that about forty miles from Louisville the road climbs Muldrow's Hill, which is the northern escarpment of an elevated limestone plateau sloping gently to the south and west. The road traverses this plateau for about one hundred miles, and descends a southern escarpment into the basin of central Tennessee. In this distance only three streams are crossed—Nolin, Green, and Barren rivers; and between these rivers the entire surface-drainage passes away through subterranean channels, giving rise to a curious «sink-hole» topography which is peculiar to this region. These circular and oval-shaped depressions are so numerous that in places the rims almost touch one another, and one can sometimes count several hundred to the square mile. Through vents at the bottom of these sinks the surface-water passes downward into caverns and underground streams, emptying into the above-named rivers through arched ways near water-level, and in places beneath the surface of the rivers.

The surface-rock of this plateau is the Subcarboniferous limestone, which is here several hundred feet thick, a massive, remarkably homogeneous rock, with no in-

tervening strata of shale or sandstone—conditions most favorable for the formation of caverns; consequently this region contains more and larger caves, in a given area, than any other region in the world. In Edmonson County, where the celebrated Mammoth Cave is located, it is claimed that there are as many as five hundred known caverns.

A range of hills of uniform height, running parallel with the railway and several miles distant, will be observed to the north. On nearer inspection this will be seen to be a level plateau rising out of the limestone plain, and held up by a capping of massive sandstone. It is beneath the protection of this sandstone-capped plateau that the larger caves are found. Green River has cut through this plateau to a depth of about 320 feet; and as the sandstone cap is about 70 feet thick, we find about 250 feet of massive limestone exposed above the drainage-level. As some of the domes and upper avenues of the caves extend up to the base of the sandstone, and some down to the drainage-level, we thus have 250 feet as the present limit of the vertical extension of these caves. The evidence is conclusive that these caves have been cut down to correspond with the deepening of the channel cut by Green River. In the region immediately along the line of the

railway, where the sandstone capping and the upper limestone have been removed by erosion, the caverns have less vertical extension, and correspond to the lower avenues of the Mammoth and other caves to the north.

streams in this region. Every one of the innumerable depressions or sink-holes—save where the vents have been closed, thus forming ponds—communicates with an underground channel or cave, and the aggregate



ENTRANCE (WINTER).

Doubtless large caverns, corresponding to those now remaining beneath the sandstone plateau, existed here before the upper member of the limestone was eroded from this area. There is no means of estimating the extent of the caverns and subterranean

length of such channels has been estimated at many thousands of miles. Nor can we form any estimate of the number and extent of large caverns yet undiscovered. But for the erosion caused by a small stream cutting through the roof of Mammoth Cave the pres-

ent entrance would not have been broken open, and this, the greatest of caves, might have remained unknown. Several other of the largest and most beautiful caves in this region have been found by accident. Hidden grandeurs doubtless yet remain entombed beneath the extensive uplands reaching out on both sides of Green River. In crossing the southern upland we come upon oval-shaped limestone valleys, surrounded on all sides by a sandstone rim, with no outlet save through vents in the bottom. These valleys are sometimes hundreds of acres in extent, and are probably formed by the falling in of extensive caverns, the debris, disintegrated by the elements, being carried away through the subterranean channels. The fact that existing caves under the hills surrounding these valleys have been found through entrances in the sides of some of the valleys is an indication that this may have been the condition.

So great is the volume of water entering Green River through underground channels, having a uniform temperature of about 54°, that this stream rarely freezes. I have seen Green River, forty miles below this region, entirely free from ice at a time when loaded teams were crossing the Ohio River on the ice. The outlines of the cavernous members of the Subcarboniferous limestone coincide with the outlines of the original «Barrens» in this part of Kentucky. When the whites first came to this region, what is known as the Barrens was destitute of timber, and was covered with a rank growth of grass called «barren grass.» The burning of this grass kept down the growth of timber. The roots of certain species, surviving the fires, would spread out on all sides, and send up shoots, which would be burned off before attaining any size. When the country was settled and farms were opened the annual burning of the grass ceased, and the land was quickly reforested from the roots yet surviving in the ground. It is told of the first settlers that they obtained their fire-wood by grubbing it out of the ground. This is a fertile region, and pleasing to the eye. When clothed in waving grain and meadows, it is a smiling, dimpled land.

The dynamic forces by which these caves have been formed are yet in operation, and the processes are easily understood. The Subcarboniferous limestone, though homogeneous and massive, has cracks and fissures. The surface water, taking on carbonic acid and percolating through these fissures, disintegrates the soluble limestone, and enlarges

the cracks into channels for streams. Into these channels the sands and gravels are carried, adding to the erosive power of the streams. The acidulated water oozing through the limestone disintegrates the surface, so that there is a constant dropping off of particles, thus slowly but constantly widening the channels into broad and lofty avenues. Much of this limestone is oölitic, and an almost pure carbonate of lime, and in places in Mammoth Cave we find what is mistaken for sand to be a mass of tiny grains of oölite that have been detached by the disintegration of the cementing material.

The avenues of Mammoth Cave form a bewildering labyrinth, crossing over and under one another, and winding about in every direction, the main ones having a general direction toward Green River. In places the waters have cut through the several levels of avenues down to the water-level, forming immense domes. Gorin's Dome, for instance, has a vertical range of about 225 feet. We have in the caves a building up through the agency of water as well as the eroding action. In passing through the limestone the water becomes charged with lime, and this is redeposited, forming stalactites and stalagmites. The upper member of the limestone contains iron pyrites, and through the agency of moisture and air upon these and the limestone, sulphate of lime, or gypsum, is formed, and the gypsum crystals incrust the walls and ceilings in the upper and drier portions of the cave with beautiful and fantastic forms of sparkling white. These gypsum formations grow out of the rock as hoar-frost grows out of the ground.

The stalactite formations in Mammoth Cave, while beautiful, especially in some of the great domes, are surpassed by the wonderful pendants, alabaster and onyx columns, and translucent curtains in several of the caves in other parts of Edmonson County; but no cave approaches this in the size and sublimity of its avenues, its awe-inspiring domes, its mysterious rivers, and in the rare beauty of the festoons of flowers and sparkling crystals ornamenting miles of avenues.

The entrance to Mammoth Cave is reached by descending a picturesque pathway leading from the hotel down the hillside over jutting moss and fern-covered limestone cliffs into a beautiful glen extending from the top of the hill down to Green River, which is 194 feet below the mouth of the cave, and about half a mile distant. If the weather is warm, as we near the entrance we step into a



ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE (FROM THE INSIDE).

bracing, cool pure air, welling up from the cave and flowing down the glen beneath the stratum of lighter and warmer air. I have stood near the entrance, and extended one hand into a temperature of 90° , while the other hand was extended into a cool flowing river of air with a temperature of about 60° . The air within the cave has a uniform temperature, summer and winter, of 54° . The cave may be said to breathe twice a year—inhalation during the winter, and exhalation during the summer. This breathing of the cave, and the purity of the air and its freedom from germs, are among the most interesting problems to be studied. By what process the air in the cave becomes sterilized remains to be determined.

But our faithful negro guide has counted the party, selected the requisite number of lamps, and given the word, and we follow him in single file down the rude stone steps into the vestibule of the cave. Turning, we look up at the beautiful effect of daylight which we are leaving, and admire the delicate cascade falling from the overhanging arch at the entrance. The grand dimensions of the opening can best be appreciated from Mr. Castaigne's drawing of the entrance as seen from the inside.

Here our lamps are lighted, and we enter this silent, mysterious, changeless abode of eternal night, where the heat of summer and the cold of winter, the storms and thunders of the outer world, never penetrate. A few hundred yards, and we feel the peculiar sensation of emerging into expanding space. We catch only glimpses of white limestone projecting out of black shadows of the far-away walls and ceiling of an immense, almost

circular room about 70 feet high, which our guide proclaims the Rotunda.

We note the peculiar musical effect of the human voice. Years ago it was my good

lofty corridors in majestic waves of melody.

I could then appreciate the inestimable

privilege of the few who heard Jenny Lind

sing here, and who in the Star Chamber heard



THE STAR CHAMBER.

fortune to hear a celebrated German musical society sing in this Rotunda. I went far away in one of the great avenues leading from here, blew out my light, and sat alone in the darkness, and listened while the grand anthems rolled and reverberated through the

a member of her party render on his violin the prayer from «Der Freischütz.»

When the Rotunda is illuminated we note the perfect clearness of the atmosphere, the freedom from dust particles of any kind; and we soon learn that nowhere in the cave will



CHIEF CITY.

even dust rise upon our shoes. We note also the exhilarating effect of the air upon the members of our party. It is believed that the air has become oxygenated by chemical process; certainly, from its purity and dryness, it enables one to undergo exercise for

nues, and used for the manufacture of gunpowder. The war of 1812 was fought, on the American side, with gunpowder made from saltpeter taken from caves, and Mammoth Cave supplied the greater part. One wonders how, in the absence of germs and of decay, the earth



MAMMOTH DOME.

hours without a sense of fatigue. Here before us is evidence of the wonderful dryness of the air. The saltpeter vats erected in 1812, and the timbers which have remained in their present position since then, show no evidences of decay. In these vats the saltpeter was leached from the nitrous earth abounding in the upper and middle dry ave-

becomes charged with nitrogen. It has been claimed that nitric acid in the atmosphere, combining with the limestone, forms nitrate of calcium, and the disintegrated waste from the walls and ceiling yields the great supply of nitrogen abounding in the cave.

It requires a day and a half to make the regulation journeys through the cave: one



half a day to what is known as the Short Route, and an entire day to the Long or River Route. But that by no means exhausts the objects of interest, and one may spend days in visiting avenues and chambers and domes not included in the regular routes.

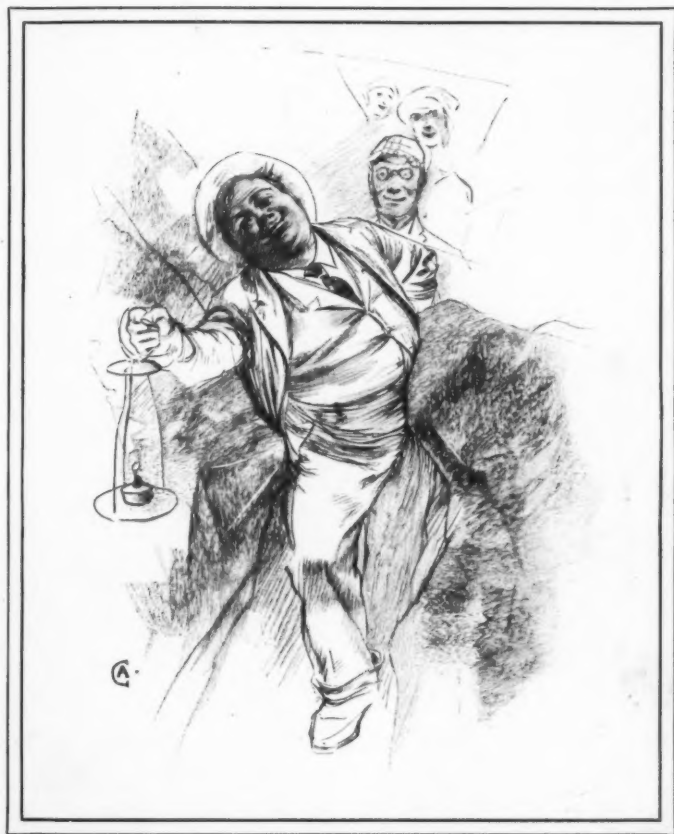
A bare enumeration of the interesting places included in the regular route would fill a chapter, and will not be attempted here, attention being directed only to a few points of interest. We first traverse the Main Cave, a grand arcade extending from the Rotunda about four miles to where fallen rocks have closed the avenue. This part of the cave has an average width of about 60 feet and an average height of about 40 feet, but in places it widens into immense chambers having heights of from 50 to 75 feet. The darkness adds to the appearance of magnitude of these grand avenues.

We pass additional saltpeter vats; the Church, where we see rude seats, an immense room under a beautiful arch, with a gallery running along one side, and where, we are informed, religious services are sometimes held; pass the Gothic Galleries, and under the Grand Arch, when the guide asks you to keep silent and listen. You hear the regular ticking as of a great clock. It is

THE CORKSCREW

caused by a single drop of water falling into a pool about every second. To get the full value of this you should be alone, and should blow out your lamp, and then you can hear only this musical ticking, sounding afar through the great silent hall. And then one should go alone, where there is no sound of dropping water, and, extinguishing the light, learn for the first time what absolute silence and ab-

up their abode here, and remained for five months without going outside. It is said that when they did go out three died before they could reach the hotel. Something more than purity is required—sunlight. It is said that the saltpeter-miners had remarkable health while working in the cave, and persons with weak lungs are certainly benefited by short walks in this atmosphere. I believe, in time,



FAT MAN'S MISERY.

solute darkness are—profound blackness that you can feel, no sound save the beating of your own heart, which after a while you can plainly hear.

Some distance on we come upon two stone cottages built against one of the walls of the avenue. These are the remains of a number that were built in the cave, in 1843, for the abode of consumptive patients. It was believed that the pure air of the cave would effect a cure, and fifteen consumptives took

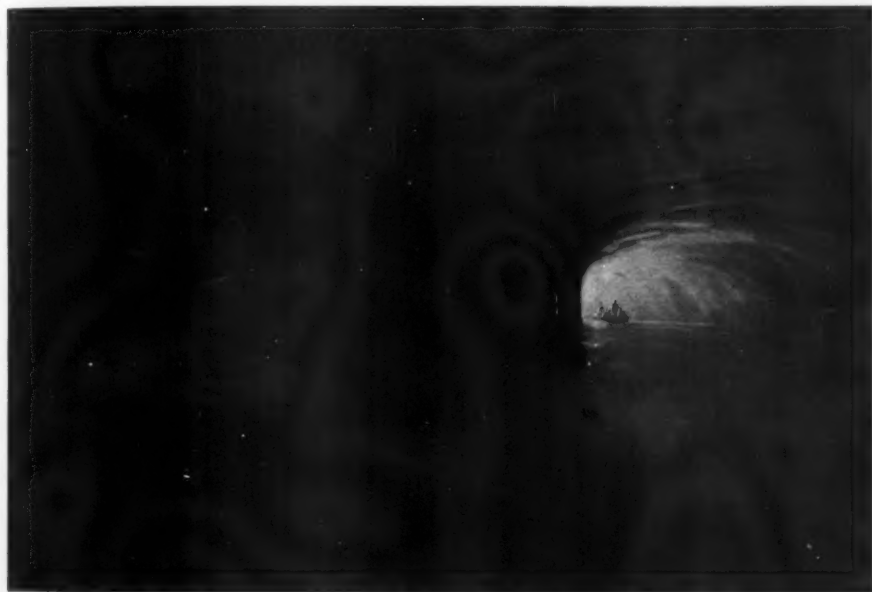
that these immense reservoirs of dry, pure, antiseptic air will be utilized for the cure of consumption and asthma, not by sending the patient into the cave, but by bringing the air into sunlit and elevated sanitariums on the dry, well-drained elevated sandstone plateaus above the caves. We know the air is dry, because the timber carried in in 1812 has not decayed, and iron hinges have been here since 1843, and show no sign of rust. We know the air is pure, because here animal



THE BOTTOMLESS PIT.

matter does not decay, but simply dries up. The mummies found in the caves were not prepared mummies, but simply desiccated bodies. The uniform temperature of from 53° to 54° the year round has been demonstrated. Consumptives take long sea-voyages and visit high altitudes to get the benefit of aseptic atmosphere; but they suffer from variations of temperature, from storms, and at high altitudes exercise cannot be taken, while the cave air predisposes one to take exercise with little fatigue. I have known delicate women to walk for nine hours in the

pressiveness of the outer air. We dreaded to inhale it into our lungs, and returned again and again into the pure air flowing from the cave. Air freed from bacteria is one of the main reasons for success in modern surgery, and a sanitarium into which this air could be pumped would doubtless be resorted to for difficult surgical operations. Consumptives in high altitudes are compelled to remain indoors in winter weather and breathe the vitiated air of closed rooms; while in sanitariums supplied with cave air, by letting the air in at the upper part of the rooms and



ENTRANCE OF PURGATORY AND ECHO RIVER.

cave, clambering up steep ascents and over rocks, and come out of the cave feeling no sense of fatigue until they reached the warm, impure air outside, charged with the odors of decayed vegetation, when they would almost faint, and would require assistance in ascending the path to the hotel. We think the atmosphere in the glen at the entrance remarkable for purity before we have become sensitive by hours in the pure atmosphere of the cave. I once went with a friend and a guide to Roaring River and several other remote places, which required remaining in the cave overnight. It was night when we came out, and we had become so sensitive by our stay of thirty-six hours in the pure air of the cave that we were almost overcome by the suffocating mephitic odors and op-

out at the lower part, all exhalations would pass out, and pure air would be constantly rushing in at a uniform temperature, winter and summer. Then, it would be a boon if we could escape the oppressive heat of summer into hotels kept cool and pure by the air from these great dry caves.

We pass on from these desolate stone cottages with their sad memories. Some of our party have good voices, and all try to get the musical, resounding effect from the lofty vaulting. Then we learn that in places the rocks have a chord of their own, and when the right key is struck the most wonderful musical effects are produced. The guide understands the secret, and commands the rocks to give forth sweet musical responses.

We now enter an immense hall about sev-



THE DEAD SEA.

enty feet wide, but how high and long we cannot tell; for above the towering cliffs on each side is blackness, and ahead of us the receding walls vanish in utter darkness. By direction of the guide, we seat ourselves on a log, and lean back against the right-hand wall. He removes our lamps so that they will not shine in our eyes, and placing them so the light will be thrown upward, he bids us look aloft. Exclamations of wonder break forth. We seem to be looking out from the bottom of a deep cañon into black midnight heavens studded with innumerable stars. The longer we gaze, the more perfect does the illusion become. The guide, by skilful manipulation of the lights, causes clouds to overcast the sky; then black clouds hide the stars from view; a wind sweeps them away, and the stars come out plainer than before; and then the lights disappear down under the farther wall to our right, and we hear the footsteps of our guide resounding fainter and fainter; and then utter blackness and stillness, and we remain in silence in the famed Star Chamber. After a while we hear, far away on our left, the

crowding of a cock; then the deep baying of a house dog. Nearer the barking comes. A faint streak of light steals along the projecting buttresses of the overhanging cañon, and gradually spreads down its sides. We look to the left, and see the light slowly rise above the black horizon, and our guide comes forward with the lights, and receives the applause which he well deserves. The ceiling of the Star Chamber is flat, and is coated with the black oxid of manganese. This is pierced with sparkling crystals of gypsum. The blackness is so intense, and the ceiling so high, that we seem to look up into unfathomed space, in which the tiny stars float. Emerson was evidently more impressed with the Star Chamber than with any other portion of the cave, as will be seen from his essay on "Illusions." Mr. Castaigne's drawing is the only satisfactory representation of this wonderful place that I have ever seen.

Star Chamber is the end of the Short Route, and visitors retrace their steps from here; but there are some miles beyond, which we will visit in order to see the largest underground dome in the world. This is called

Chief City. This stupendous dome is 500 feet across in one direction, and 280 feet in another, and the height is estimated at from 90 to 125 feet. Over this great area extends a solid arch of limestone. The awful sublimity of this place can be appreciated better from the illustration than from any attempt at description. This dome was frequented by the Indians before the coming of the whites. Great numbers of reeds, from one to three feet long, are found here. The ends of these have been charred, and it is evident that these were filled with the fat of animals, and were used for torches to illuminate this magnificent temple.

The Indians procured flint from the cave. Flint Dome, which is rarely visited, has bands

and nodules of flint projecting from the circular walls, and the evidences are abundant that the Indians gathered flint from here. The moist flint from the cave would flake easier than the dry flint outside, and for that reason must have been in great demand by these manufacturers of flint implements. There is not space to describe here the interesting mummies that have been found from time to time in these Edmonson County caverns, nor of the woven fabrics and ornaments found with these mummies. These fabrics were woven from the inner bark of trees. In Salt Cave and in Short Cave several interesting sandals were discovered a few years since. They were braided in an artistic manner, and were of pleasing shape. They



CROGHAN HALL AND MAELSTROM.

were like shoes rather than sandals, were of different sizes, and of slightly varied designs, but all shapely and carefully braided. The saltpeter-miners and the early visitors to the cave did not appreciate the value of the remains of the aborigines found, and much valuable material was evidently lost and destroyed.

Before crossing the river for the Long Route we visit some of the wonderful domes.

a great height. Six enormous columns, eighty feet high and about twenty-five feet in diameter, support one of the circular sides of the roof. These columns are fluted, and have well-marked capitals, and look like the ruins of some immense Egyptian temple. The white limestone is here incrustated with an amber-colored stalagmitic coating, and curtains of the same material add greatly to the beauty of the place.



«THE SPIRIT OF ETERNAL, CHANGELESS SILENCE REIGNS SUPREME.»

These are in the portion of the cave nearest Green River, but this would not be known by the visitor after wandering through avenues turning in all directions. The most interesting are Gorin's Dome, Bottomless Pit, and Mammoth Dome.

Gorin's Dome has the greatest height and depth, but Mammoth Dome is the largest of the three. It is about 400 feet in length and 150 feet in height. It has two levels—the upper containing the large columns shown in the upper part of the illustration, and the lower part, into which a cascade falls from

Gorin's Dome is viewed through a circular window in the side of an avenue about midway between the top and the bottom of the dome. The stalactites, hanging curtains, and incrustations are more beautiful here than elsewhere in the cave, which, added to the great height, gives to this dome a peculiar charm. The water in the bottom of the dome connects with Echo River by an unknown passage. There is a winding passageway leading to the bottom, and as the view from this point is one of the most impressive in the entire cave, it is unfortunate that the tourist

cannot have the benefit of it. The circling walls reach from the river-level up past all the various levels of the cave, and are carved and fluted by the descending water, and curtains and pendants of alabaster add to their marvelous beauty.

The Bottomless Pit, though much smaller and less grand, has some of the characteristics of Gorin's Dome. It is a fearful pit to look down into from the bridge spanning one of its bays. I once went with a companion through a tortuous passage to the bottom of this pit, and while there we heard the shouting and laughter of an approaching party overhead. Extinguishing our lights, we waited until they had collected on the bridge overhead; and as they looked down, trying to penetrate the unfathomable darkness of the deep pit, we gave an unearthly, sepulchral wail. Exclamations of fear and horror resounded through the cave from the frightened crowd upon the bridge; but the guide, knowing that we had gone into the cave in advance of his party, quieted their fears by the assurance that the sounds did not come from evil spirits of the vasty deep.

Throughout the portions of the cave visited by tourists, all are impressed by the sense of vastness of the avenues and chambers; and many of the larger avenues are not visited. The main cave on the Short Route is from 35 feet to 300 feet wide and from 40 feet to 125 feet high for a distance of several miles; and on the Long or River Route this sense of roominess prevails throughout, with the exception of a pleasing diversion through the short cut to the river by the intricate windings of the Corkscrew, or through the winding, narrow, water-worn passage known as Fat Man's Misery, which is not over eighteen inches wide for some hundreds of feet. Emerging from this latter winding way into Great Relief, we enter one of the grandest avenues in the cave, called River Hall, extending for several miles, and leading, with its ramifications, to the wonderful subterranean lakes and rivers. We pass along the narrow pathway on the edge of the dark cliffs overhanging the Dead Sea. The lights, skilfully thrown on projecting ledges on the farther side, are inadequate to dispel the darkness surrounding the clear pool of water below. We stop to listen to the musical splashing of a small cascade. We cross a stone archway forming for several hundred feet a natural bridge over the River Styx. We stamp upon the hollow stone to hear the drum-like sounds reverberating through the avenues. We pass

in single file along the side of Lake Lethe, and enter the Great Walk, a lofty, spacious avenue about 90 feet high, extending for about 1200 feet to the shore of Echo River. The floor of this lofty avenue is a clean yellow sand. When the river is high this walk is submerged, thus adding to the width of the river. For a long time Echo River barred the way to the extensive system of avenues beyond. The celebrated colored guide Stephen Bishop was the first to cross it. New avenues have been discovered and opened up, so that it is now possible to reach the trans-river portions of the cave without crossing the river. But these are used only when the river is too high to cross, as a sail on this underground water is one of the most delightful experiences of the cave. Flat-bottomed boats, each with a capacity to carry about twenty persons, have been provided. Our lamps are arranged at each end; we take seats along the sides of the boats, which are pushed off; and we silently float out under the dark archway into an unknown world such as we have never before conceived of. The river is about 20 feet deep, of the purest water, so clear that pebbles can be seen on the bottom. In places it widens out to 200 feet, and branches reach away into darkness on each side. It is a sail of about three fourths of a mile to reach the farther shore, and it is an experience ever to be remembered.

Our guide asks us to keep silent; then, lifting the heavy, broad paddle with which he has been propelling our boat, he strikes with all his strength the flat side on the surface of the water. Instantly the subterranean thunders of this under-world are let loose. From all directions come rolling waves of sound multiplied a thousandfold, receding, and again returning with increasing volume, lingering for many seconds, and finally dying away in sweet, far-away melodies. Then, when the last faint sounds have ceased, he agitates the water with his paddle, and asks us to listen. The receding waves, reaching cavities in the sides of the overhanging arches, break the stillness with sweet bell-like sounds. Some notes, striking the key-note of the rocks, multiply the musical melody; some notes are soft and low; others are loud, almost with an alarm-bell clangor. This music, such as cannot be heard elsewhere on earth, gradually dies away in receding echoes, coming over the waters from far-away hidden chambers. The echo is not such as we hear above ground or in buildings, but a succession of receding waves of sound, lasting for

about thirty seconds, and adding an indescribable melody to all sounds, whether from shouting or from instrumental or vocal music.

The interest in this underground river is enhanced by the knowledge that in it are found the blind or eyeless fish. There are several species of these. They are colorless, and well demonstrate how life is adapted to its environments. There are no visible eyes, but the rudiments of eyes are found under the skin. Instead of eyes, the head is covered with small ridges of cup-shaped papillæ, each papilla containing in the center a delicate, projecting, highly sensitive nerve-filament, which, by its delicate sense of touch, compensates for the absence of sight. So sensitive are these blind fish that it is impossible to touch one of them while they are free in the water. Blind, colorless crawfish are also found in these waters. The cave cricket, or wingless grasshopper, is found throughout the cave. It has eyes, but as they are useless in the dark, it is provided with very long and very sensitive antennæ, which it sways about, and thus manages to get along without light. It is known that Echo River empties into Green River. When the latter river rises, even when there have been no rains in the neighborhood of Mammoth Cave, the rise in Echo River will correspond.

It is a long walk beyond the river to the

end of the regular journey, and many objects of interest and beauty are encountered on the way. The crowning glory of this part of the cave is Cleveland's Cabinet, a lofty archway two miles in length, the walls and ceiling covered with incrustations of sparkling crystals of gypsum. In places the fibrous gypsum has taken on the form of rosettes, and covers the rock as with a mass of snowy flowers. For the entire two miles of this wonderful arcade of gems and crystal flowers we hear nothing but exclamations of surprise and admiration. We leave behind us this fairyland for the more somber avenues, climb up a rough ascent in a wide dome called Rocky Mountains, and enter Croghan's Hall, in which is a deep pit called the Maelstrom. Above this pit hang large translucent stalactites. We are told that this is the end of the cave; but it is only one of the many ends, and some of the avenues have been closed by fallen rocks or by the stalactite growth, and the real end is yet unknown. We retrace our steps, and after a wandering of nine hours emerge from the cave into the oppressive air of the upper world. We have seen nothing more beautiful than the rosy light of the setting sun as we look out from the dark chasm. We turn for a last lingering look into the wonderful, mysterious under-world, where the spirit of eternal, changeless Silence reigns supreme.



ANDRÉE.

BY WILLIAM PRESCOTT FOSTER.

HERE is a thing must of our time be told:
 One heart among us, wilder than the rest,
 Took ship of air and sailed away in quest
 Of one more thought of God, hid from of old
 Behind the eternal barriers of the cold.
 Of late we saw him with undaunted breast
 Scale heaven and steer to be the white North's guest,
 And Winter's ancient fastness to behold.
 And now the great winds waken, and the snow
 Drives southward, and the red auroras dance.
 He doth not come. Will he return? Perchance
 The Hyperboreans, rapt with his face,
 Detain him in the land of berg and floe,
 Or Arctos shines upon his burial-place.

GOOD AMERICANS.

BY MRS. BURTON HARRISON,

Author of «A Bachelor Maid,» «Sweet Bells out of Tune,» etc.

IX.

THE crown of their voyage was to be the ring of mountains lying in purple shadow about Athens and the Acropolis. Davenant, glass in hand, had been on deck since sunrise, gazing eagerly at the various points of the Grecian islands, identifying Minerva's temple as they passed it, and at last recognizing with a thrill those mighty piles of marble, Hymettus and Pentelicon, between which arises, upon its umber hill, that gem of the dead as of the living world, the Parthenon.

Sybil had stopped in the saloon for a cup of tea before she joined him. When they steamed into the Piræus the rapt gazer felt her light touch on his arm.

«I wonder how I ever pretended to enjoy anything before you were there to share it,» he remarked. «The morning has felt incomplete without you; and in other days I wanted to be alone when I was sight-seeing.»

«I also will own that this is just a little better than traveling with my aunt,» said she, mischievously.

While they stood surveying the approach to the Athenian seaport, amid the crowd of vessels of many nationalities lying along the quays, a conspicuous object was a beautiful yacht painted white, with the Stars and Stripes flying at her masthead.

Instantly Davenant's cap was lifted from his head, and a look of proud and reverent affection came into his eyes.

«What is it?» asked she, curiously. «Oh, only an American yacht! I can't imagine being glad to see that; for most likely there'll be some compatriots at the hotel who'll find us out, and there's the end of our lovely isolation from the world.»

«A man would be a poor creature, in my opinion, who would n't feel a thrill at the sight of his country's flag in a foreign harbor,» he answered.

«I never thought of that side of it. Perhaps I have seen too many of them,» she said, a little chilled by the suggestion of reproof. «At any rate, I shall ask this Cook's boatman, just coming up the side, who the

owner is. They know everything about the docks.»

«The *Almée*, belonging to Monsieur Willoughby of New York,» was the reply Sybil conveyed to her husband, who had not left his stand. «Just as I supposed. Those Willoughbys! who own a boat because it's the fashion, and are both so dreadfully seasick I wonder they've the courage to go outside of harbor.»

«The yacht is a beauty, though,» said he, admiringly. «Ah, there begins again that Southern clack and tumult of boatmen. But nothing will ever equal Chios!»

In their hotel, in rooms with long windows opening into a portico of snow-white marble, its pillars framing in full view the hill of his lifelong dreams, Davenant left his wife to rest, while he set out on foot to scale the classic heights. What he felt and thought on the staircase of the Propylæa and on the step of the great temple, where he stood for a long time drinking in the scene and air and influence, must be imagined by those who share his sentiment.

At the portal of the exquisite little temple of Nike Apteros his visions were rudely disturbed by the approach of a large, bland personage in a too correct yachting-suit, who fell upon him with fervor, extending his hand.

«My dear sir, I'm charmed to see you here—charmed. Met you at dinner at the Grant-hams', and am well acquainted with your high reputation at our bar. My name is—»

«Of course—Mr. Willoughby,» said Davenant, gathering his scattered wits together. «We were told that is your pretty yacht in harbor.»

«Yes; I bought the *Almée* last year from Monty Wuthering, who had got tired of her. Fine boat, is n't she? Sent her over to the Mediterranean, and joined her at Gibraltar last month. M' wife had so much care and anxiety last winter, getting into our new house—»

«I—ah—remember,» hastily interposed Davenant.

«—that the doctors said she could n't undertake the care of it this winter. On the verge of nervous prostration was Mrs.

Willoughby. So we made up a little party for this cruise in the Mediterranean and Ionian. Came through the Canal of Corinth, or, I might say, scraped through,—m' wife quite hysterical over the narrow passage,—and expect to winter in Egypt.»

«Do you stay long in Athens?» asked his hearer, wearily.

«Just as long as m' wife can be contented here. By George! Davenant, we're at the best hotel I ever struck in a foreign country. I'd be willing to put in a good stop here myself. But tell me of Mrs. Davenant. Of course you are on your wedding tour. The world knows very well about your movements. Can't carry off a belle of society without suffering the penalty of having it discussed. Like to have a copy of the (New York Interviewer,) giving a full account of your wedding? Think my wife has one at the hotel.»

«You will excuse me,» said Davenant, stiffly.

«No offense meant. Everybody has his turn in the newspapers, and everybody knows what old lady Lewiston is when her back's up. You'll be interested to hear that m' wife's secured for our expedition the one all the society columns are saying will succeed your fair lady as the beauty of the smart set—Miss Claribel Walton. Heard of her, no doubt? Pretty as a peach. Mrs. Stanley tried to get her for Lenox before we left; but m' wife was too clever—whipped in with an invitation for this cruise. Some good fellows are of our party—several friends of your wife's—Allen, Willy Lang, and Beau Frisbie. Tried for Cleve, but he was in England visiting, and I could n't catch him.»

Davenant, writhing with impatience, was yet struck by the names mentioned. He knew them to belong to people of Sybil's acquaintance, hitherto unapproachable by the lavish Willoughbys. The idea of this downpouring of idle pleasure-seekers upon the precious hours of his waning honeymoon sent disgust into his heart. But stronger than all other feelings was for the moment his desire to be rid of a Willoughby in the shadow of the Parthenon.

It was inevitable that the Davenants should run into the other camp. After luncheon in their sitting-room, Davenant carried his wife off for a round of mild sight-seeing. He had found time during the morning to drop into the museum of the Acropolis and admire the recently discovered «Winged Three,» with its serpent's tail, and now went back to give her a glimpse at it.

«Think of this splendid monster swooping down through ether every evening to gather tidings of what threatened Athens from the outer world, and returning to the Parthenon with the rising of the sun!»

«What strikes me in their sculpture,» said Sybil, «is the grand, free forms of the women. If we could all be molded and hold ourselves erect like these statues and fragments, we'd be fit to (take the lead.) Did you see the small size of that pretty Greek girl's waist who got into her carriage before ours at the hotel? I am sure she cannot draw a long breath comfortably.»

«Ah, Mrs. Davenant!» said a voice. A good-looking man in light tweeds, who was surveying a frieze in rather bored fashion, had turned and was saluting them. It was Sybil's old acquaintance, familiar to the wealthy leisure circles of New York as Willy Lang, who took the circumstance of meeting them in Athens as he would have taken a similar encounter in Hyde Park or Fifth Avenue—or, for the matter of that, Djibouti.

«Rather a poor season to be here, but we're well enough at the hotel,» he said indifferently.

Lang, an old admirer of Sybil's, was well informed as to the romantic marriage excluding her from her aunt's good graces and bank-account. He admired her still, but wondered why Davenant had been such an ass as to take a bride under such circumstances, especially when everybody said that the fellow was getting ahead in the world like wild-fire. Nothing could have induced Lang to share his modest income with a wife. It was all he could do to knock about, buy drinks and cigars, clothe himself like a lily of the field, and pay club dues. The rest of his enjoyments came out of the purses of other people, to whom he gave the equivalent of his good looks, fine figure, and knowledge of the world, intending to do so until such time as it should please his fancy to secure a wealthy wife.

When Sybil introduced him with graceful pride to her husband, Lang treated Davenant with some show of civility. His shrewd, lazy remarks reminded Davenant of Ainslie, whom he had always liked, though in Ainslie there was the spark of individuality lacking in the present specimen. Keeping pace with them in the round of the museum, he stood lifting his hat at the carriage-step, outside, after Sybil had taken her seat in it to depart.

Davenant could see that Sybil was rather gratified than otherwise by this meeting. With Lang she had plunged at once into a

talk concerning people and things Davenant had already tried, for his wife's sake, to care about, but tried in vain. He was generously glad for her to have this pleasure, and at the same time a very little piqued at her animation in partaking of it.

"You like Lang, then?" he said as they drove off.

"I like some of the things he likes, rather," answered she, with a mutinous smile. "My dearest Peter, you can't expect me all at once to live on your mountain-tops and never go down into the valleys. Now, tell me candidly, what do you think of Willy Lang?"

"I'm afraid I sha'n't think of him after we've been parted for five minutes, though he's pleasant-enough company. The worst I have against him is that he is willing to be the guest of the Willoughbys."

"Who caused you to thrill with their American flag, remember!"

"I wish they had remained invisible beneath it. Sybil, I foresee endless vexations through these people being here. It is almost cause for moving."

"The hotel is so large. We can have our meals always to ourselves. In the evenings sometimes it might be fun to—oh, no, no! what am I saying? I am not Sybil Gwynne, and do not belong to that set now. I am Mrs. Davenant, an entirely reconstructed young person, who glories in her handsome, clever husband, and would n't change him for all that these people stand for. Indeed, Peter, I'm in earnest. And if I ever seem to you weak in these matters, think of what my whole life has been, put in the balance with the few months since you appeared to influence me for better things. I don't envy Claribel Walton in the least, stepping into my old shoes. She's quite welcome to them. I thought Etta would take her up when I deserted. Etta must have a girl friend. But she'll need a long time to get over Claribel's traveling under Mrs. Willoughby's wing. There's been a rumor that Claribel is in love with Willy Lang, and perhaps that accounts for her being here. But he does n't even look at her. She's not rich enough. Any one who gets him must contribute millions and a house. Those other men we're going to meet are of Lang's sort, only not as nice. You'll see them all over Europe amusing themselves. They're rather ashamed than otherwise of being called Americans. They don't like being mixed up with our vulgar herd that travels; though, to tell the truth, Peter, I don't either."

"Yet we shall soon be hand in glove with Mrs. Willoughby."

"Oh, the Willoughbys have crept in. They are bad, certainly, but no worse than the parvenus of every nation that rise to the top by spending money for other people's entertainment. It is a sure sign the Willoughbys are in that Willy Lang consents to come on a cruise with them."

"I am sick of their ins and outs!" exclaimed Peter. "See what they've brought upon us already—to waste Athens in talking about them!"

But the glory of past and present soon blended to drive from the grumbler every thought that was not of pure rejoicing, when they watched the sun go down behind "his Delphian cliff."

Peter had lifted Sybil to rest on a shattered pedestal in the grass under the eastern range of pillars of the Parthenon, now deserted, save for a few other visitors, and the guardians of the place, who were jingling their keys in impatience for the orb of day to go down and let them be done with gaping travelers. And thence our couple had strayed down to the platform on the western end of Nike's lovely temple, and stood looking at the scene in the silence of perfect sympathy.

Sybil could not know what this meant to his thirsty soul, for the first time slaking itself at immortal fountains; but she saw his deep pleasure, and was glad in it. They were standing where old Ægeus stood to look for the ship that was to bring him news of his son Theseus' victory or defeat in the encounter with the Minotaur; as he watched, the royal vessel had come into view, but with black sails, and the king, taking this for an announcement of his son's death, had leaped headlong to destruction from the cliff.

Just now the far reach of mountains, valley, sea, and islands was bathed in "the tender grace of a day that is dead." Nothing like it had ever greeted Davenant's eyes before. The memory of it would go with him to his grave.

The last rays of the sun saw them hurried by the guides from their classic pinnacle of bliss. Driving back through the *basse ville* of Athens, the cheerful scenes of the street after working-hours were in strong contrast with the forsaken ruins overhead. At the wine-shops, and outside the house doors, women, children, soldiers, and peasants were meeting, greeting, circling, and chatting, like a chorus scene of the opera. Men and women in Albanian dress, manly and handsome Cretans in their baggy knee-breeches with boots reaching half-way up the bare calf, some Turkish women in yash-

maks, made points of color in the scene. Greek women and girls were at the fountains, filling stone amphoræ. Between the white-, pink- and yellow-plastered house-walls—between the hedges of cactus, aloe, palm, and carob—arose with every passing by of wheels or foot-passengers a gray dust, thick and heavy, that, settling upon the inhabitants, did not appear to incommode them in the least.

THERE was no help for Sybil Davenant. Although she had said to herself that she would never go near her, she knew quite well that pay or receive a visit from the unconquerable Mrs. Willoughby she must. She found in her rooms, on the return from driving, the cards of all the party, with an urgent invitation from Mrs. Willoughby to join them at dinner, which was at once declined.

"You had better go alone first, after dinner, and I will stray in afterward," said Peter, with a groan. "A man always makes a poor show when on bridal exhibition. I shall go for a stroll through the streets, and you can say you don't know where I am."

Sybil's appearance in Mrs. Willoughby's drawing-room—the one appertaining, of course, to the most expensive suite of the hotel—was the occasion of a lively welcome from two women who had exhausted each other's conversation.

"Our men are all scattered somewhere," said Mrs. Willoughby, a little more confident in manner than when Sybil had last seen her. "Claribel and I were just wondering if you would not come. And we are dying to see your husband. I've told Claribel what a beauty he is—an excuse for any girl's rash—"

"Go on; don't be afraid," said Sybil, blushing a little, but mistress of herself. "You cannot say more of him than he deserves. He will come in presently to thank you for the emotion the flag on your yacht inspired in his patriotic breast."

"Oh, my dear! I sometimes say to Mr. Willoughby I wish we could run up another set of colors. Our flag is just the signal for us to be fleeced in every port we go to. The yacht's a very nice one, certainly. My cabins were fitted up for Mrs. Wuthering, who has such sweet taste. But one can't stand the noise and smells of these Southern harbors. Besides, it's a change to get into a hotel and see somebody; though, unless you happen to know people, I think these foreign hotels are very keep-to-one's-self places. It's ever so much livelier at home."

"I know nothing whatever of hotels at home," said Sybil, "except to leave cards at them."

"Nor I," said Claribel, not to be outdone.

"I don't mean that I ever stay at hotels at home," Mrs. Willoughby hastened to say. "Of course not, with two houses of my own. You have no conception of our troubles with our new house in Fifth Avenue last year. After I'd furnished it I was a wreck—a perfect wreck—and that's the reason for this trip."

For a wreck Mrs. Willoughby certainly preserved a comfortable weight and aspect. But Sybil had heard so many of her class making excuses to come abroad and wander, through excess of money and vacuity of mind! Mrs. Willoughby was just a shade better than the Americans who, in so many foreign cities, form colonies, and are content to dwell together in insularity of spirit among those who will know them not.

Mrs. Willoughby was actually bored beyond measure by her Grecian sojourn. The true aroma of the place could never be perceived by her. In Paris, London, at the German baths, or in the Italian capitals, she might have found some kindred spirits and much diversion; but here!

And it was not what it seemed, to be the head of such a party as were her guests. The men treated her with but scant politeness. Her husband, having asked them at her bidding, often wished he could dismiss them, giving each a return ticket and hastening him home. Miss Claribel Walton, a dark beauty with a keen eye to the main chance, had set out intending to utilize the cruise not only in killing time, but by accomplishing a long-eluded capture of Mr. Willy Lang.

The most agreeable incident, so far, of Claribel's travels had been running, in this way, upon the bride and groom who had effected such a meteoric disappearance from Newport. She wanted something to put in her "letters home," she said; but Claribel was suspected of eking out a slender stock of pin-money by contributing items of so-called "social interest" to fashionable journals. She had also a keen desire for Sybil to hear the general expression of belief that Miss Walton would succeed her in the place Sybil had vacated.

"If you want gossip, I can give you a good deal from Newport in some cuttings that have been sent me," she said, fully aware that these columns contained many statements of the nature she desired to impart.

«Oh, no, thanks,» said Sybil. «We have n't yet reached the stage of the honeymoon when one welcomes an enemy. We are shutting our eyes, indeed, to everything at home till we see Sandy Hook again.»

Miss Walton bridled. She felt she had not made exactly a success.

«It will be nice for me to let our friends know you have survived all that has been said of you,» she went on pleasantly.

«Shall you print it?» asked Sybil, now thoroughly aroused.

Vexed with herself for minding such pin-sticks, she turned to talk with poor, worried Mrs. Willoughby, who found herself in the position of a theatrical manager between leading ladies at war.

«Then you do mean to go back home?» pursued Miss Walton, after a moment's rest. «Won't you find it rather a change? I believe your husband does n't go out much—Mrs. Stanley said he did n't—»

«He has gone out now,» answered Sybil, with decision.

What might have ensued was prevented by the entrance of the men. Mr. Willoughby, who brought up the rear, having managed to pass an hour at billiards, was now looking forward to the time when he might be allowed to go to bed.

The others, discovering in Mrs. Davenant much more of an attraction than in the too evident Miss Claribel Walton, advanced with animation to surround her. When Davenant came in, he found his wife the brilliant center of a little group of masculines, reinforced by poor Mr. Willoughby, who had hailed with satisfaction something that would oblige him to keep awake. Mrs. Willoughby, with her strip of tapestry-work, and Claribel, knitting a golf-stocking destined for the manly calf of Mr. Lang, sat, dull outsiders in the tribute to Sybil's charms.

Davenant's arrival changed the situation. Suppressing a desire to hit to the right and left, and carry Sybil away from these fellows to—one of the peaks of Hymettus, let us say,—he displayed an ease and good-humored courtesy that won for him approbation undiluted. But Sybil knew that, spite of appearances, the sooner she cut short the evening the better for Peter's reputation; and, resisting all efforts to draw her into a water-party the next day, she hastened to make her adieus.

«You poor dear, what a hero you were!» she said in the corridor. «But you could not have held out much longer.»

«And what a heroine my wife was! Sybil,

what have you done to antagonize that Walton girl?»

«Nothing more than to *be*,» she said, shrugging.

«She is in love with Lang. Lang cares not a rap for her. He was probably at one time in your train—»

«What an unraveler of plots my lawyer is! Lang has really cared for but one person—himself.»

«But he was reputed to be your follower. That accounts for it.»

«Let us go out on the portico and look at the moon,» she said, drawing him out into the peerless night.

THE next day they went by carriage to Eleusis. A smart shower of rain, falling when they had but just passed into the suburbs with the cactus hedges and the plaster walls prickly with thistles growing atop, the gnarled, warty old olives and the oleanders leaning out of the courtyards, all gray with dust of summer, refreshed the atmosphere.

Up the hilly road they rode between pine-trees in shape like lilac plumes, and of a bright spring green. The rain, that had brought out from the earth a delicious scent of wild herbs, ran away in yellow rivulets to the valleys. Beyond them were bold, darkling, wood-crowned summits with velvet clefts, not so long since haunted by brigands, but now in possession of archaic shepherds wearing mantles of rough cloth, leggings, and steeple-crowned hats, and carrying guns to keep away the wolves from their «black sheep and white.» Groups of local militia patrolled the hills to see that the wandering flocks kept sacred the inclosures of the farmers. These mounted infantry wore frilled petticoats, white leggings cross-gartered with black, and Albanian slippers with tufts of red silk on the toes. In peasant carts, gaily painted, drawn by mules in bright harness, the owners, trusting to their faithful beasts to find the way home, lay asleep amid sacks, barrels, piles of wicker bottles, and empty baskets. Ancient crones in sleeveless overcoats of white wool with stripes of black embroidery, carrying on their laps rosy babies slumbering amid vegetables, fowls, and fruit, sat upon donkeys. Children, brown and merry, ran beside stalwart peasants; and straight-backed girls, bearing amphoræ on their heads, walked with a free, firm tread in heelless slippers. And this, as Sybil saw it, was the modern procession upon the classic Sacred Way!

They had stopped for a bit to visit the ancient Byzantine church at Daphní, with its

old mosaics newly brought to light by the Grecian Archaeological Society, and then drove on to where the Bay of Eleusis, a rippled sheet of blue, laughed as it came up to their feet.

Here, where once Demeter's maidens danced and sang, and waved their garlands about the flower-wreathed animals they led to sacrifice, our couple fell to talking, as moderns will, of subjects far removed from these retrospects of long-gone days.

"You did not hear me, dearest; you are not listening," said her husband, after he had repeated a remark about the lakes above the road, wherein the priests of Eleusis used to fish. "Now you are thinking of something that gives you pain. May n't I share it, Sybil?"

They were on the rear seat of an old *calèche*, the dragoman and driver up in front. For the last ten minutes the dragoman had consented to intermit his eternal contributions to their knowledge of events and localities, and was enjoying a cigarette.

"It is nothing—just a trifle," she contradicted herself in feminine fashion. "I wish, Peter, we were going to housekeeping in that red farm-house behind the high walls! I like its tiled roof with the gay colors, and the vines trailed over the balcony in front, and those vineyards and olive-orchards all around; but alas!"

"Why do you sigh? You must tell me, Sybil," urged the impatient lover.

"I am vexed with myself for caring what that girl said last night."

Little by little he drew from her her tilt with Claribel Walton. His eye flashed and his lip curled when he heard it.

"You could mind that? *You*, who are my wife! My wife!"

"Peter, I told you I was ashamed of it. I am not a strong, big man. I'm only a girl brought up to consider these things all-important. If I do not think so still, it is because I fell in love with you."

"The triviality of it! The vulgarity! Why, we are as far above such people as— That it should find a lodgment in your brain, much less wound your sensibilities—"

Sybil hung her head, blushing deeply.

"Do these puppets flatter themselves they are (living in an ethereal atmosphere and breathing the air of the gods)? And can my Sybil fancy—"

He stopped suddenly, as if disdaining to carry out the protest. Sybil, who had never seen him angry, shrunk within herself. She thought he was making it unnecessarily hard

for her, and bringing superfluous energy to bear upon his expressions.

"Puppets they may be, but till now they have been all the friends I have had—that is, if you mean those I lived among till I met you," she said.

He did not answer, and in this strained mental attitude they drove to the foot of the hillside scarred with excavations, and scattered with the relics of the glorious Demeter's shrines. Leaving the carriage before a little wine-shop in the village, they climbed the slope, and after ascending the steps of the Propylæa, stood at last upon the marble portico of the great Temple of the Mysteries. The autumn sun fell in floods about them, but the air from the Ionian was cool and crisp. In the intense, clear light, the mountains of Salamis seemed near enough to caress with the hand. The sea sparkled with a million facets. In that moment of supreme beauty the spell of old days descended upon the pilgrims; their little troubles fell away, their hearts wavered toward each other, and then blended in tenderness.

"Do you know what the Eleusinian mysteries were?" asked Davenant of his bride. "First, worship of a woman,—a true, good, loving woman,—then the cult of a faith that led its votaries on from aim to aim of this world to trust in a world to come. We are standing in one of the most famous spots in historic Attica, and, as it seems to me, the source of the noblest impulses of those old pagans' lives."

"Forgive me!" murmured Sybil in his ear, as she rested her hand upon his arm.

This was not relevant, but Peter understood, and was touched by it. His brief anger long since spent, he had been reproaching himself bitterly for the pain he had caused her. They began anew their explorations, and before it was time to return Sybil had merrily proposed to him to "set up housekeeping" in the cave where Pluto had carried Proserpine to spend her honeymoon!

WITH all his desire to visit Olympia alone with Sybil, Davenant could not be selfish enough to deny her the delight of a run in the *Almée* to Patras, whence they would go on by rail to visit the ruined city of the divine Hermes. This excursion, projected by the men of her party, had found Mrs. Willoughby averse again to "undertaking to squeeze through that dreadfully narrow Canal of Corinth, where they had banged

against the sides last time, and frightened her nearly to death."

Mrs. Willoughby therefore electing to go by rail to Patras, her husband felt that he must needs accompany her, thus leaving Sybil to chaperon Miss Walton on the yacht.

By half-past eight of a fine, bright day, when the arch of blue overhead seemed a single hollow gem, they embarked at the Piræus, and taking possession of the wicker chairs and umbrellas on the carpeted deck, were soon cutting the sapphire sea to round Salamis. Sybil, leaning back, with Lang established at her side for the morning, took as a matter of course this situation, that proved so annoying to her husband—and to one other. She had always been accustomed to see men keeping at a distance from their wives when in parties on pleasure. For her, under the present circumstances, to withdraw with Davenant would have been manifestly in bad taste; and Willy Lang's languid civilities could give concern to no one save Claribel, whom he took visible pains to flout. Miss Walton, in self-defense, assumed hilarity, laughing aloud, and engaging the others to admire her pretty vagaries.

Davenant, finding his occupation gone, walked off forward, and while smoking alone surveyed the scene with an interest unquenched by adverse circumstance. At midday they steamed in between the steep clay and gravel banks of the canal,—dreamed of in vain by Cæsar, Nero, and Adrian,—with its railroad bridge lying like a ladder across the chasm high above; and making the entry of the Gulf of Corinth in safety, the *Almée* began a voyage every hour of which overflowed with interest and beauty.

"Luncheon, luncheon!" cried the thin, high-pitched voice of Miss Walton in Davenant's ear. "Antiquity's all very well, but the rest of us are starving."

"I am sure my wife will excuse me till we've passed the Acro-Corinth," he said; "then I shall make up for my delay by eating all there is."

"I keep forgetting that Mrs. Davenant is playing hostess for the day," said Claribel, her eyes flashing through her mask veil of white gauze. "And so does she, apparently. One has n't the heart to interrupt that nice long tête-à-tête, has one? You know, they say Lang values only what's out of his reach. A year ago at Newport it was *she* who—but here am I letting my giddy tongue run on. Of course Sybil has repented of girlish follies, and is going to be a model matron now—just like her dear friend Etta!"

VOL. LV.—84.

Davenant did not answer. With glass lifted, he was scanning the grand, bold promontory crowned with the ruined castle of Penteskoupia, at foot of which, close to the water's edge, lies the modern town of Corinth.

"I suppose all moons must wane," went on his tormentor, artlessly. "Sybil was saying how immensely jolly it is to have run upon our jolly lot. To look at her, one would n't suppose she is a recent loving bride. But that's an immense relief to everybody. If there's anything that bores hopelessly, it is newly married gush."

Davenant, turning, directed his gaze across the wide, sparkling gulf to the range upon range of Bœotian and Peloponnesian hills. Above them towered Parnassus, gray and hoary, with patches of black moss in its cavernous depressions. The mountain of the Muses was now crowned with a wreath of blue-black cloud, whence a column of white mist, shot with sunlight, arose to heaven.

"An altar of the gods; not a green thing in sight; Apollo fled!" he muttered to himself.

Miss Walton, properly rebuked for her impertinence, could not withhold a final shaft.

"Then I shall tell Sybil you want us to go to luncheon without you?" she said, moving off. "Take my word for it, she'll prove resigned. If she's a wise woman she'll make the best of being with people of her own set now. When she gets back to New York she may feel the need of them."

After luncheon, Sybil, slipping her arm through her husband's, led him away to a quiet spot.

"You have been teased by that horrid Claribel?" she said. "I saw it the moment you came in to table. Your eyes have a cloudy look; nobody's eyes are as beautiful as yours, Peter—"

"I was a fool to come on this party," he said, smiling at her feminine method of peace-making; "but where you're concerned I must always be a fool, I suppose. Sybil, this shows you our lives have nothing in common with chattering idlers. I can't fit my feet to their pace. I want you to myself, to walk with me, apart! If you love me, give up the attempt to join your old life with the new. Let us cut loose from your past, and work out our own future."

"My dearest Peter, you are not practical," she said, in perfect amity. "Because Willy Lang is an amusing do-nothing, and Claribel Walton a sharp-tongued, spiteful creature, let us not be driven to make such desperate

resolution! My whole heart is yours. I am happier with you than I could be elsewhere. But we can't break with people. In two words, we must live for others as well as for ourselves.»

«My Sybil a moral philosopher!» he exclaimed, in a voice that showed a tinge of vexation.

«Don't mock me, Peter. I am only talking common sense.»

«Away with common sense when we are sailing under Parnassus!» he cried petulantly. Somehow, he seemed to her like a big, vexed child. The protecting, soothing impulse came over her with a wave.

«I love you,» she said simply, turning upon him the gaze of her bluest of eyes.

THEIR day, thus checkered, passed into sunset. Lepanto, Don John of Austria and his courtiers dancing down to death, Byron and Missolonghi (whose two lights glimmered afar as the dusk fell), even the currant industries of the shores of this inland sea, were discussed between them at intervals, whenever Sybil could leave the party to join her husband. Davenant, throwing off all pretense of sociability, kept himself aloof—or, as Miss Walton afterward informed her friends, sulked bearishly. Sybil did not mind his bearishness. She knew the cause of it, and forgave. But she was aware of a panic she had rather have been spared, lest the present conditions should extend into her future in a way that would hedge her in unpleasantly. She saw that between their two lives of every day an intermittent rivulet of separating habit ran. She resolved that, come what might, it should not widen to a constant stream.

These reflections went with her to Olympia into the presence of Hermes, standing on his pedestal, smiling immortally at the infant in his arms. And she noticed that Peter, who had hitherto yielded himself prisoner at once to such marvels of ancient art, with the homage of a rapt school-boy and a fond scholar combined, now stood before the masterpiece of Praxiteles in almost moody silence as he gazed abstractedly.

When they were in the train going back to Athens,—for it was resolved to leave the *Almée* at Patras pending the voyage of her owners to Corfu,—Mrs. Willoughby, who noticed Peter's aloofness from their party, of which Sybil was still the center, said with a laugh in the bride's ear:

«Seems a little out of sorts with us, does n't he? But dear me, child, it would n't be a

honeymoon without a tiff or two! Besides, your honeymoon's over, days and days ago.» Sybil sighed.

X.

MISS CARNIFEX sat in her morning-room, directing envelopes for the circulars of a newly organized society of which she was president, secretary, and board of managers in one. It had been a forlorn hope of charity, of which she had taken charge. Until it was more upon its feet she would not expend a penny of their small fund in employing help for its clerical needs.

While thus occupied, her father, in bicycle costume, in which he resembled an ancient Strephon, came in, and stood discontentedly upon the hearth-rug before a little wood fire that the cool spring morning had made agreeable.

«I wish to goodness you'd drop those decrepit widows, or whatever they are, and come for a spin with me out to the Riverside,» he observed.

«With pleasure, daddy,» said she. «I'm on the last quarter of my last hundred, as it is. I thought you were safe and happy in your chair, reading that new novel I gave you, that everybody's talking about.»

«I've had to go back as much as three times and re-read a page to find out what the woman means,» was the vexed answer. «Her sentences are so swathed in mystery I could n't make head or tail of the story. Give me a good, rattling novel of adventure in plain words, say I! I would n't exchange (Monte Cristo) or (Ivanhoe) for a year's issue of this modern stuff.»

«Nobody's going to interfere with your (Monte Cristos) and (Ivanhoes), daddy. But, before I go to change, have you seen in the morning papers about that will of Mrs. Lewiston's?»

«No; I hope the old woman relented, and left a few thousands a year to help out Sybil Davenant.»

«No mention whatever of Sybil. With a few legacies to those spoiled old servants of hers, and a thousand a year to her cousin Annie James, what is not given to St. Clair Lewiston goes outright to build a new wing to St. Jeremy's Hospital, of which her husband was a director.»

«I am sorry for that,» said the old gentleman, thoughtfully. «But no one who knew her will be surprised. Davenant's refusal to live in her house spoiled the only attempt at peace-making. They say that poor stick of a son, St. Clair, is on his last legs, and his

money will go to an uncle in Omaha. I'd have thought Mrs. Lewiston would outlive St. Clair, certainly. Gad! you may n't believe it, but she was a monstrous pretty girl. I remember her and her sister Sybil at a ball at old Delmonico's in Fourteenth street; dressed alike, in white tarlatan, with camellias in their hair. It made my heart go pitapat when I danced a redowa with Sybil, I remember. She married Gwynne, a kind of a shilly-shally man who collected embroideries and carried intaglios about in his waistcoat pocket. Gwynne could n't stand the crude atmosphere of America, he said. When I saw him in Paris, in '71, he was the most aimless ass I ever looked at. Spent his life in bric-à-brac shops, Hôtel Drouot, and all that. The only thing that kept me from wanting to kick Gwynne was that he knew wines."

"At least he was amiable, I've heard."

"Amiable! Who wants a man to be amiable?"

"It's a deadly fact, father, that you are so yourself."

"Nothing of the sort! I detest skim-milk. Nobody's worth living with who has n't got a dash of old Adam or Eve in 'em. The grudge I cherish against Gwynne is that he was one of the pioneers in this running-away-from-home-to-live-abroad business. And the best commentary I can make on that is to point you to a result. Look at his daughter, Sybil Davenant."

"Father dear," said Agatha, putting down her pen, and straightening her desk mechanically, "I think you are too severe on Sybil."

"They have been married hardly any time, and yet she has managed to warp that fine fellow away from his career."

Agatha's face was grave; her hand shook over her work.

"Indeed, daddy, that's too much to say."

"I know what I'm talking about. The whole bent of Sybil's life and thoughts is in the opposite direction from his; he adores her; and—you see the consequence."

"He is no weakling," cried Miss Carnifex, with spirit.

"No; it is the very strength of his love that's blinded him to the rest. Grantham himself told me, when he dined here the other day, and you women were in the drawing-room, that—this was his very expression—'Davenant has stopped short.'"

"It is a phase. He will pass out of it. He will never stop, except to get breath by the way."

"It is ridiculous, in the first place, to see

him dancing attendance on her at the kind of places she goes to. And what's more, they can't afford it. They must be living beyond his means. When it is known Sybil's aunt has died without leaving her a penny, people will see that the Davenants have been going on too fast. When they first came home, he consulted me about a little house that I advised him to buy and try to live in for the next dozen years. The next thing I heard was that they had rented a furnished house in a part where there are nothing but fancy prices. When we dined with them I could see that the whole scale is above what it ought to be. And while she is as lovely and sweet and loving to him as ever, he looks jaded. Yes, Agatha, you know it; I see in your face you think so, too. Peter Davenant has made a big mistake. And if you'll please remember, I told you what would follow that first meeting of theirs at the Granthams'."

"Daddy dear, if I'm going to wheel with you, I'd better dress now," said his daughter, hastening from the room.

"You did not allow me to get in my fine point about that marriage," went on her father, when, quite out of the Park, they were speeding together along the drive bordering the Hudson. "It is this. She finds a rival in his intense Americanism. For her sort, America is a place to endure with philosophy, then hasten away from. She expects her husband to tag after her, begad! But that Davenant won't do. He will stick to his work, keep his beliefs, but struggle against a perpetual current forcing him backward. And this, Miss Carnifex, is the kind of wife lots of sensible parents of your and my acquaintance are educating their daughters to be."

Agatha, in her heart painfully convinced, again turned the conversation. When they had gone as far as desirable, and turned, they met many other couples on wheels, enjoying the quiet of the morning hour. Among these they were saluted by Sybil Davenant and Mr. Willy Lang, who passed them rapidly, she in high spirits.

"There's another thing an old foggy does n't fancy," resumed Mr. Carnifex. "The idea of a man down in his office slaving all day, and his young wife careering around on a bicycle in company with another fellow!"

"Daddy, I thought you considered a bicycle the greatest moral agent of the times."

"With a nincompoop like that!"

"Last time you mentioned him he was an

addle-pated sponge," suggested Miss Carnifex, with a smile.

"He is both—a sponge and an addle-pate. And considering that her name has been coupled with his lately in a very offensive fashion—"

"Has it?"

"Yes; and I'm even told that a morning paper—bah! I'm sick of the subject."

"I knew there was a story afloat about Davenant having treated her brutally on their wedding journey, somewhere in Greece," said Agatha, flaming indignantly. "The most outrageous manufacture! But I never heard of this later invention. Father dear, don't you think if people would only leave young married couples alone, to work out their life problems, things would go far better? I am shocked—grieved by what you tell me. Somebody should—it is hardly my place—who is there, though, to warn that poor thing? I believe she has not an idea of it. She takes Lang as a pendant—the sort of hanger-on women in her set have, because it's the fashion."

"An edged-tool play, at best. Never mind, Agatha; if we can't help her, let us be selfish and enjoy this fine spring day. There's a view for you—the river and the Palisades. Gad! what an appetite I'll have for lunch!"

But Agatha, slow to arouse to interference with other people's affairs, had determined to see if there were anywhere room for her to speak or act in Sybil's aid. The same afternoon she set out late to walk to the Davenants' house, and was joined in the avenue by Ainslie.

"May I go with you a little way?" he said. "It is an age since I've got in to have a talk with you when there were not other men about."

"We can't succeed in entrapping so fine a gentleman to our lowly banquets, it appears."

"That's not fair. Both times you asked me I had promised some one three weeks ahead. But I'm beginning to swear off from the invitations. I'm tired of them, to begin with, and, secondly, I find they don't fit in with working hours next day."

"I hear golden opinions of you from my father," she said.

"He is flattering to a struggling kinsman, that's all. I'm really a duffer at business. But, having started in, I'm not going to drop out; and, strange to say, I'm beginning to have a glimmer of belief I can some time get ahead."

"That is well!" she exclaimed. "I am heartily glad to hear it."

"It was because you were (heartily) in favor of it that I first put my shoulder to the wheel, I think. There is nothing like a clear-eyed woman friend to help a fellow on his way. But I'm at a wretched disadvantage beside so many fellows who were trained up to it step by step. As a matter of fact, I am like a foreigner getting naturalized. But no more about myself. You won't come in here and look at the pictures?" pausing before the portal of a gallery of renown.

"No; I have just time to get to Sybil Davenant's. You may walk with me there, if you like. But if she is in, you must leave me at the door. I am anxious to catch her, if possible, alone."

"It is long since I've attempted that," he said, meeting her eye unconcernedly. "At first I kept away because it was dangerous to my peace of mind. Now I rarely find her without one man or another whom I don't like in attendance. Actually, I was once goose enough to believe Sybil Gwynne superior to that kind of thing; now I find she's like all the rest."

"You were her friend—you are still," said Agatha; "can't you do something to stem the tide of gossip that's rising around her?"

"I would be glad to settle whoever started that abominable lie, if that's what you mean."

"I do mean that. I hardly think her husband can be aware of it."

"If he is, what can he do? There's some enemy at work with her good name. To-day there was a hint, in print, that her old lover Cameron was coming back to New York, but would find his way (blocked.) Now, I believe Cameron has n't an idea of returning to New York. I hear, in fact, he's going to marry an Honorable Miss Somebody he's known all his life. But the idea will get abroad, and the originator's purpose will be served."

Agatha, whom a man-servant in groom's livery had invited to walk into Mrs. Davenant's front hall, felt a little timorous about her errand when about to meet its object.

She passed through a small entry, blocked with a table and chairs of carved Venetian wood, into a drawing-room crowded with furniture that seemed not only to have outgrown its quarters, but to be overdressed. Beneath the shade of a large, pink-shaded lamp, Sybil, wearing street attire, as if she had just come in, sat by a tea-table. The other inmate of the room was Mr. Willy Lang, who was just getting up to go.

"I was delighted to hear your name," said Sybil, affectionately taking her visitor by the

hand. «You are one of those of whom one never is allowed to have enough. Sit down in that chair; it's one of the few comfortable seats in the house. I hate rented furniture, don't you? But what are we paupers to do? If we ever get a house of our own, I shall have nothing to put in it but some of my mother's things that have lain for years in a storage warehouse. Black-satin chairs, and couches with red buttons, and (suites) of blue-flowered brocatelle with bullion fringe. Can't you see them? Sugar and cream? How well you look! I thought so when we passed you in the Drive to-day; and your dear old, crusty, clever, sweet-tempered father!—he is an evergreen!»

«It was because we met you that I came,» said Agatha, who did not lack for courage; «and what I saw when I got here gave me a better reason for making myself disagreeable.»

«Willy Lang? Why, he's a fireside animal in every house where he chooses to drop in. My dear Agatha Carnifex, you surely don't credit any of the absurdities you hear about me and himself?»

«You know, then, that people talk? In that case—pray pardon me; if you were my sister I'd say the same—is it wise for you to be seen with him twice in one day?»

Sybil could not be vexed; but she answered the hint of danger by a ringing laugh of amusement.

«Why, Lang is so good to bicycle with, I can't afford to lose him. And you, who know Peter, can think Lang dangerous?»

«I don't think so. The world is not so discriminating.»

«Then trust me. Just now, since Aunt Lewiston's death, we can go nowhere, and I need something to take me out of myself. Oh, Agatha, you do housekeeping! Is n't it simply awful, with these servants we have? I wonder if that man is listening behind the portières. One never knows, else, how they find out all our affairs. I have a tower of Babel in my little servants' hall: a Swedish cook, a French maid, an English butler, a Belgian footman, and a Finnish laundress! And I begin to believe I hate them all. The winter has been one wild confusion, shifting and changing them. They backbite each other so there is not a moment's peace. This morning my cook asked an hour's leave of absence to take a bicycle-lesson, that she might go out on the road with «the Stanley girls»—meaning Etta's servants! I wish you could see my cook—forty-five, fat, and blowzy. I believe my butler takes photo-

graphs, and the footman plays on a mandolin.»

«Did you hear of the lady whose cook told her the servants liked the new butler, because he gave them such interesting lectures about how they were all descended from Mr. Darwin?»

«I wish mine were,» said Sybil. «There would be some hope of law and order then. And the prices of things—the bills—the cheating of tradespeople! Agatha, I'm afraid I'm glad there is no place like home.»

«You naughty girl!» said her friend. «It's because you were taken unexpectedly. You knew nothing of our eccentricities of New York service. And, if I may say so, this little house must be overcrowded with people to neglect the work.»

«I suppose so; I have n't the least idea,» said Sybil, helplessly. «I began the way I thought things ought to be, and Peter knew less than I did. If it had n't been for a tremendously good fee that came to him directly we got back from our wedding journey, I believe we'd have starved. And I'm sure I do prodigies of housekeeping. I look under things, and sniff at places, and make out the nicest little menus with the cook. We have no carriage, and simply ruin ourselves in cabs to go out to dinner and the opera and balls.»

«Your husband goes to balls? The world is revolutionized!»

«He is an angel!» cried Sybil. «He even offers to go with me. And he stays out the cotillon like a lamb. Etta says he is a revelation of what may be done with unpromising material.»

«And he likes it?» said Agatha, after a pause.

«He does n't mind. Perhaps he would like better if we had a little more time to ourselves at home. But how can we, with dining out so much—the usual thing, you know—I've never done anything else. Certainly he's a great success; even Etta says so. Women rave over him. But I'm not at all jealous. I like him to be admired; and especially since Claribel Walton talked so patronizingly at first about Peter's not (knowing people.) I believe it was Claribel who launched us! I think, but for her, I'd have been content to fall out of society. I have that maid she had last year,—Françoise,—and I suspect the creature goes and boasts to Claribel of all our gay doings.»

This, alas! was not the wife Davenant had dreamed of winning, thought Agatha, with a real pang. Sybil's rattling speech, her

touch of recklessness, must come from some worry she did not choose to display.

She showed Agatha the house, no part of which revealed a spot that pointed to repose after a busy day. It was the perch of birds of passage; that was all.

"There's something lacking, but I don't know what it is," commented Mrs. Davenant, frankly; "and Peter, not having had a home since he was a little boy on the plantation, can't tell, either."

"I know," thought Agatha, but did not speak.

While she was taking leave of Sybil, Mrs. Grantham was admitted into the hall.

As Agatha had before had occasion to observe, her friend Katrina had also suffered a change, hardly for the better. The long winter spent in engineering a débutante from one scene of gaiety to the other, the half-sleepless nights, the rushing days, had told upon Mrs. Grantham's pleasant, placid countenance. She could hardly give herself time to sit down on Sybil's little sofa under the pink-shaded lamp. Through continually darting in and out of the houses of her acquaintances in this way, she had come to abhor little sofas and pink-shaded lamps.

The present visit could not be styled one of condolence upon the death of Sybil's aunt. Katrina knew, as did every one, that the Davenants had little cause to mourn that event any more than to expect consolation of a substantial kind from it. She had heard also, from her husband, that Davenant's stand in his profession had begun to feel his relaxation of continuous interest in it, and that the young couple could not hope to maintain the liberal style of life in which they had begun. She had a sincere wish to be of service to Davenant's wife, but, like Agatha, hardly knew how to set about it. The sight of Miss Carnifex, already installed here before her, gave her a sense of encouragement.

"Don't go, Agatha," she pleaded. "Stop awhile with me, and I'll drop you at your door. I had expected to leave two more sets of cards to-day, but it's impossible. I am going to treat myself instead to a glimpse of you two nice women."

"My husband is one of your most grateful admirers," said Sybil. "Whether he will thank you as much hereafter for leading him into this whirlpool called matrimony, I can't say. But we cherish that delightful set of Thackeray you sent us—and your dear father's silver dish, too, Agatha. Whenever I look at them I think there are some real people left in the world."

"You may consider yourself lucky that you escaped a diamond cross from papa," said Agatha. "In his day, that was a wedding-present to special favorites."

"Then Peter would have worn the cross, not I. I saw disapproval of me in the dear old gentleman's eye this morning when we passed you in the park. Dear Mrs. Grantham, Agatha has come here to scold me because—because—tell her why, Agatha."

"No one could scold you long; but Mrs. Grantham will tell you no wife as young as you are can afford to throw the glove in the face of opinion, no matter how sure of herself she is."

"Ah, no," said Katrina, sighing. "The world is very hard upon pretty young women who are brought before it for approval. I have even heard malicious criticisms upon my poor child, who, however, is going through her ordeal without the least thought of her judges. Often it seems to me not worth the trouble I've undergone to put her on exhibition, poor darling."

"Katty looks the picture of health and enjoyment," said Sybil.

"Yes; but her parents have had enough of it. Our home is demoralized. My husband and sons complain outspokenly. After all, the trouble is not altogether in the high pressure of the times and of our community. In the early days after my marriage people expected so much less; and young married couples were so much more—humdrum, I suppose we'd call it now. I remember, when we were rather poor, and I had my first home, with a tidy little maid in blue ribbons to open the door and wait on the table, how many happy evenings I spent in it, when my husband and I would sit under student-lamps, reading, and when now and again I'd listen to hear if one of my babies was stirring in the crib up-stairs. Often, in answer to that little helpless cry of one waking in the dark, have I sped, light-footed, to the nursery—often bent down and laid my cheek on baby's cheek, and soothed it to sleep again; and the pulse of that baby beating against mine has given me joy more exquisite than anything in life!"

SYBIL, going to her room after her friends had left, felt in a strangely softened mood. They were dining at home that evening, having withdrawn from an engagement out of respect for her aunt's memory. As she called Françoise to attend her in dressing, the woman emerged from the adjoining room with a flush upon her face.

«I was only putting away some shirts for monsieur,» she muttered, although no apology was called for.

«Put out something white, Françoise,—that little high frock of Indian cashmere,» said her mistress; «and then I sha'n't want you any more.»

She wished to be alone. As she sat before her mirror, combing her wavy golden locks and twisting them up in a loose knot behind, remembrance came to her of the joyous weeks she and Peter had spent away together following their marriage. She went over the many acts of his life since that she felt must have been inspired by pure unselfishness. When she heard his key in the hall door it was impossible for her to keep still and await his coming up the stairs. She ran to the top of the stairs, calling out happily, «Oh, Peter, I am so thankful you have come!»

Peter was too young a husband to resist this. Three steps at a time he bounded up to take her in his arms. Noticing that she had put on the gown he liked best, that her simple hair-dressing was after his favorite fashion, he was the more delighted. A cloud that he had brought up town and across his own threshold vanished from his brow.

«Sit here and talk awhile; you have time enough,» she said, drawing him down beside her upon a couch. «For the last half-hour I have felt as if you would never come. I've been thinking, Peter, of many, many things. And I'm going to be better to you, dearest. I'm going to make you happier than I have

done. When I remember all the distraction I've brought into your life—»

«What is the cause of this fit of introspection?» he said, when they had sat in silence for a little while, both her arms clasped about his neck, her cheek to his.

«Oh, Agatha, I suppose—and Mrs. Grant-ham—and my own conscience. I'm not strong enough for you, Peter. You should have chosen Agatha. All I can do is to be sorry when I've been very, very bad.»

«And have you now?»

«I'm not going to spoil this moment by resurrecting my offenses,» she exclaimed radiantly. «I only wish you'd give me some way of proving how good I'm going to be.»

Davenant went into his room to dress, feeling a sense of relief from oppression. For weeks past he had realized that they were drifting, with no prospect of safe anchorage. His ambitions, prospects, ideas, that immortal part of him which had hitherto lent a spring to his step, a sheen to the sunshine, a glory to the air, had been under a spell. His love for Sybil, although grown deeper and broader, seemed yet to enmesh him in silken cobwebs as strong as iron. The beginning of the second half of his first married year had not found him a happy man.

With the warmth of her tender penitential promises in his heart, he told himself that things would go better. They were young; he was strong; the right way would open. Nothing was irremediable, provided Sybil loved him and her hand was clasped in his.

(To be concluded in the next number.)

WITH THE DEAD.

BY I. ZANGWILL.

LIGHT shadows fall across her grave,
A sweet wind stirs the flowered grass;
The song-girt branches slowly wave,
The solemn moments softly pass.

The afternoon draws quiet breath,
At pause between the eve and morn;
And from the sacred place of death
The holy thoughts of life are born.

I fret not at the will of doom;
Her soul and mine are not apart.
Dear violets upon her tomb,
Ye blossom in my heart!

THE RIVER TRIP TO THE KLONDIKE.

BY JOHN SIDNEY WEBB.

WITH PICTURES REDRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE MOST PART TAKEN BY THE AUTHOR.



ON behalf of the Alaska Commercial Company, which had been carrying mails free of charge for years, I applied to the Postmaster-General for the establishment of a postal route along the Yukon River; and as the department, preliminary to deciding the question, asked for information on the subject of population and other points, it was decided by the company to send me over the route. The trip included the whole coast of Alaska, where is to be found the grandest scenery in the world, including glaciers, mountains, volcanoes, peaks, cañons, and fiords, in bewildering profusion.

We arrived at the island of St. Michael, in Norton Sound, on June 26, 1897, and, much to our delight, were not hindered by the ice, which, however, lay in dangerous-looking fields to the westward. The year before, the first boat had bumped about until the 7th of July, hemmed in by the masses of ice which filled Norton Sound. St. Michael is a curious old Russian station, built in the days of the fur-trade of the patriarchal Russian-American Company, to the entire plant and wide-spread business of which the Alaska Commercial Company of San Francisco succeeded some thirty years ago. It is a clean, bright little town, a cheerful, bustling place, where one sees a painted house for the last time in the trip up the Yukon. Traces of the Russian occupation remain in the fort, the language, and the church, which still controls the natives. The houses of the post are built upon a hill and about the edge of a small bay, along the shore of which the Eskimos pitch their tents, and beach their kayaks and bidarkees, in picturesque confusion.

The natives are interesting to watch, and «sure-enough» Eskimos. They do all the labor in unloading the vessels, moving cargoes, and getting the goods in and out of the huge warehouses. Whenever a native has got the particular thing he came for, be it a tin can or a rifle, he quits work. Even under the stress of his extreme desire for tobacco or

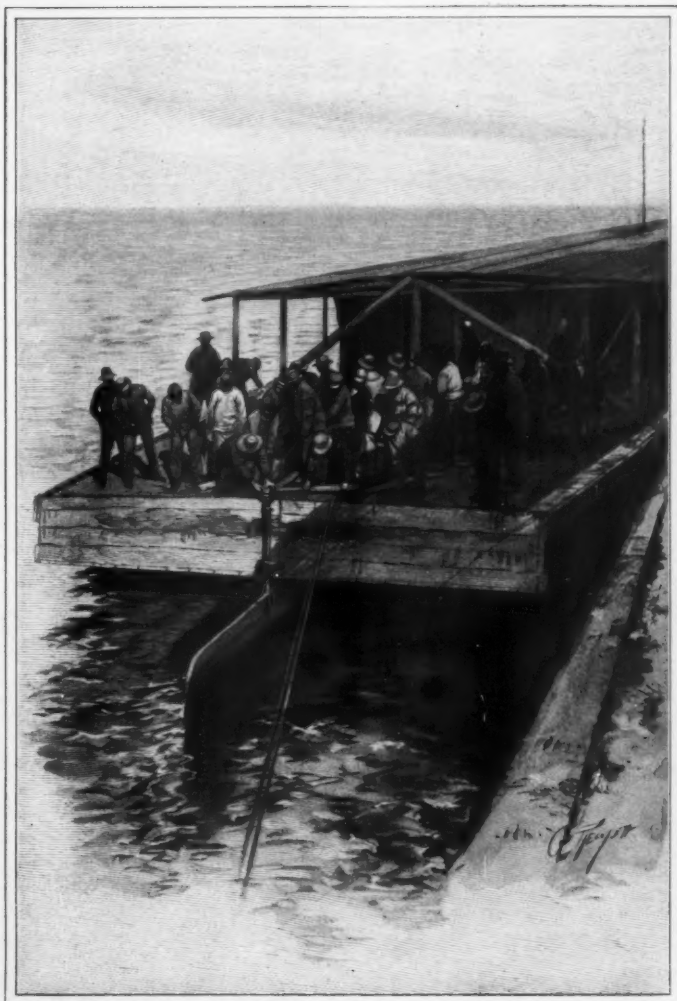
tea, nothing can induce him to work more than every other day. The majority are packed in badly set up huts, surrounded by their dogs. An Eskimo has more dogs than a Virginia negro. They never bark, but howl, day and night, in a sad, disheartening way.

About St. Michael, and covering the country inland, is found a spongy, springy species of moss, notable chiefly as a habitation for mosquitos. The nearer you get to the arctic circle, the hungrier the mosquitos become; and when you cross the circle and reach Fort Yukon, these pests are to be reckoned by millions, and no one dares expose himself unless protected by nets and gloves.

The visitor at St. Michael is impressed by the number of the officers and employees of the company. It is hard to realize that such a large plant is needed to handle the business of three short months. The shortness of the season is one of the things which the companies now being formed all over the land for transportation and trading in the Yukon River region must take account of; for it is a most serious item in any calculation in regard to the cost of carrying on business. All the employees, officers, and mechanics must be engaged by the year, but for all practical purposes their active service lasts for only four months. The new companies will find themselves seriously hampered, also, by the inability of human nature, however strongly fortified by good resolutions, to resist the temptation to rush to the gold-fields, the crews leaving ships and boats to destruction, and enterprises stranded. This was an old story in the days of '49 in California, and has been repeated to some extent in Alaska during the past season.

For many years there was little else to be done at St. Michael but to gather in the furs, send out the few trade goods to the store-houses along the river, and transport the supplies for the various missions; but of late years the miners have been pouring into the country in larger numbers, usually coming in by way of the mountain trails from Dyea, and rarely resorting to the river route. In this way men crowded into the country without





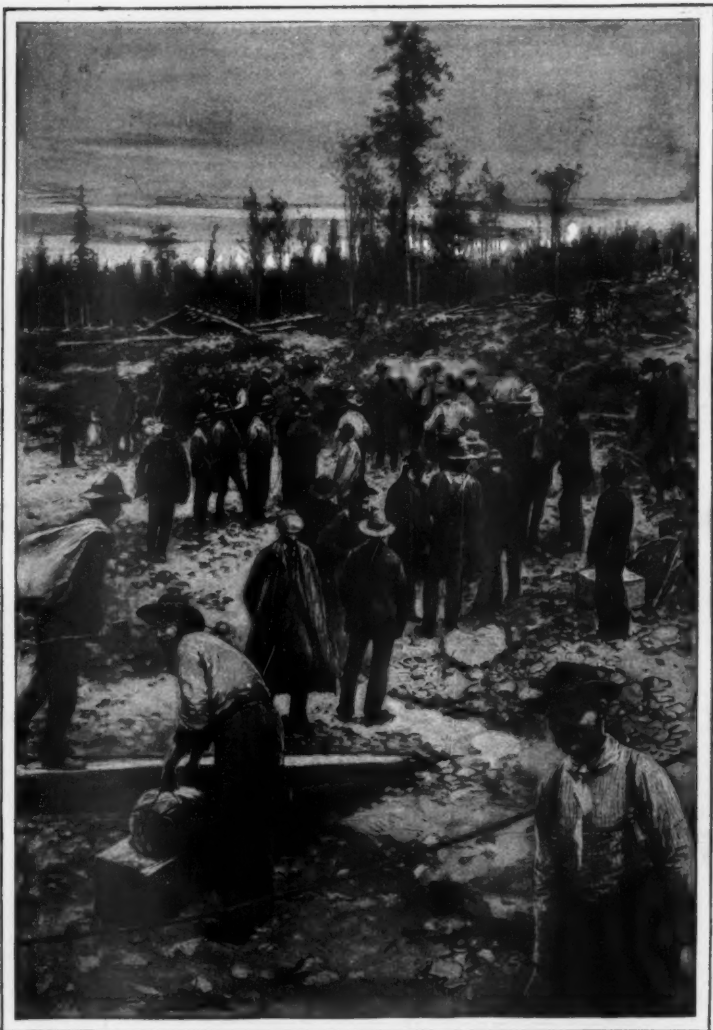
DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

THE RIVER BARGE THAT WAS PUSHED UP THE YUKON BY THE STEAMER BELLA.

their numbers being known to the companies. The first ocean steamer reaches St. Michael about the end of June or the middle of July, and awaits the return of the river boats, which have made one trip up after having wintered in the river, loaded with provisions, for the breaking up of the river ice takes place before the sea is open. It is too late then, after receiving the report of the steamers from up river, to build additional boats for that season; and even after the new North American Company was established, so rapid has been the rush of

miners that both companies have not been able to overstock the river markets.

This last year, hearing of the stampede to Dawson, the Alaska Commercial Company sent its steamer *Arctic* through the floating ice, and landed the first load of provisions at that now famous creek which the miners and all the world call Klondike. The result of this piece of enterprise was the loss of the steamer, which was wrecked by being closed in by the ice before reaching a safe winter berth. Following that disaster, the North American Company had its steamer



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

VIEW OF RAMPART CITY, WHERE THE MENOOK JOINS THE YUKON.

We are fast on a bar for twenty-odd days; and, owing to the fall of the water, its new steamer *Hamilton* was unable to get above Fort Yukon.

Between St. Michael and the mouth of the Yukon there is a stretch of sixty-odd miles of sea, a ticklish cruise for a flat-bottomed, stern-wheel steamer. Once the whole country was brought to the verge of famine on account of the wreck of the old *Arctic* while crossing this strip of sea. This was in 1889, a famous year in Yukon history, and it serves to show how well the men in that country

have stood by one another. As the result of the wreck no provisions could reach the men at Forty Mile and the other creeks. Indian runners were sent eighteen hundred miles up the river to warn the miners of the disaster, and to add that to insure their safety they must come out on the return voyage of the little steamer *New Racket*, then up the river. Word was passed along to every outlying creek, volunteers conveying the news; and such as chose to come in assembled to await the boat. Some remained behind from choice. One of these told me that for nine months he

lived on flapjacks alone; it was needless for him to add, «An' if ye've niver tried it, ye niver want to.» As this crowd came down the river, wherever provisions were found men

the possible exception of the *Hamilton*, which made but one trip last year, has been built with a view to accommodate passengers. Men took what they could get with cheer-



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

MINE SLUICES AT FORTY MILE, ON THE UPPER YUKON.

were left behind of their own choice, and eighty-five of them wintered at St. Michael. This is an indication of what will happen this year. All will help one another to an extent little dreamed of in the East.

The boats on the river are built on the familiar stern-wheel, flat-bottomed model of the Mississippi, and sometimes push, trussed and harnessed in front, a barge loaded with provisions and merchandise of all kinds. Passengers upon the river boats heretofore have been persons prepared to rough it, or men who were coming out of the country, whose prior experience was such that the limited accommodations offered them seemed like luxuries. In fact, none of the boats, with

fulness; and I have seen a bishop of the Episcopal Church making what he called a comfortable bed—for he knows that country well—upon the floor of the barge, wrapped in his blanket, with his head upon his traveling-bag.

Alaska is a country of more square miles than square meals, and the legendary governor of North Carolina would have found little else but muddy Yukon water, assaying fifty per cent. solids to the liquid ton, in which to quench his celebrated thirst. «Do as you please» is the motto. In civilization coats are worn for various reasons; «on the Yukon» because it blows up cold, or rains. Napkins, table-cloths, sheets, and pillows do



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

THE STEAMER *BELLA* AND BARGE TAKING ON WOOD
ONE MILE BELOW FORT YUKON.

not "go" on the Yukon, or have not heretofore. Even the Klondike millionaire packs his blankets, and takes what he can get.

The mouth of the Yukon is about a hundred miles broad—that is, from one side to the other side; but there is nothing to suggest a river about it—nothing but small streams, sloughs, islands, innumerable and disconcerting. It is like being brought face to face with a hundred gates, only one of which opens the way which you are seeking, while the others lead to destruction. This is the difficulty in navigation at the starting-point, and the sort of thing encountered all the way to Circle City. It is touch and go, or touch and not go; and you may get through, or may stick on a bar and not budge an inch for many weary days or weeks. Eighteen hundred and fifty miles of river are before you on your way up to Dawson; and it takes about fifteen days, if you meet with no accidents—days of vast, wonderful, and ever-changing scenery; nights of silent grandeur, when you seem to be all alone, surrounded by an untrodden wilderness, silent, awesome, mysterious.

The crews of the vessels are composed of the river Indians from Nulato, Anvik, and the other stations along the stream, and, taken as a whole, are a fine-looking body of men, entirely ignorant of soap, and ready at all times to shirk. In fact, they seem to regard the whole journey as a huge joke,

the principal job imposed on them being to avoid work. The successful dodger tells his less fortunate comrade, in high glee, how it was that he was asleep while the other one was perhaps hard at work carrying wood or moving cargo. I have seen a crew of thirty natives melt away into a possible half-dozen at the moment the steamer was tied up to a bank upon which lay wood, piled cord upon cord. This wood, by the way, has to be cut and stacked in measured cords during the winter, at various convenient points along the bank.

The settlements along the Yukon are few and far between, and consist, for the most part, of the same elements. There are the company's store; the huts and tents of the natives; the crowd of howling dogs; salmon hanging in red strips, burnished with copper tinges in the sun; little tots of children; chattering women offering baskets, moccasins, and trinkets for sale; and here and there perhaps a squad of uniformed children, marking the work of some mission—good-looking, clean-looking children, but, whether Christianized or not, spoiled for living like natives again. The problem is, What is to become of them?

Along the banks are occasionally met the rude huts and tents of small parties of Indians come hither to cut wood for the boats or to fish; but, however simple the habita-



DRAWN BY FRANCIS DAY.

JACK MCQUESTEN. (SEE PAGE 683.)

tion, it must always have the cache, or storehouse, propped upon posts to keep the supplies out of reach of the dogs; for these dogs can bite through a tin can and almost climb a greased pole in search of food. The cache should have a place on the coat of arms of Alaska; it is universal. As you push up along this never-ending river, and pass Fort Yukon, you come to a stretch of over two hundred miles where the river spreads out over the surrounding flat country for twenty-five miles: four feet draft to a vessel is perilous; anything over that is fatal. In place of a river there is a lake of oozy mud and shifting sand. Innumerable islands surround you on all sides, cutting the water here and there into blind sloughs; the swift current turns and eddies about, the whole forming a perfect maze. The Indian pilots are at fault, and no channel has been found that "handles the water," as the river-men express it; but another year may lead to the discovery of a passage sufficiently safe to do away with this obstruction and furnish a channel to the deeper river beyond. There we spent seven weary days, and not until the draft of barge and steamer was reduced to about three feet did we get away. The water fell after we passed on, and since our time reports show that steamer after steamer got this far, only to stop, fast bound, unable to push over the mud, and utterly powerless to carry on its precious freight to the hungry souls beyond. On account of low water, the *Hamilton* unloaded her cargo at Fort Yukon and returned to St. Michael. Afterward the water rose sufficiently to allow the *Weare* and the *Bella* to get through to Dawson, according to advices from there dated October 15.

The first river bearing gold encountered on the way up the Yukon is the Kuikuk. This stream has been prospected for gold five hundred miles to the forks, and also along the forks for a short distance. As much as one hundred dollars a day has been made on the bars of the river by using a rocker, a hand-washer about the size of an ordinary cradle. The gold found was coarse gold, indicating that there must be creeks near by

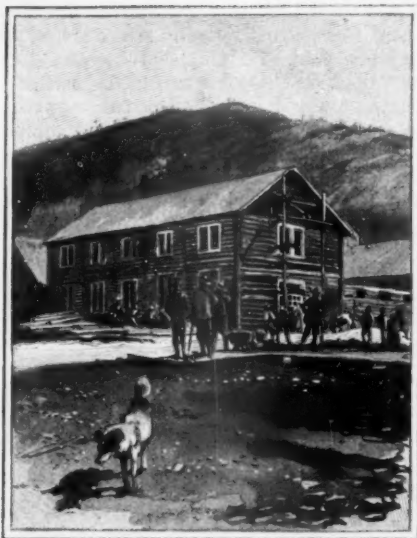
in which gold in large quantities might be found, for the gold found in rivers is always very fine gold. Very little prospecting has been done on this river so far, and nothing whatever was done until within the last three years. Then the steamer *New Racket*, which was brought into the country originally by the Schiefelins, who founded Tombstone, Arizona, carried a party of miners up to the



DRAWN BY C. M. RELVEA.

JACK McQUESTEN'S STORE AT CIRCLE CITY.

forks. This year two men named Holly and Folger are in there, and several of the miners who have been in that country expect to hear of rich strikes. The Kuikuk River is shallow, with low water at its mouth, and for a long distance up the river is very similar to the Yukon and the Tanana. For the first hundred miles the river has low, swampy flats; but above and beyond this the mountains begin to approach the water, and gradually the banks grow more and more precipitous, and approach nearer and nearer to the river's edge, until at length you pass up a succession of cañons. This river is navigable for



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

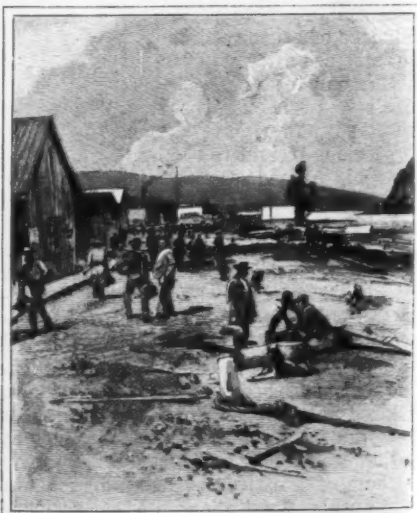
THE ALASKA COMMERCIAL COMPANY'S STORE AT DAWSON CITY, WHICH COST \$50,000 TO BUILD.

five hundred miles by steamboat, which makes it easy of access to prospectors; and as the forks run parallel with the Yukon, extending beyond Fort Hamlin, it brings this district within the gold belt, in which are contained the diggings at Forty Mile, Circle City, and Dawson. Up to the present time only one creek has been worked. At first only eight dollars a day were taken out; but the work was not done in the thorough manner now in use, and there is no telling what this region may produce. As yet there has been no systematic working or prospecting along the stream. It requires an expensive outfit to carry men to those diggings, and to keep them there without any other provisions or necessities than what they can carry with them; in fact, it is a dangerous task, and so far no one has attempted it. But old miners shake their heads, and say, "You'll hear from the Kuikuk yet."

The next river is the Tanana, which enters the Yukon from the south; and it will be noticed from the map that it heads up directly into the territory of the gold diggings about Forty Mile, Circle City, and Dawson. This river is navigable for steamers for one hundred and fifty or two hundred miles. The water is slack for the first two hundred miles, and after that it is very swift, with mountains on the left hand from the mouth up; on the right hand the mountains

are far off in the distance. The water is rough and swift, and the creeks entering it have glaciers at their sources. Colors of gold are found on all the creeks, but no prospects have yet been found to amount to anything; no holes have been sunk to bed-rock. Some of the creeks which enter the river on the left hand, heading up toward Forty Mile and Seventy Mile, seem to promise better results. It is curious to notice that toward Circle City, in the direction that we are now following, the creeks do not freeze in winter. The only hot springs ever found in that country are in a gulch near Circle City. One of the creeks leading into the Tanana from the Circle City district has open water about two thirds of the way up through the winter. This creek is full of ducks and geese, in spite of the temperature of 65° below zero.

The next tributary that we meet going up the river is Menook Creek. The discovery of gold was made on this creek in August, 1896, by Menook, a Russian-American half-breed Indian; but at that time the excitement in regard to the mines at Circle City was on at its topmost rush, and later on came the excitement of the findings about the Klondike, in August, 1896. So the findings of Menook were neglected until last year, when a great many miners came down to the creek after putting in their summer's work, or the required work on the claims which they had staked out in other places. It was reported at St. Michael that a camp of about one



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

A STREET IN DAWSON CITY.

hundred men would winter there this year, and the Alaska Commercial Company made preparations to supply them with food. But, according to the last reports, there will be five hundred or one thousand men there this winter. This stream is situated about one hundred miles below Fort Hamlin, on the river, and is, according to the prospects already discovered, full of rich and attractive opportunities for those who desire to work upon claims which cannot, of course, be expected to be as rich as some upon the Klondike. On bed-rock two and four dollars to the pan has been discovered, and nuggets worth

ten and twelve dollars have been taken out. As we journeyed up the Yukon we got a fair idea of how Dawson, Circle City, and Forty Mile grew; for a town was in course of erection near the mouth of Menook Creek, called Rampart City. The log storehouse of the company was already built, and the men were burning away the brush to clear the ground for cabins, living in tents in the meantime. Judging of the future by the past, and by the recent finds reported here on Menook, Little Menook, and Hunter creeks, we may hear of Rampart City next year as this year we hear of Dawson. As we came down the river, one month later, some cabins were up, the tents had increased in numbers, and the town was started, needing only a saloon to give it an air of completeness. Many of the gold-hunters will get no farther this year, and will winter at this place.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

WIRE FERRY ACROSS THE KLONDIKE RIVER.

The next tributary is Beaver Creek, a stream which flows into the Yukon on the south bank. This creek has been the scene of one of the stampedes so familiar to those who know about a mining country; but the excitement proved to be vain, and passed away, and the miners returned to Forty Mile and to Circle City. These stampedes occur so often that old miners who have been through several of them are wary. This accounts for the fact that so many of the *Cheecharkas*, as the Indians term newcomers, — the Alaskan term for "tenderfoot," — got in, as the phrase is, upon the strikes on the Klondike, because when the report was first brought to them the veterans thought of how often they had been deceived in days gone by, and turned a deaf ear, and would not believe the reported finds by George Cormack, or "Stick George," or "Siwash George," as he is known

up there, and so lost their chance of rich stakes. Several men have been up to the head of Beaver Creek, one hundred and fifty miles, but did not succeed in finding anything of importance; in fact, on every tributary of the Yukon, from the head of the Pelley River to the mouth of the Yukon, colors are found

have had in use a pump of the hydraulic kind, driven by a steam-engine, carried along by the steamboat *New Racket*, and have prospected industriously in every place which promised good results; but in no case have they found anything which paid for the outlay of money and the time spent on it.



DRAWN BY HARRY FENN.

MINING OPERATIONS AT "49 BELOW" ON BONANZA CREEK.

upon every bar; but these diggings are soon washed out. The bars are irregular in formation, anywhere from one to ten feet in width, and from two to forty or fifty feet in length. The gold is deposited in the top gravel, not more than one foot or a foot and a half in depth, and when this is washed out there is nothing left for the prospector to do but to pick up his traps, get into his boat, and hunt for another bar. It is just possible, of course, that in the bottom of the Yukon itself the pay-dirt may be reached by some of the many schemes that are now being formed for dredging or using some process for cleaning up the river. But old prospectors doubt very much the success of these efforts, because for some years past they

The next stream encountered is the Chandelar River, about thirty miles below the Porcupine River, and a little way below Birch Creek, on the north bank of the Yukon. Several parties have been up this creek, but not to its head, and very good-looking quartz has been found, but no pay placer ground, although colors show. The river has been prospected for the last two years without much result. As for the Porcupine River, which is large and stretches up toward the north, very little is known. Several parties have been up there in the endeavor to find gold, but no good results have been obtained. Nothing, in fact, is known of this river at all promising for prospectors. Seventy Mile, which is seventy



miles from Forty Mile, is a big creek of which the bars have been worked, and paid as high as from three to four ounces per day (seventeen dollars to the ounce) to the rocker, a very good pay indeed for bars. But on the creek itself only one bench claim has been worked, which paid but six dollars per day. The ditch, however, was not large enough, and there was not water enough there to ground-slucie in good shape. As yet no winter diggings have been struck. One creek below the cañon of Seventy Mile Creek had been worked last summer which paid twenty-five dollars to the man per day.

American Creek, which is fifty miles below Forty Mile, on the south bank of the Yukon, has twenty claims staked out, and very good ground has been struck. Claims, in fact, sold as high as three and four thousand dollars. Coarse gold is found, and some big prospects have been struck; but the ground is good only in spots, and the claims do not last as evenly as they do in other places. The claims are being worked, and as the creek is a large one, about thirty miles long, there is a great deal of ground that is not taken up or prospected. This is a good creek for winter digging; and as the grade is good and water plentiful, the summer work can be carried on very readily.

The best placer claims in Alaska found before Bonanza and El Dorado were at Circle City. This town was built up in a few months, and last August, at the date of the strike which has now been made famous by the reports from the Klondike, was a large, flourishing town of over a thousand inhabitants. It stands to-day almost deserted,—in fact, it may be said to be entirely deserted during the summer months,—on account of the enormous finds farther up the river on Bonanza and El Dorado creeks. The main creek in the diggings at Circle City is called Birch Creek, and the gold is found upon its branches. The diggings are located about sixty miles from Circle City, and are reached by a very difficult trail.

On Mastodon Creek, near Circle City, in the spring of 1893, a discovery was made, and the stampede began. Claims were taken up on Mammoth, Miller, Independence, Porcupine, Deadwood, Hoggum, and Harrison creeks. All of them were thriving. The claims were averaging from ten to forty dollars per day to the man, and over. Wages were reckoned at ten dollars per day, and some men were working as many as twenty men; but when the large stories were told of the Bonanza

and El Dorado, all hands and the cook dropped work and put out for the new diggings.

Circle City is close to the boundary between the British Northwest Territory and Alaska. As I have said, this was the boom town in August, 1896, and the mines about there, and also at Forty Mile, were paying well, and saloons and dance-halls, giving signs of mining prosperity, were wide open. The games of faro and stud poker never closed. If the whisky gave out, there was "Hoochanoo"—a deadly intoxicant distilled from black molasses or sawdust sugar, as the yellowest of the yellow is called, boiled in kerosene oil cans, and distilled on a rude worm. Here came such men as "Swiftwater Bill," "Salt-water Jack," "Big Dick," "Squaw-tamer," "Jimmy the Pirate," "Big Aleck," "Skookum Jim," "Jimmy the Tough," "Pete the Pig" and "Buckskin Miller," "Nigger Jim," and many others. There was also "Old Maiden," who always packed forty or fifty pounds of newspapers along with him over the roughest country, " 'ca'se they 's handy ter refer ter whin ye gits inter a' argymint." "Shoemaker Brown" was another frontier character. He sold his claim on Forty Mile for one hundred and twenty dollars and a Winchester rifle. The man who bought it washed out four ounces (sixty-eight dollars) in one day, and wanted to know why Brown sold such a claim as that for so little. "Oh," said Brown, "they 's gittin' too thick for me round here." This was in 1887, and there were then only sixty-five men in the whole country.

The only society or order in this whole country is the Order of Yukon Pioneers, which was started in 1890, and is composed of men who had been in the country prior to 1887; but later the qualifications were extended to make eligible men who had come into the country as late as 1892. They have two lodges, one at Circle City and one at Forty Mile, and meetings are held every Thursday night. The society also has established a lodge at Dawson City, but the organization is not yet perfected. The total membership is about one hundred and forty-five. The badge or insignia is a pin with the device of a golden rule and wreath, and the letters "O. O. Y. P." The society levies on its members for sick benefits, care of widows, and for the sending out of the country of any of the members who become broken down by the life, and is one of the most powerful influences for good order in the country.

It was a great night at Circle City when the gold watch and chain bearing the insignia

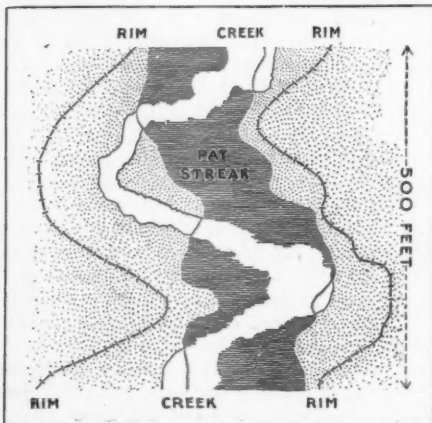
of the order was presented to Jack McQuesten, the president of the society. It had cost five hundred dollars; but no one knows what Jack's bar bill amounted to that night, at four bits (fifty-cents) a drink.

At Forty Mile a thousand men have been successful in making good wages; but the phenomenal strikes on Bonanza set men crazy, and good-paying claims were bartered

and no one would touch it. In fact, a state of things exists to-day without parallel to those accustomed to the methods in vogue in the East; for the principal place of deposit for gold-dust is on a shelf behind the bars or counters, everywhere in the bar-rooms, where the precious metal lies in buckskin sacks, tied up, bearing the owner's name. No one thinks of disturbing them, and no losses have been sustained, so far as known. A sample of confidence and trust in one another was shown some years ago, when a cargo of goods was sent to Harper and Ladue, at Sixty Mile. The men were impatient for their outfits, and Harper told them to "sail in" and help themselves, and keep an account of what they took, and hand it in to him. There was a discrepancy of only six cans of condensed milk between the sum total of the taking of individuals and the entire amount of provisions called for by the manifest of the boat, and this might have been a mistake of the shipping-clerk.

Disputes, whether of contract or tort, miners' rights, claims, or what not, were, in the absence of any civil government, settled by miners' meetings. The aggrieved person called a miners' meeting, a chairman was appointed, and the grievance set forth. If the meeting saw fit to consider the question, it formed itself into a court by the appointment of a judge and a marshal, by the summoning of a jury, and by following out the forms of a court of law, so far as they knew them, and some of them were experienced men. The parties and their witnesses were heard, arguments were made, the jury were instructed, and departed to make up their verdict. This verdict was absolutely conclusive upon all the parties concerned; and in some instances judgments have been rendered for several thousands of dollars, which have always been paid. Whatever men learned in the law may think of such tribunals, the result undoubtedly has been that even-handed justice has been dealt out, without fear or favor, and a community liable to the most violent passions has been conducted without serious disturbances of the peace or infringement of the rights of others. No shooting scrape has occurred, except in a single instance, in which a man crazed with liquor, after a prolonged debauch, attempted to kill a saloon-keeper who refused any longer to sell him liquor. This disturber, after firing two shots, was killed by the saloon-keeper in self-defense. The latter was tried and promptly acquitted.

The "Father of the Country," and a very



DRAWN BY C. S. VANDEVOORT, FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH.

SAMPLE DIAGRAM OF THE PAY STREAK
UNDER A STREAM.

for anything to get to the new diggings. But Forty Mile and Circle City, although to-day deserted and dubbed silent cities, will return to their own again. The "stuff," as the miners say, is there. It is "pay," and big pay, and all the world cannot have a big-paying claim on El Dorado, and so the rush will turn to the next best thing. The best claims about Circle City and Forty Mile are far better than the poorest about Dawson; they rank second to El Dorado and Bonanza, which means that they are far above the average of placer mines elsewhere. Many will come back to these places for this winter,—back to the cabins and safely cached food which they had abandoned,—and Circle City and Forty Mile will boom again.

Owing perhaps to the isolation of the country, and to the class of men who have come in, up to the present moment the miners' relations with one another have been marked by the most rigid honesty and fair dealing; and this is all the more remarkable when it is borne in mind that they represent an aggregation of almost every nationality and condition in life. The old-timers say that a man might leave his "grub" scattered along the trail to the mines for months and months,

worthy one to bear that name, is known throughout the length and breadth of the mining district as Jack McQuesten, although his name happens to be Leroy Napoleon. McQuesten has been there for over twenty-five years, engaged in trading with the Indians for furs, and keeping a store either for himself or for the Alaska Commercial Company; and as such he has come in contact with almost every man who has been in that country. He has probably supported, outfitted, and grub-staked more men, and kept them through the long cold winters when they were down on their luck and unable to obtain supplies or help from any one else, than any person knows except himself and the company. Hundreds of men to-day own rich claims, and are reckoning up their thousands, when, if it had not been for a credit given them and goods allowed them by Jack McQuesten, they would still be toiling amid the mosquitos for a living. He has done all this from kindness of heart, without any selfish motive whatever; for if he had been exacting, or had demanded even the share which he would have been entitled to on a grub-stake agreement, he would probably be to-day one of the richest men in that country, which means a very rich man in any country.

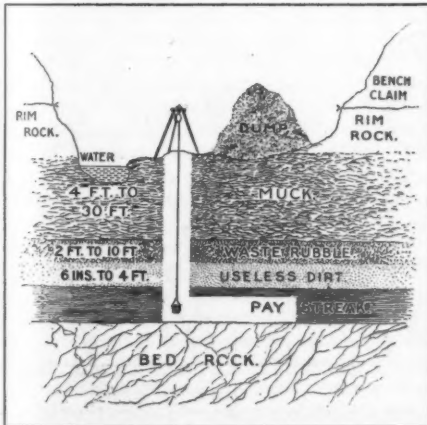
Above Circle City, and all the way along to Dawson, the mountains hem in the river

for a long time supposed to mark the line between Canada and the United States. The actual boundary was marked out by a joint survey of the United States and Canada, and the line is made very distinct by cutting away the trees for a space of six feet in width; on the river banks the line is indicated by monuments of rocks.

One thing you are almost sure to see on the river above Circle City is a moose. This animal, if frightened when it is near the water, immediately turns to the river to escape; and so when he is sighted on the banks, usually about daylight, the vigilant and sporty pilots begin to toot, the whistle making an irregular, squeaky, prolonged sound, and all hands jump out of bed, and yell, «Moose! Moose!» Every Indian has a Winchester, as also has every miner; and as the fool of a beast takes to the water, the magazines are loaded, and guns bristle all over the boat. Finally some one cannot hold in any longer, and pulls the trigger. Then sixty or seventy Winchesters pump lead into the poor beast, firing by platoon or at will, and stirring up the water about him to foam. Of course he is killed, and, owing to the scarcity of fresh meat, is eagerly converted into food.

On the morning of August 17, at about four o'clock, broad daylight, we came up to that collection of forty large log cabins and five hundred tents, sprawled at the foot of Moose-skin Mountain, named Dawson City. Helter-skelter, in a marsh, lies this collection of odds and ends of houses and habitations, the warehouses of the two companies cheek by jowl with cabins and tents. A row of bar-rooms called Front street; the side streets deep in mud; the river-bank a mass of miners' boats, Indian canoes, and logs; the screeching of the sawmill; the dismal, tuneless scraping of the violin of the dance-halls, still wide open; the dogs everywhere, fighting and snarling; the men either «whooping it up» or working with the greatest rapidity to unload the precious freight we had brought—all of this rustling and hustling made the scene more like the outside of a circus-tent, including the smell of the sawdust, than anything else in the world.

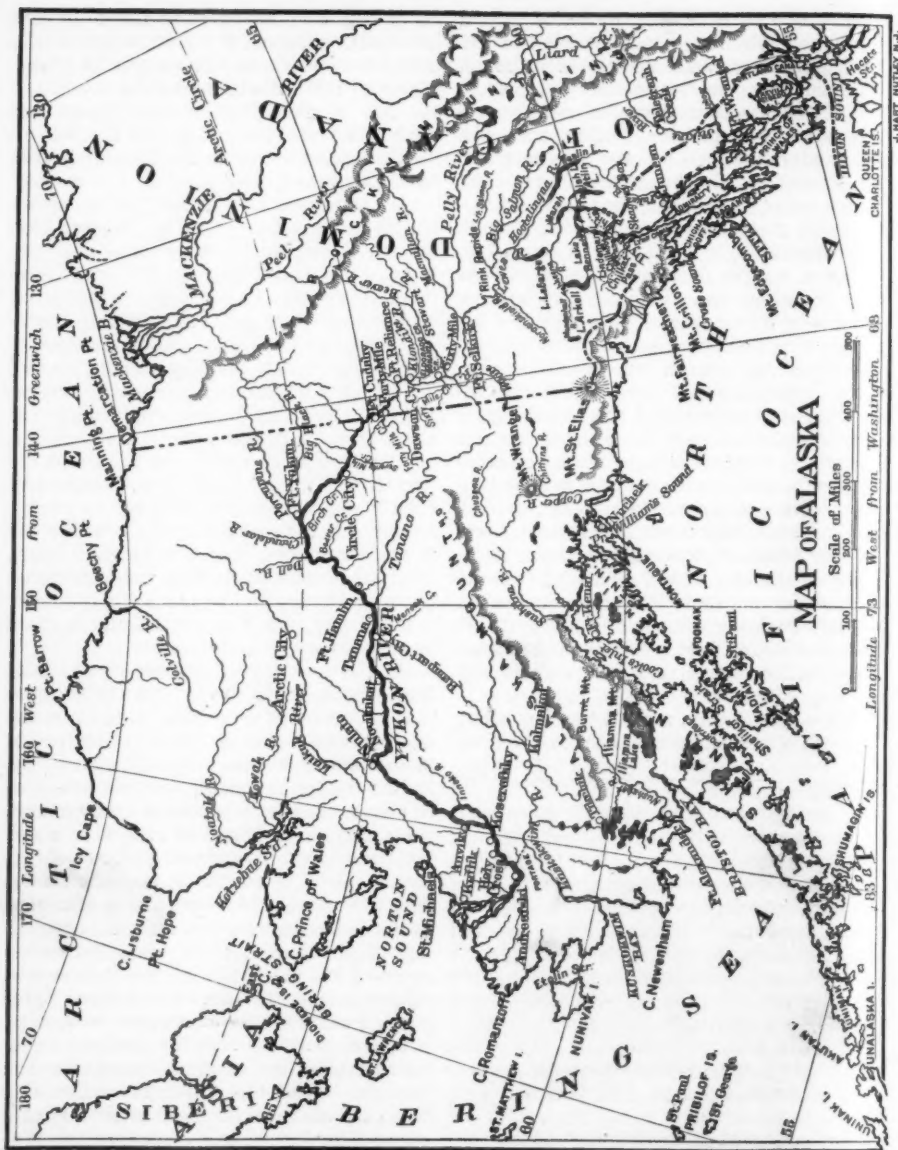
This, then, is the real El Dorado! One wonders where they all live. One wonders, in amazement, where they are all going to live through the awful winter that is approaching. Here is the true pinch of the situation. It is not a question of food; it is a question of shelter. There are no logs fit to make a cabin to be found on the river within thirty miles of Dawson City. To wait



DRAWN BY C. S. VANDEVOORT, FROM AUTHOR'S SKETCH.

DIAGRAM OF THE STRATA ABOVE THE PAY STREAK.

with high cliffs, and here and there the cliffs come to the water's edge, and the path of the river seems to be cut out of the solid rock, forming a deep cañon. One remarkable cliff is termed «Boundary Butte,» and was



for winter means that it will be too late to build a cabin, because the moss which is used to fill the chinks between the logs by that time will be frozen solid, and be useless unless thawed out over a fire, a very wearisome job. The old-timers have got used to 70° below zero in tents; and even if the robe over them freezes solid, a match is smuggled from under the bedclothes, the fire somehow lighted

in the sheet-iron stove, and there they lie until the stove is red-hot before they dare emerge from under the skin rugs. But how are the newcomers to survive the cruel exposure—the lawyers, clerks, doctors, and mechanics?

Dawson City seems like a joke. Eighteen hundred and fifty miles from St. Michael Island—this is where they have gold, millions of gold, and nothing better than a muddy

swamp to live in; gold-dust and nuggets in profusion, and yet the negroes in the cabins of a Southern plantation live better than the richest man in the country. Our arrival at Dawson was at a very critical time. We had brought with us nearly four hundred tons of provisions, and this fact served to allay the anxious fears of many who were becoming panic-stricken at the idea that there would be a scarcity of food during the winter. No news had come to us by way of the ocean of later date than June 10, but newspapers had been received over the summit at Dawson of date as late as July 26; and so the report that crowds were swarming into the gold-fields had reached them, but was news to us. The town was thoroughly scared, and was over-run with men who had come down from the diggings, often twenty and twenty-five miles, to make sure of their outfits for the winter; and so determined were they to procure them that they sat themselves down calmly in line, like men waiting to buy seats at a first-night performance, determined to wait until the goods were put up and set aside in their names. An outfit for a miner means everything that he uses during the winter, and this, being reduced to its lowest terms, means bacon and beans. There are other things, of course, in tins and in gunnysacks,—flour, sugar, salt, pickles, dried fruits, desiccated potatoes,—to suit the taste; but the work is done, and the gold is found and cleaned up, and miles and miles of the wilderness conquered, and cold weather and wintry winds withstood, on bacon and beans. It is the easiest food to pack, the quickest to prepare, and the most lasting and sustaining. The miner usually reckons on getting his outfit in November, because he can carry on a sledge, after the snow has set in, four times as much as he can pack on his back, and if he is fortunate enough to have dogs he can draw much more.

From Dawson the trail to the mines leads over a steep hill to the creek made so famous by its tributaries; for there is not a single mine on the principal stream, which in the miners' slang is called Klondike. And yet this stream does in reality bear a characteristic name given it by the Indians, which is utterly murdered by this pronunciation, now so common.

The Indians name the creeks throughout the country from some characteristic in connection with the stream itself; and as this one is so swift that in order to set their salmon-traps or -nets they were obliged to use a hammer to drive the stakes to anchor them,

the creek was named by them Hammer Creek, or, in their language, phonetically, *Troan-Dik*. The spelling Klondike means absolutely nothing, but has been accepted, so I learn, by the Board of Geographical Names of the United States. On going down the hill you come to the Klondike; and here there are two ferries, run by means of wire cable, and worked by hand. You are carried across this swift stream, and on the opposite bank you come to a little town formed about the ferry. You pay the ferryman, as you pay up there for everything you get, in gold-dust. Neither coin nor currency is known, but in all dealings the miner's pocket-book is his sack of buckskin containing the dust. This is handed over, scales are produced, and the dust to the required amount weighed out. Then the sack is tied up and handed back to the owner. Some strange things happen in the weighing of the dust. One man told me that he carefully weighed out his dust before starting out on a tour, and found he had sixty dollars. On his return, after purchasing eleven dollars' worth of various things, he was two dollars and forty cents short.

Gold-dust, with iron, quartz, or sand mixed in small proportion, passes at seventeen dollars for the ounce. A friend of mine once handed over his sack to pay for his breakfast at the Dawson restaurant, and the young woman in charge emptied some of his dust into the blower, as the receptacle on the scales is called, intending to weigh it, but she spilled it on the sawdust floor. «How unfortunate!» she said; then she deliberately weighed out the price of the meal from his sack a second time! On the next day the proprietor of the restaurant paid to the victim of this carelessness fifteen dollars in dust, assuring him that she had washed out the sawdust about the scales, and found this amount. The boot-blacks at Dawson make upward of two dollars every morning by washing out the sawdust from under the weighing-scales. In some places the salesman turns his back on you when he weighs out the price of anything, leaving you to guess how much he takes. But everything «goes» on the Yukon.

Across the ferry one encounters a notorious Alaska product known as «sour-dough» beer. I do not know how or of what they make it, but I have no wish to come across it again.

The trail, as it was called, was a miserable excuse for a path, leading over rough hummocks, up hills and over bogs, through sticky, oozy muck, by brambles and bushes, across creeks and corduroy paths. The charge for

packing is thirty cents a pound to No. 1 El Dorado, about fifteen miles from Dawson.

And here let me make a confession: I, with others, rode a horse. No one can imagine what a sensation this created along the creek. No one had ever indulged in such extravagance before. Though a man should wash out twenty thousand dollars in a day, he would be content to walk. But I rode at thirty cents per pound to El Dorado, and thirty cents to return, or 186 pounds for \$111.60. They did not, however, put me on the scales like a sack of gold-dust. Still, it was cheap, according to an Irishman coming over the summit, who remarked that he had had his goods packed over by Indians. «An' I got it chape,» said he. «How much did you pay?» some one inquired. «I don't know,» said he. «Then how do you know it was cheap?» «Oh, anything would be chape over that place!» he replied.

The famous Bonanza Creek and the more famous El Dorado Creek are very like ordinary, every-day creeks in appearance—a little less civilized, perhaps, than creeks to be met with in the East. There are men living in Alaska to-day who have hunted moose over these creeks dozens of times; but, as the old miners say, there were no surface indications to lead any one to suppose that gold might be found in them, so hundreds of miners passed by in their boats, going to Forty Mile and Circle City. The finding of such gold is always an accident, and the old hands are usually the last to realize the truth. «Stick George» Cormack and his squaw's relatives camped on the creek for dinner one day, and somehow got to digging, and washed out some gold. He went to Forty Mile and made claim for discovery, and soon the news spread like wild-fire.

Keeping the trail which leads along the hillside, you soon come upon the mines. Cabins are scattered here and there; and in trying to discover how far you have gone you call out, «What number is that?» «Fifty-two below,» is the reply. You puzzle a little at first over this, and are informed that the claims are numbered either above or below the point called «Discovery,» where gold was first found. But you soon learn to talk of «twenty above» and «fifty below» like an old-timer.

The claims succeed one another on Bonanza Creek at the rate of about ten claims to the mile, beginning somewhere in the nineties below, on Bonanza, and reaching up to Discovery, and then on for miles above. The numbers far below are not considered of

much account, and it is only the claims between the forties «below» and the forties «above» that are supposed to contain great wealth. On El Dorado Creek, which empties into Bonanza, there was no discovery claim, and the miners began at the mouth and staked straight up. Claims are staked, measured, and registered, the length allowed each claimant being five hundred feet along the bed of the stream. It is easy enough to settle the base and top lines of a claim, and not difficult to measure out the five hundred feet; but the side lines are troublesome. The side limits of a placer or creek claim begin where the side of a hill or rim rock leaves off. It is the edge of the hill or the beginning of the creek, or *vice versa*. This matter becomes important when a neighbor has a bench claim up the hill, his line beginning where the creek claim leaves off. The gold commissioner will have several knotty points between the bench claims and the creek claims to decide this year.

Sluicing for gold, the only method used, requires a good supply of water with a sufficient head or fall and conveniently near to the spot where the arduous and expensive preliminary work is done. The miner is at the mercy of the season. If the water comes down in sufficient quantities, he wins; but if, for some reason, the elements withhold the needed water, he loses the fruits of his winter labor.

The sluice-boxes are made of boards, machine or whip sawed, and roughly nailed up into troughs or boxes, and fitted together like stovepipes. Cleats are nailed into the last boxes, called «riffles,» or, in some instances, shallow auger-holes are bored into the bottom boards. The boxes are then set up in line on a gentle slope, and the pay-dirt is shoveled in at the top, and a stream of water, controlled by a dam, sluices over the dirt and gold. The weight of gold is so great that it falls, and the dirt and useless gravel washes off, the gold being caught upon the cleats or in the holes scattered about. In the last boxes quicksilver is put in to catch the very fine gold. When the gold is taken from the boxes it is called a «clean-up.»

On the day I was there (August 17), at No. 30 El Dorado twenty thousand dollars was «cleaned up» in twenty-four hours, with only one man shoveling in the dirt. Such wonderful results may mean, however, months of expensive work; but «when it comes, it comes quick,» as the saying is among the miners.

In the diagrams (see pages 682 and 683) I

have made an attempt to show how the "pay streak" runs through a claim, and the probable conditions underground. The paystreak, which is probably the bed of an old glacier that carried the gold down the gulch, pursues its own course, widening, deepening, or sweeping from left to right, totally regardless of the rim-rock and the present bed of the stream. In fact, in some places the pay streak goes clear out of the confines of the creek, and turns off under the hills, which have evidently been pushed bodily out over the old course of the stream, and dumped by some convulsion of nature across the path of the water, forcing it into a new channel. The bench claim, therefore, may cover a turn of the pay streak. A bench claim is one hundred feet square, whereas a placer or creek claim is bound by the present hill-sides, and not by the banks of the prehistoric glacier.

The gold is deep down under hard, frozen muck, rubble, and useless dirt, and often nothing is found until just over bed-rock; and on some claims of El Dorado Creek four inches above bed-rock there is found a layer of clay, and between this clay and bed-rock are found nuggets and flakes of gold, packed so closely that, as they say, "you have to mix dirt with it to sluice it."

Sometimes the method of opening up a claim is like digging a cellar. An excavation is dug; but if this method is tried, and the claim is at all deep, the dirt has to be handled twice—that is, shoveled up to a scaffold, and thence into the sluice-boxes; an expensive and slow process.

A claim, when "opened up" and shoveling in is going on, is an active little community of about twenty persons—a cluster of cabins and tents, a cheerful, happy, working lot. The latch-string is hanging out, if the owner boasts a door, for doors and window-sashes are rare; and the proprietor will cheerfully share his bacon and beans, or anything else he may have.

In the summer-time the prospectors load their provisions and supplies into the boats, which they make after crossing the mountains in order to come down the river. They drop down the current to some place, load on their backs as much of their outfit as they can carry, and proceed into the unbroken wilderness, there forming a rough camp on the banks of the creek which they intend to prospect. They usually go in parties of two, three, or four, and divide up among themselves the burdens of the tools and camp outfit, in addition to the provisions. Their

time for prospecting is short, because of the difficulty of transporting provisions inland. Often five hundred miles intervene between two storehouses, and in order to get additional supplies of provisions they must either drop down the river to a storehouse, and pole back,—very laborious work with the swift current of the Yukon, which runs from three to eight miles an hour,—or pole up against the current, and drop back.

The prospector sinks a hole or shaft through the muck, useless gravel, and stone until he reaches the paystreak. There are instances where men have sunk over twenty feet in this way, and have discovered nothing to reward them—in fact, not having even penetrated through the muck. Whether they sink these holes in winter or summer, they must build fires on the surface, and thaw the ground as they go down.

A great deal of prospecting is done in winter, for the reason that men can transport so much more in the way of supplies upon their sledges, drawn either by the miners themselves or by their dogs, of which there is no great number to be had, and also because when the water is frozen there is no danger of its breaking in and filling up the prospect-hole. In winter-time they build a camp as substantial as possible, and, with supplies to last till warm weather, they have a longer time in which to sink down to bed-rock than the summer season affords.

When a gold-bearing creek is discovered, the man who makes the discovery is entitled to the usual five hundred feet, and an additional five hundred feet by the right of discovery. He proceeds to the nearest gold commissioner to record his discovery. Then the news spreads like wild-fire, and a stampede begins. A whole creek has been known to have been staked out in twenty-four hours.

By the Canadian mining regulations, each tributary of the Yukon, with its creeks, forms one mining district, and no one besides a discoverer may stake more than one claim in a district. According to the American regulations, a man may stake a claim on every creek. A great many miners, following the American rule, staked out claims last year upon the various creeks of the Klondike, such as Bonanza, El Dorado, Bear, Last Chance, Gold Bottom, and Too Much Gold, but were obliged by the gold commissioner to choose which claim they would keep, and abandon the others. The presence of the gold commissioner, who has the authority of a magistrate, has a very good influence, undoubtedly, in regulating mining claims; but

heretofore the system in vogue on American territory has worked very satisfactorily. It is done by the miners themselves, who form a mining district, appoint one of their number recorder; and all the records are kept and straightened out as they go along, any dispute being settled by a miners' meeting of the men present on the creek.

The same conditions confront the man who has located a claim as exist in the case of the prospector, except that the latter has already ascertained that there is gold upon his claim. In making his application he is obliged to swear that he found gold in the ground himself. He and his partners, by themselves or with others whom they hire, set to work to open up the claim by sinking shafts and burning drifts into the pay streak. This is done by building fires, which thaw the frozen ground about a foot in depth a day. This labor is very hard, and in cases where there is a heavy deposit of muck, rubble, or useless stone over the pay streak the cost of opening up a claim is very great. I know of one claim that is said to have been opened up as cheaply as any on El Dorado or Bonanza, and the owner told me that it cost him \$8750. In other instances men have spent \$15,000 and over before a cent has come out of the claim. This means that the expenses for cabins, tools, and supplies, for wages, wood, and burning, have amounted to that sum before anything has been taken out to repay the owners. For this reason it is the custom to hire men "on bed-rock," as it is called. The owners of claims agree to pay the men wages at so much per day, but payment is postponed until bed-rock has been reached, and the gold actually gotten out of the claim.

Another method is to let "lays" on the claim; that is, an agreement is entered into between the claim-owner and the workman that the workman shall give the owner fifty per cent. of the amount of gold taken out by him. In some instances, last year, men working on lays received between ten and fifteen thousand dollars apiece for their winter's work.

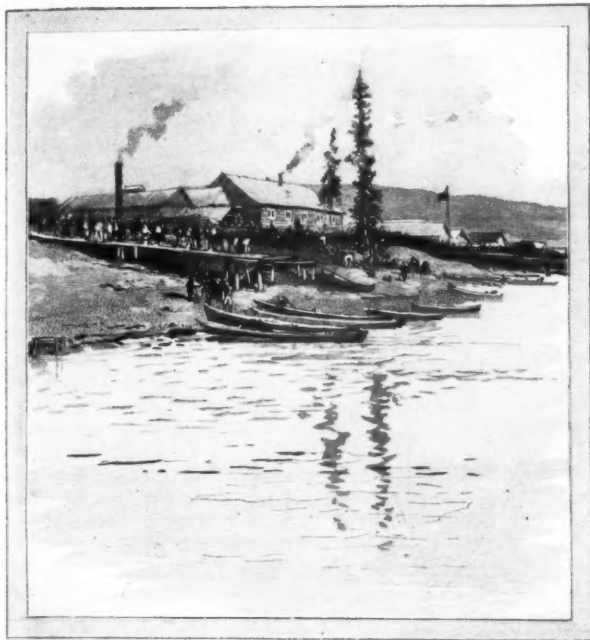
The Canadian law requires that work shall be continuous on a claim, and any lapse of seventy-two hours works a forfeiture. The American miners agree that claims in their districts must be "represented,"—that is, worked during certain months of the year, —and if so represented may be left idle during the rest of the year without working a forfeiture or making them liable to be jumped.

It is largely due to this regulation of the Canadian law that "lays" are let upon claims, for the reason that the men working the ground prevent a lapse of the claim, while the owner may leave the country or go prospecting on other creeks. This method, however, is detrimental to the best interests of the claim-owners, because the men working on "lays" often turn their backs on dirt which would be considered handsome pay anywhere else, and put in all their time on the richest ground. In this way claims have been gutted, and in many instances the large returns upon claims reported mean, not that the claim is proportionately so rich, but that the best part of the claim has been exhausted, and that the rest has been left in such a condition that to work it further becomes an engineering problem.

The result of a winter's work is a pile or dump of "pay" gravel, placed alongside the shaft. It has been brought there by the process of burning or thawing, digging out, and carrying to the surface by means of a rude windlass, worked by hand, to await the coming of the water in the spring. Dams are built in the meantime, and sluice-boxes constructed, and all is made ready for the spring freshet. It is then that the largest clean-ups are made, and it will be on the first steamers next year that the largest quantity of gold will be brought out. A conservative estimate of the amount of gold brought out this year puts the total from this region at three million dollars; but unless the scarcity of provisions seriously interferes, the amount will reach ten times this sum next year. One serious drawback to be feared is a lack of candles, without which it is impossible to work in the shafts and drifts during the winter.

A large amount of speculation was carried on in 1896-97 by purchasing claims on the payment of a certain sum down, the remainder to be paid at a time agreed on, always subsequent to the time of the anticipated spring freshet. The men who bought these claims were usually experienced miners who had arrived in the district too late to locate or stake a claim, either because they had heard the cry of "Wolf!" so often that they turned a deaf ear to the reports of big strikes on the Klondike, or else they were far away from the scene, prospecting on their own account, and had heard of the strike only on coming to the storehouse for winter supplies.

The history of some of these claims is interesting. Number 31 El Dorado was bought



DRAWN BY HARRY FERN.

WATCHING THE DEPARTURE DOWN-STREAM OF THE BELLA AT DAWSON CITY, AUGUST 18, 1897.

by a man named Bell for \$85 in September, 1896. He sold the claim for \$31,000 to two men named Leake and Ashby, in March, 1897. They paid \$2000 cash, and the remainder was to be paid in August; but without waiting for the freshet to come and wash out the gold in the sluice-boxes, they went to work with a hand-rocker, and paid off the money in June. It is this claim for which it was said the agent of wealthy bankers in August offered \$125,000, and the offer was refused.

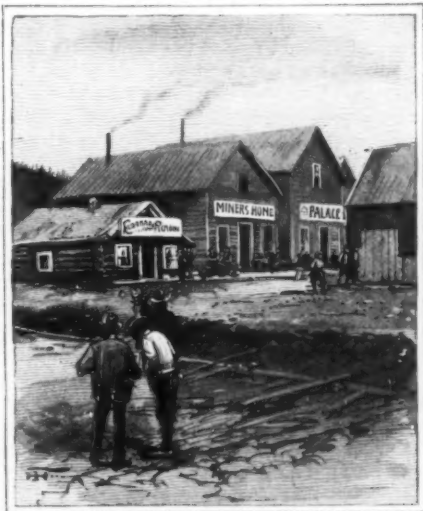
Number 13 El Dorado was bought on an agreement by a party of eight men to pay \$5000 down, and the remainder in August. They washed out \$45,000 in one month, and are now the owners of the claim. These and like stories are told of many other claims, and they are true stories, to the credit of our countrymen's grit and enterprise.

The «Napoleon of finance» of the region, and certainly the richest man there, is a brawny Scotchman known as «Big Aleck» Macdonald. He managed to make a large clean-up on his claim,—said to be \$90,000,—and invested every dollar of it in other claims in the manner I have indicated—part payment down, the remainder when the water came in the spring. Everyone about the camp

VOL. LV.—87.

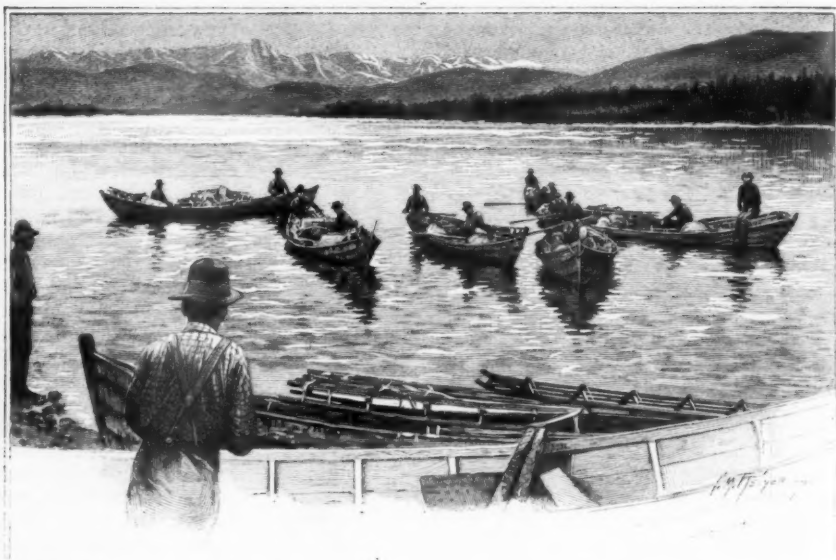
knew of Macdonald's speculations, and all were wondering whether he would become a bankrupt or a multimillionaire. The water did not come down early in 1897, and in some instances the clean-ups on the claims he had bought on speculation came so close to the day of payment that, as the story goes, the gold was paid over «before it was dry.» The death of two brothers to whom he owed \$40,000 on a claim is said to have been his financial salvation, because the time of payment of a debt to a decedent's estate is extended one year by law, the gold commissioner acting as judge of probate for the time being. Macdonald is probably owner of an interest in about twenty-odd claims, bought on his mining knowledge and his wonderful nerve. He paid enormous interest on the money he

borrowed, took tremendous risks, and finally won. In some instances during the winter of 1896-97 money was loaned at ten per cent. for ten days.



DRAWN BY HARRY FERN.

MINERS' RESORTS ON MAIN STREET, DAWSON CITY.



DRAWN BY C. M. RILEY.

ARRIVAL AT FORTY MILE OF PROSPECTORS IN BOATS BUILT BY THEM AFTER CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS TO THE HEAD WATERS.

Claims are staked by the miners themselves, after a rough measurement of the ground; and of course when the survey is made accurately by the land-surveyor, «fractions» as they are called, are discovered where men overmeasure their claims, and these fractions are immediately pounced upon by men who follow the surveyor about. In some cases the fractions are very large, varying from one at the mouth of El Dorado Creek of 420-odd feet to one 200 feet in size; and once a man insisted upon laying claim to a fraction which was measured off and found to be precisely nine inches in length! He is now known as «Fraction» White, or «Nine-inch Jim.» In one instance a man's whole winter's work, which was contained in the dump, was discovered to be outside his own lines; and if it had not been that he found a friend who consented to take up this fraction for him,—for he himself had exhausted his own rights in this district,—he would have lost a very large sum of money, for he washed out of that dump \$130,000.

As the creek is all laid out as accurately as city lots, it becomes very familiar to the men who are passing up and down the trail from day to day, and the knowledge of what is going on in one claim is known to all. Any statement that a man was offered half a million dollars for his claim on Bonanza or El Dorado is very likely to be untrue, unless

the number of the claim is given. Men who have been there know the value of these claims, just as a real-estate agent knows the value of lots in a city, and in the majority of cases can make a very accurate estimate of the amount of gold that has already been taken out of each claim.

I passed along by claim after claim, all in full working order; and sometimes we were recognized and called to a halt by the owner of a claim, and requested to come and see what he had struck. It was marvelous to watch the dirt being shoveled in and washed out, and see the gold caught on the cleats of the sluice-boxes. Sometimes they would give me a big iron pan,—the miner's pan,—holding about two shovelfuls, and ask me to pan it out. After the whirling motion was once caught, it was easy. Little by little, bits of gold began to appear in the whirling mass like flashes of light, and the worthless mud and stuff passed off, and then came the realization of the wish of Midas: it had turned to gold in my hands—gold in little flakes, gold in coarse lumps, gold in fine-sifting flour-like dust—yellow gold!

I spent a night at No. 1 El Dorado, which is just above the junction of the creek with Bonanza, and in the richest district there. What lies under the ground no one can tell. Within a stone's throw of us, Phiscator had taken out \$90,000 from perhaps

forty square feet of his claim. Above us Berry and his partners had washed out \$130,000 in one winter's work.

Americans have flattered themselves that Yankee industry has done it all; but the surnames met with show that all nations have had a share in the work, although undoubtedly Americans are ahead. Knutson, Olsen, Alstein, and Silene are on 36 and 37 El Dorado; Berry and Antone Stander now hold 4, 5, and 6 on El Dorado; John Zarnowsky holds No. 30 El Dorado; and "Targish Jim" No. 1 above on Bonanza. Aleck Macdonald, Tom O'Brien, and Frank Dinsmore are names that one constantly hears. All are straightforward and unassuming; and, take them all in all, better men are not to be found anywhere.

The way back to Dawson over the trail was not so easy, but I got there soon after the town had celebrated the first anniversary of its discovery, on August 17, 1896. The saloons were crowded. Such signs as, "This game never closes," "\$25 and \$50 limit," "Straights barred," "Flush beats three of a kind," indicated the drift of the miners' amusements. It is worth noting that in all of the stories about great fortunes made in this country, no one speaks of the man who "took out" \$90,000, and the only gold-mine he had was a saloon and dance-house.

We started down the river from Dawson in the afternoon, and carried with us over seventy miners. Some of them carried heavy sacks in traveling-grips, which they guarded very closely. In one instance four of them relieved one another in regular watches, day and night. These men had come in over the

Chilkoot Pass, and floated down in their boats to Dawson or Forty Mile, arriving in the spring. Some of them had been in the country for years, some only for months; but all had worked hard, suffered much, and were now bound for civilization, with varying fortunes, but with an intention of enjoying life.

The trip down the Yukon, with the swift current rushing the unloaded steamboat along, is in delightful contrast with the laborious journey up-stream. At many of the missions along the river, and at Forty Mile and Circle City, I saw gardens of turnips, radishes, and lettuce. The plowing is done with dog-teams, and the rich black soil, even in the short summer, yields wonderful results. Undoubtedly much can be done to improve the condition of the inhabitants by systematic cultivation of the soil.

Returning to St. Michael, we found the harbor crowded with ocean-steamers and a variety of craft of all sorts and conditions. Men and boys thronged the usually quiet streets. It was sad to contemplate this eager crowd of men from all classes of life, who had been deluded by false reports, entrapped by speculators, and hurried on in a mad rush for something they could never grasp, and were destined to die by inches in this far-away land. Old miners took them aside and sought to dissuade them, telling them of the dangers and hardships before them; but it was in vain. Some acknowledged that they were ashamed to go back; but most refused to believe the truth, and even retorted that the miners were trying to keep them out so that they could get it all themselves.



DRAWN BY C. M. RELYEA.

PLOWING WITH A DOG-TEAM.

THE RUSH TO THE KLONDIKE OVER THE MOUNTAIN PASSES.

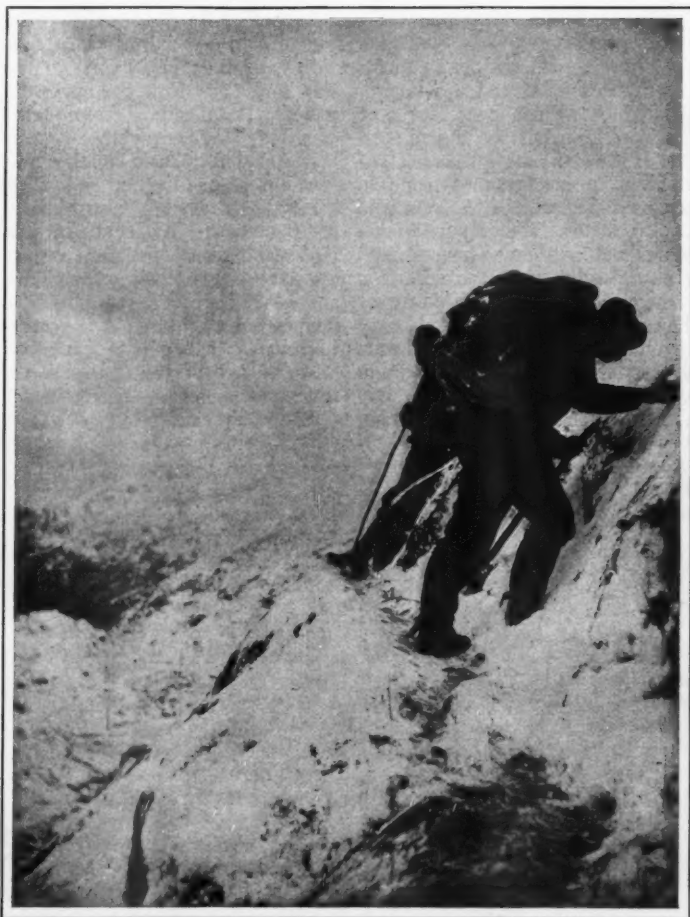
BY EDWARD S. CURTIS.

PICTURES FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

THE astonishing rush to the new gold-fields of Alaska and the Northwest Territory during the latter half of 1897 is a distinct feature in the chronicle of our national events. «Klondike» will stand upon the pages of our history with a prominence equal to, if not greater than, that given to

the days of '49; and this, too, despite the fact that the Alaskan movement was then only in its first stages. Last summer's dash to the new El Dorado was only the first breath of an oncoming storm the fury and extent of which cannot be overestimated.

In another sense, the rush of 1897 may be



THE CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT OF CHILKOOT PASS, DYEA TRAIL.



ON THE SUMMIT OF THE CHILKOOT PASS.

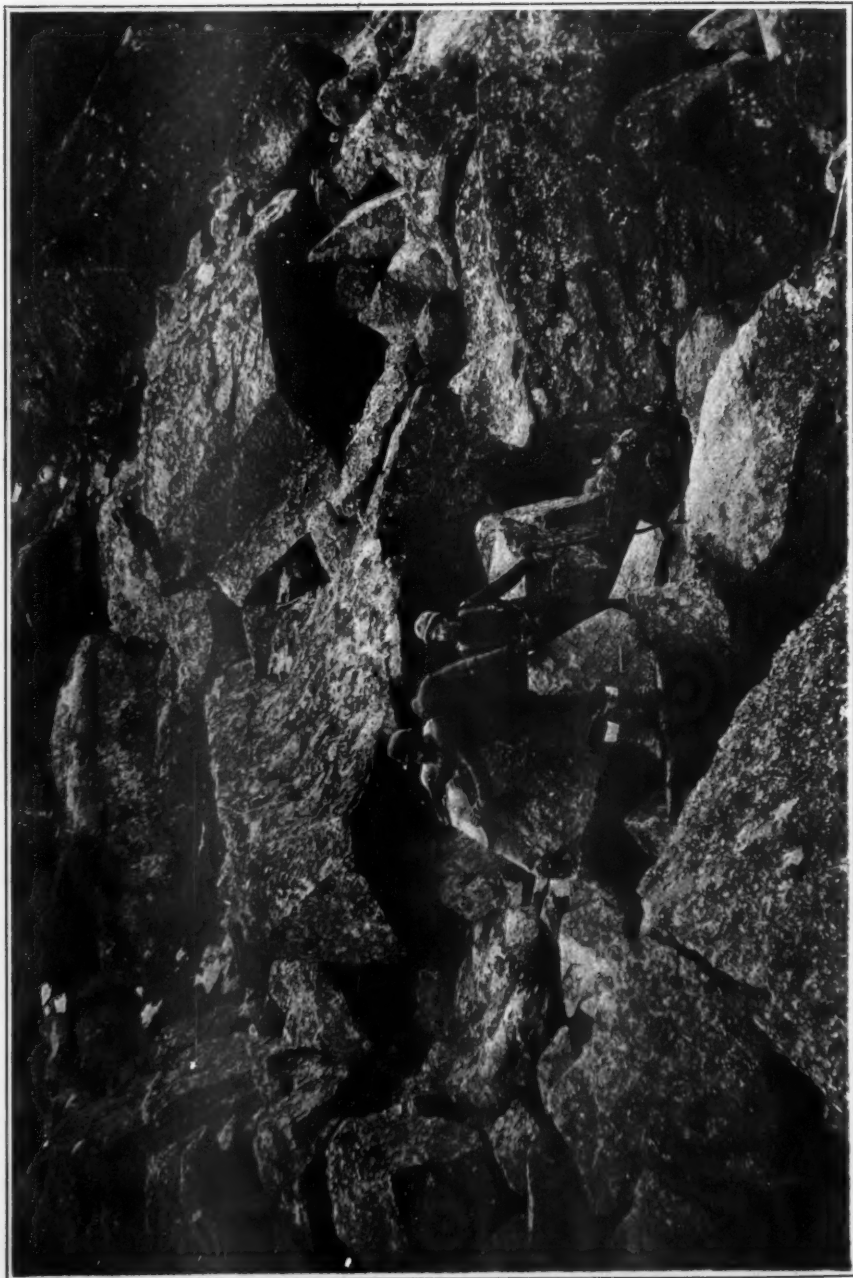
termed the first shock of a great battle which is now waging between invading Man and defending Nature. Lured from the paths of peaceful employment and routine labor by visions of sudden wealth, men rushed into the North unprepared by any certain knowledge of the country, and by the very nature of

their errand antagonistic to any form of organized enterprise. Not only did each man find Nature stern and repulsive, opposing his progress with all her forces, but the lack of transportation facilities soon turned each man into an open enemy to his neighbor.

At the present time, when the second rush



COMING DOWN WITH A LIFE-LINE AT "THE FORD," SKAGUAY TRAIL.



CROSSING A ROCK-SLIDE ON THE « CUT-OFF » TRAIL.



IN CAMP AT SUMMIT LAKE ON THE SKAGUAY TRAIL.

may soon be expected, it will be interesting to take a glance at the wreckage of the first onset.

In general, it may be stated that during the rush of 1897 only two routes into the Klondike country were followed. One was called the outside, or all-water route; the other, the overland passage. The outside route was by ocean-steamer from the Pacific-coast cities to St. Michael, Alaska, whence river-boats conveyed the passenger and his outfit, without change, to Dawson City. The overland passage was by ocean-steamer to Skaguay or Dyea, whence the prospector crossed the mountains on foot to the chain of lakes which form the head waters of the Yukon River. Once at these lakes, individual

boats were built, and the long journey down the river began. Hence there was offered the odd picture of men seeking a middle point on a great river, some by ascending, and some by descending, the start being made, in both cases, at the sea-level. Those who ascended the river were first obliged to travel by sea nearly two thousand miles in the very direction in which the river is flowing, and all the way running nearly parallel to its flow, before reaching the river's mouth, thus traveling more than double the distance involved in the overland passage.

Neither of these routes was in any way adequate to the demands suddenly placed upon it. The outside route boasted only a few steamers. Every available craft was



DESERTED HORSES AT THE FOOT OF "THE SUMMIT," SKAGUAY TRAIL.



NEAR THE SUMMIT OF PORCUPINE HILL, SKAGUAY TRAIL.

pressed into service, and in all these, whether steamer or sailer, men, cattle, and freight were crammed in the most uncomfortable manner. More than that, when the river was gained, the river-steamers were too few to accommodate the crowds; and when new boats were constructed, low water and the late season caused delays which finally caught most of the prospectors *en route*, forcing them to camp for the winter where this last misfortune overtook them.

The scenes along the two trails constituting the overland passage were more soul-trying, and presented a desperate picture at the close of the first rush. Men who landed at Skaguay and Dyea thought the worst of their journey over. Both trails are easily passable for a few men at a time, the Skaguay trail, including the White Pass, being the more suitable for the passing of pack-trains. But the crush of men and animals on both these trails was terrific, and became the worst feature of the problem. A multitude of horses' hoofs cut the open parts of the trail into rivers of mire. Pack-trains returning empty from the lakes caused the ascending trains hours of delay. Horses, overloaded or worn out, fell in their tracks; and so warped had men become in their struggle to get over the summits toward the fairyland of Klondike that no friendly hand would be lent to help the owner raise the fallen animal.

But worse than these delays was the destruction of horses which resulted from the frightful condition of the trails. Many animals died from exhaustion; but by far the greater number were destroyed by falling among boulders, the heavy packs nearly always causing broken limbs. Men, starting with horses as a part of their capital, expected to sell them when their own passage was completed. A few succeeded; but the majority lost their horses, and either hired their goods packed over the trails, or were reduced to the necessity of carrying their outfits, bit by bit, on their own backs. It was then that the bitter, desperate, almost unendurable struggle began. The men overworked themselves, ate poorly prepared food, slept in wet clothing; and many there are who, in consequence of these privations, will never regain their full strength. Add to this the previous sacrifice of giving up paying positions at home, in many cases of leaving wife and children almost unprovided with property in order to secure an outfit, and the reader will appreciate the desperate men-

tal condition of the men who daily found resisting Nature becoming more formidable. On top of this place the utter disappointment of the thousands of men who failed to reach Dawson City, and who were obliged to camp where cold weather overtook them, and who are waiting for spring to release them from physical privation and a condition of mental torture produced by gloomy surroundings and unrealized hopes, and the picture of the impotency of the first onslaught upon the out-works of the new gold-fields becomes apparent.

But, gloomy as the picture may be, it is only the natural outcome of the conditions. Men who lift heavy packs over steep hills and rough trails must work slowly and steadily. There is no carrying Nature's forces by assault. Her resisting strength is immeasurable, and man can overcome it only by using brain as well as brawn. Men who contend hand to hand with Nature must protect their health and daily renew their strength; for Nature is just as strong at the end of a day's work as at the beginning.

The men now planning to force a way into Alaska and the Northwestern Territory are better prepared than were the men of '97, and they are planning their campaign with more care. Furthermore, organization has displaced anarchy, and the men of '98 will cross the trails over prepared roads, steel bridges, and steam tramways, where the men of '97 waded through mud, forded streams, and painfully toiled over the summits. And improved methods are visible also on the outside route. A greater fleet of steamers, with greater average tonnage, are to carry men to the Yukon. More river-boats will breast the swift current of this great river. New trails are being tested and new methods put into practice. The battle for wealth will become more desperate, more volunteers will rush to the front; but the signs of victory will be more frequent.

But not all who go will win, and the victors will purchase their triumph dearly. Those most successful in these new gold-fields have said that they would not enter the battle again if twice the stake hung upon the victory. The loss of life was small in the first rush, but Nature took almost the entire assaulting host as prisoners. When she released them, many there were who fell back, broken in purse, worn in body, and despondent in mind. These men made their way home, as best they could, out of the wreckage of the first Klondike rush.

GALLOPS.

BY DAVID GRAY.

WITH A PICTURE BY B. WEST CLINEDINST.

CHALMERS'S GOLD PIECE.



HERE goes a good chap," said the M. F. H., nodding toward Chalmers. The hunting Earl turned in the saddle, and looked. He was jogging alongside of the M. F. H., who was taking him into covert with the hounds. (This was only the proper courtesy to extend to so great a fox-hunter.) "He's back this morning from the Rockies," the M. F. H. added; "I'd like to have you know him."

"Beg pardon," observed the Earl, "but is n't he rather queerly turned out?"

The M. F. H., who was sounding his horn, laughed, and spoiled his note.

"Those are pretty awful riding-things. They belong to his groom."

"Not very well off—bankrupt or something?" suggested the Earl.

"Thunder, no!" exclaimed the M. F. H. "He's a terrible millionaire. You see, he got back a day sooner than he expected, and they had n't brought his things down from town. He did n't have time to borrow any breeches, and he was n't going to miss a run, so he put on the cords belonging to his man's new livery, and an old jacket. They are all running him about it, for he's usually rather smart. I dare say you've seen his yacht, the *Independence Day*, at Cannes. He prowls all over the place after big game, and he's one of the best men in America to hounds."

"Very interesting indeed," said the Earl. "I should like to meet him."

The M. F. H. looked back and tried to catch Chalmers's eye; but Chalmers was watching a young woman coming over a big panel of rails in a slashing way one does n't often see. It impressed him, and he rode over to Varick, who was dismounted tightening his girths, and asked him who the strange girl was.

"Did n't notice her," said Varick; "but there are several new ones here just now. There's a professional from some London riding-school, looking about for high jumpers. Colfax is trying to sell her Lorelei at a

low price and no guaranty. Then there's a Miss Crackenthorpe, a Philadelphia girl, stopping with the Galloways; and—" He stopped abruptly, and listened. Somebody was calling in the distance. It was indistinct at first; but then the breeze swelled lazily and brought a faint "Gone away! Gone away!" from a whip on the farther side of the covert. A moment later the pack picked up the hot scent, and set up a terrific yeow-yeowing.

"Hullo, they are off!" Varick exclaimed, and, mounting hastily, he galloped after the troop of excited men and horses.

AN hour later—they had lost that fox, and were after a second one—Chalmers emerged from a big wood-lot, and looked about him for signs of the hunt. There was no one in sight. It is not pleasant to find one's self a minority of one on the question of inferring a fox's ultimate line from his circlings in the impracticable underbrush—unless, of course, one happens to be *right*, and has hounds, fox, and everything to himself, in which case he has an exclusive smoking-room story for ever after. But Chalmers had neither quarry nor pack.

"Why, oh, why," he murmured plaintively, "do I never hit it right?" He strained his ears for the sound of the hounds; but there was only the rustle of the stray leaves that bobbed across the stubble on the wind. The region was unfamiliar and, in the desolate stillness of a November afternoon, unprepossessing.

"That wretched fox certainly has doubled back," he said to himself. "I'm out of it, and I'm afraid I'm lost, to boot." He felt hungry, and inspected a lone and crumpled sandwich; but he reflected that he would doubtless be hungrier later on, so he put it away. He was searching the dull horizon for the sun, from which to get his bearings, when he was startled by the crash of breaking rails. He glanced around, and saw a woman coming a most appalling cropper over the fence between him and the wood-lot. The horse

scrambled to his feet, trailing his rider head down, and broke into a gallop. The skirt of her habit was hooked over one of the pomels. It happened as swiftly and inevitably as actions form themselves in a bad dream. It sickened him. He wished to turn and run; but the instant the horse started he had started after it. There was no time to follow the runaway and pull him up, for at any moment the woman might swing under his hoofs, or be dashed against a stone. It came to Chalmers that the thing to do was to "cross." This was an experience that he had several times unintentionally provoked at polo. After his first thorough collision he came to before the match was over, and a famous No. 2, who was looking on, bent over his stretcher. "Next time when you see there has got to be a smash," he said, "don't let the other fellow hit you *behind* the saddle. It's just as well to let him have the spill." This means that a pony run down forward of the girths is not so likely to be thrown off his hind legs, and has a chance of collecting himself before he goes completely over. Chalmers remembered this. He had only fifty yards to ride, and he calculated his pace correctly. The bewildered horse which he was attempting to head off made no attempt to swerve, and they met fairly at right angles. Chalmers was aware of a dull jar, and of being in a heap with two horses. He wondered where the woman was. She had been thrown clear. As he got up he noticed that she was lying motionless. A drop of blood was gathering from a scratch on her cheek. He saw it hang an instant, and then trail down across her face. He was sure that she was dead. There was a numb feeling in his left shoulder, and mechanically he changed the bridle to his right hand. For a moment he stood dazed and silent. The woman's horse picked himself up and went off, and Chalmers still stood, wondering exactly what had happened. Then the woman sat up, and his senses came to him.

"Are you much hurt?" he gasped. His knees felt weak, and he leaned against his horse.

"No," said the girl; "I think I'm only shaken up."

Chalmers watched her anxiously. It was the girl he had noticed taking the fence before the run began. "Yes; it's the riding-mistress," he said to himself. It had just occurred to him that he had once met the Philadelphia girl whom Varick had mentioned, and that she was quite a different person. Besides, this girl spoke with a markedly

English intonation. She began to turn her head first one way and then the other, as if she were making sure it was really there.

"I'm afraid you've hurt your neck," he said. "Have you any pain—down your back?"

"No," she answered weakly; "but I can't get all those hoofs out of my eyes. It seems as if they were coming down smash! They're worse than I ever had before."

Chalmers had experienced the hoof phenomenon himself, and he knew that it made the first moments after a stunning cropper extremely bewildering.

"Lie down a minute," he suggested. She collapsed miserably into a heap, and began to cry softly. Chalmers turned his head away, and wondered what he ought to do. For a man of his age he had been confronted with some exceptionally trying situations, but with nothing upon this order. Besides, this was inwardly distressing. It would have been easier if she had sniffled and "taken on" hysterically; but she wept in the subdued manner of utter wretchedness. It was very pathetic.

"You poor little thing!" Chalmers murmured. That she was not little, but rather tall, with a classic type of face and a wonderful skin, back into which the pink was beginning to find its way, did not abate the strain upon his feelings. He let his eyes rest on her for a moment.

"It's inhuman to make a woman like that ride for her living," he muttered. "It's devilish!" His ideas about women in the hunting-field underwent a rapid revision, as is apt to be the case with men who have just seen their first bad side-saddle spill. "And it's only a question of time before she'll be killed. By Jove, she simply must n't!" Now this, Chalmers meant to be positive and final, for at that moment an idea struck him, which he hastily elaborated.

It was a simple solution of the matter. Chalmers had a sister whose fad was her hackney farm and her harness-horses. She drove four, and tandem, and all other possible ways; but she thought poorly of riding. Now she needed a confidential assistant (she had told Chalmers that), but a difficulty had confronted her in the prevailing sex of horse experts. This fixed it. He would wire Elizabeth; Elizabeth would wire Miss What's-her-name (he would find that out when he was properly presented) to New York, and the message would be repeated to Oakdale, as if Elizabeth did n't know she was there. Then, by an odd coincidence, Miss Chalmers

would turn out to be his sister, and the girl's risks of sudden death thenceforth would be limited to smashed vehicles and that class of accidents from which she would have almost the same chance of escape as a man. Presently the girl stopped crying, and Chalmers left off the works of his imagination with a smile. It was diverting to have matters arranged for a person whom one did not know. She lifted her head.

"Will you give me your flask?" she asked. "I'm still a bit faint."

All Chalmers's things were on their way from town, and he had not a flask with him.

"I'm very sorry," he began awkwardly.

She sat up, and looked him over from head to toe with a swift glance.

"I beg your pardon," she interrupted. "I did not think. I shall be quite well directly." She rose to her feet, leaving Chalmers somewhat mystified.

"Does your head trouble you?" he asked.

"No," she answered; "I really feel much better. But will you kindly explain to me how you came to be here? I thought I was jumping into an empty meadow. After we came down I felt the stubble across my face, and I knew I was being dragged. I was wondering how soon it would be before a stone would come along, when all of a sudden I was dumped here on the ground."

Chalmers briefly explained that he had lost the hounds, and happened to be standing at one side when she fell, and afterward stopped the horse. The girl thought a moment.

"But your horse was down on his knees?" she said inquiringly. "I remember that."

"Well," answered Chalmers, "there was a bit of a collision."

"I think I understand," she answered. "That was a very brave thing to do!" Her eyes turned from his face, and Chalmers was somehow impressed for a moment that he was clad in ill-fitting cord breeches. Then she repeated impulsively, "A *very* brave thing to do!" He felt the red coming into his face.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "The question is, How are we going to get home?" He looked after the runaway horse. It was already in the field beyond. They watched it take the fence and disappear over the brow of a hill.

"Well, he's gone," said Chalmers. He glanced at his own horse with the man's saddle, and then at the girl. Their eyes met, and he fancied by the corners of her mouth that she understood the situation.

"When I was a child," she said gravely, "I used to ride straddle always. I think we can manage it if you will shorten the stirrups."

As he stretched out his left hand the ache in his shoulder became a sharp twinge, and the hand dropped.

"What's wrong?" she asked anxiously. "Is your arm broken?"

"No," said Chalmers; "if it's anything, I guess it's only the collar-bone. It did not hurt, and I hardly realized it was cracked. No consequence, anyhow."

"It is of a great deal of consequence," she answered. "I am very, very sorry! Let me make a sling." She unbuckled the curb rein, and triced the arm up with the skill of experience as well as the woman's instinct for doing such things rightly.

"Grateful and comforting," he said to himself; "should be on every breakfast-table." Then he blushed at his own joke, and helped her up. Thus they set off in search of the turnpike, Chalmers leading the horse, and the lady riding astride. They got over a low fence, and through a gate across another field, and then they went into a piece of woods. From the other side of the woods a farm-house was visible, and presently, by winding through lanes and farm-yards, and by opening innumerable gates, they came out upon the highway.

"Well, this has been quite an adventure," said Chalmers. "I feel as if I were an 'Idyl of the King.' Those chaps used to go grailing and things with solitary maidens, did not they?"

"Where did you hear about the 'Idyls of the King?'" she demanded.

"Hear about them?" he said, somewhat taken aback. "Why, I guess I must have read them."

"It is true, then," she said, half to herself, and as if she were making a note of it. "Every one reads books in America. I like that about America very much. I'm in favor of popular education. You see, I'm a great radical, and all that sort of thing."

"That's good," said Chalmers. It struck him that she was the right sort to get on with the people on Elizabeth's farm.

"Have you been long in America?" he asked.

"About a month," she replied.

"What do you think of it?" He felt uncomfortable at sinking to this, but he wished to know what she did think.

"It's very big," she said, "and very different—oh, quite different! The people are very odd, and the customs are strange. Have you ever been in New York?"

He said, "Yes," and chuckled.

"Every one travels in America, I've been

told. In England they usually stop about the place where they were born. They rarely travel far, unless they emigrate, you know."

"But you have been in London?" he asked, with a straight face.

She smiled. "Of course; I am very much in London," she replied. Then she asked, "Do you live here all the year?"

"So she's going to quiz *me*," he thought. "Well, turn about is fair play. No," he answered aloud; "I am pretty much all the time in New York and other places." As he usually spent the winter poking his yacht into out-of-the-way parts of the earth, he thought that this was specific enough.

"Really?" said she. "And I suppose that most of the gentlemen who hunt here live in town—I mean in New York. Mr. Varick has a town house there, I believe."

Chalmers said that he had. He wondered, though, why she seemed to associate him with Varick. He wondered if she took him for Varick's brother-in-law, Freddy Blake, who was stopping with Varick. He had been taken for him before.

The conversation languished, and for a long time they proceeded at the slow, measured pace of the walking horse. It began to grow dark. Presently they came to a farm-house which he recognized. He knew that it was only three miles from the kennels, so felt encouraged. As they were passing the orchard a few old thaws dangled in the bare boughs which overhung the road. In the dusk they were scarcely discernible.

"Are those black spots apples?" she asked suddenly. "I've had no tea at all, and I'm famished."

"You poor child!" he thought. "I'm afraid they're frozen," he said. He hesitated. "I have a sandwich in my pocket, only it's a good deal mussed."

The girl seemed embarrassed.

"No, really!" she exclaimed; "but I can't think of taking it. It's your last one, you know."

"But you must," he insisted. "It's lucky I happened to have it. At the last check your friend Mr. Varick divided his lunch with me." He handed her the small silver box. "He gave me the box, too, years ago. I've known him since he was a boy."

"Oh, indeed!" she said. "How very nice! Really, you are very good!" She examined the contents of the box rather gingerly, but proceeded to eat them.

"This is very good bacon," she remarked as she munched; "and they usually have such nasty bacon in America."

Chalmers laughed. "I shall have to warn Elizabeth to make an effort in the matter of bacon," he thought.

They trudged along for a while till suddenly the road curved and showed them the lights of the club-house glimmering half a mile ahead, and the village beyond.

"Where shall I take you?" he asked.

"I think," she replied, "that I will go to the club. My uncle will probably be there."

"Uncle!" Chalmers exclaimed inwardly. "Good gracious! Is she in tow of some horse-dealing relative?" It struck him that his arrangement might meet with some new difficulties. "Well," he thought, "I guess we can fix uncle, too. I have a farm myself."

The big lanterns on the gate-posts shed a cheerful light as they turned into the club driveway.

"It can't be much past six," he said. He noticed that she was fumbling for the invisible watch-pocket in her habit. "Just twenty minutes past," he added, holding his watch to the light. "We've made a very good pace—seven miles in two hours."

"I hope your arm has n't pained you much," she said.

"No; it has n't," he replied. They came under the porte-cochère, and stopped.

"I thank you very much for all that you have done," she said. "I shall tell my uncle and Mr. Varick about it." She slipped off with the support of his good arm, and extended her hand. The next moment Chalmers felt a coin in his palm.

"Oh, I say! I beg pardon!" he gasped. She paused on the steps, and faced him. He stood there speechless, with his arm outstretched toward her.

"Please take it," she said. "You must. Of course one can't pay another for saving her life; I can only thank you for that: but you have been to a great deal of trouble, too. English gold is good everywhere, is n't it? It's all I had with me. But my uncle will be very grateful to you. You must come and see him to-morrow. Please have your collarbone carefully set. Good night."

She turned and went into the club. The situation burst on Chalmers. He slipped the gold piece into his pocket, and started for the stables. He stopped before he reached them, though. He was sitting, doubled over, on a bench by the roadway (it hurt his collarbone less if he laughed doubled over) when a voice came out of the darkness:

"What's the matter there?" It was the M. F. H., on his way back from the kennels.

"Nothing," replied Chalmers, weakly—"nothing that I can tell you."

"Oh, is that you, Chalmers?" said the M. F. H. "I've been looking all over for you. Hurry up and make yourself presentable. You're dining with me at eight."

"I can't," Chalmers answered. "I've broken my collar-bone, and I hate to feed in company with one hand."

"It's too bad about your bone, but you've got to come. Your food shall be served to you all cut up, or you can have six courses of soup. But I don't see what's so mighty funny about a busted collar-bone."

"No," said Chalmers; "and you won't. Telephone right off for the doctor—will you?—or I shall be late." He rose and went on toward the stables. Suddenly the thing struck him in a new light.

"A sovereign," he mused, "must be quite a lot of money for a riding-mistress. I never thought about that. I wonder who her people were?"

THE M. F. H. met Chalmers as he came into the drawing-room.

"Hullo," said he; "all comfy? I want you to know the Earl of Reddesdale. He's been here only a week, but he's disbanded the Fence-Breakers, and he's brought his niece with him, besides. Those are two praiseworthy acts. Because you have foolishly got spilled somewhere, you are going to take her in to dinner."

Miss Hamilton," he added, "may I present Mr. Chalmers?"

The Hon. Miss Hamilton turned, and said she would be much pleased. Then she glanced at Chalmers, and her eyes dropped.

"I think," she said, "that I have had that pleasure—this afternoon. Mr. Chalmers brought me home." She touched the Earl's arm. "Uncle," she began, "this is—"

"How very remarkable!" ejaculated the Earl. "I thought a groom brought you back—one of Mr. Varick's men—"

"Oh, uncle!" the girl exclaimed.

When it was quiet enough for Chalmers to be heard, he announced that he had something to say. It seemed to him that the chaffing was a little trying for the girl, and he did a very noble thing. With certain reservations, he disclosed his hypothesis of the riding-school mistress, and drew the fire upon himself. He blushed a deeper red than the Hon. Miss Hamilton, but it was not so becoming, for his pink coat killed the effect.

"Well, you see," he added ingenuously, "I got back only this morning, and I never saw a woman ride like that—who was n't a professional." Then dinner was announced.

"It was very generous of you to confess all that," she said, when they were seated.

"No," answered Chalmers; "it was only fair. My conscience would have troubled me if I had n't. But as I have no mama to consult about receiving presents from young ladies, I think I shall keep that sovereign."

THE BISHOP'S MISSIONARY MEETING.

MRS. GALLOWAY checked the horse to a walk, and peered into the darkness.

"I think this is our turn," she said, "and we are only half a mile from home."

"I must say, madam," observed the bishop, "that my spirit goes forth in thanksgiving. We have really had a most adventurous expedition."

For two hours the bishop had been ironing the loins of Mrs. Galloway's phaeton-horse with a hot flat-iron, a fatiguing occupation to which he was unused. It was nearly ten o'clock, and he had had no dinner. He was weary, and his soul craved the flesh-pots.

The bishop had driven forth, in Mrs. Galloway's care, to inspect the condition of the parish poor with a view to organizing a home-missionary movement. His rector at Oakdale seemed inadequate to the task; so the bishop, according to his custom, had decided to examine the field for himself. At

the cottage of Mrs. O'Rourke, eight miles from the Galloways', the horse, which had been left unblanketed, developed mysterious and alarming symptoms. His hind legs appeared to be paralyzed. The bishop led him under a shed, and the eldest of Mrs. O'Rourke's nine, who was twelve years old, diagnosed his trouble as a chill in the kidneys.

"Youse git a flat-iron from ma, and iron him with a newspaper where he's scrunchin' down. Linyimunt would be good, but I guess the flat'll fix him if you keep at it. I'd do it meself, only I ain't that big."

Cuthbert O'Rourke ("These O'Rourkes is all of thim Or'ngemin, and there's no Patricks," said the widow) superintended, and carried out the hot irons. The bishop ironed, and Mrs. Galloway lamented and apologized. A smaller O'Rourke was sent to the village with a message to be telephoned to Mr. Gal-

loway, instructing him not to wait dinner. Mrs. Galloway had invited a large company, which was to discuss the bishop's scheme and to subscribe money for carrying it out, so she naturally was exasperated. It was a quarter before six when the flat-iron treatment began; and at about eight o'clock Cuthbert assured the bishop, who was laboring by the light of a tin lantern, that the beast was well enough to travel. They started back at a slow trot, and what with the cold and the darkness, the pangs of hunger, and the apprehension of a return of the chill, the eight miles seemed excessively long. When they turned up the cross-road the bishop made an effort to confront the situation with Christian fortitude, and became almost cheerful.

"After the toils and perils of war, grateful is the feast," he observed. "This is a pagan sentiment, but one rooted in the subsoil of our human natures."

Mrs. Galloway was wondering what sort of feast would be forthcoming at that hour of the night, but she held her peace.

"It is truly noble of you, Mrs. Galloway," the bishop continued, "to assemble these people for a discussion of our project. I think I shall be able to state the matter strongly, and I doubt not that we shall receive generous support. I have been keenly interested in this parish, as presenting the problem of Christianity versus the well-to-do—the problem how to awaken a sense of higher responsibilities in a community of amiable barbarians. Do not misunderstand me: I use the word with the interpretation and authority of Mr. Matthew Arnold. And bear in mind, madam, I appreciate the usefulness of honest sport, and the physical manliness it engenders. But that is not all of life; and, unfortunately, I have observed in our sport-loving rich an indifference, a colorless moral attitude, toward the serious things of existence, which is almost more difficult to combat than actual vice. As I have intimated, this parish stands as a peculiarly suggestive type, and it is highly gratifying to feel that the small efforts which I have put forth are slowly but surely bearing fruit—are slowly but surely producing an interest in spiritual things. A year ago, I dare say, such an occasion as this would hardly have been contemplated."

"It really is gratifying," said Mrs. Galloway; "but I am afraid you will have a very poor dinner. It must be nearly ten o'clock."

"Well," said the bishop, "(an egg and an olive,) partaken of in peace and with worthy discourse—that is a feast. Ah, here we are!"

he added, with a sigh of relief. They drove under the porte-cochère, and stopped. A peal of uproarious laughter and a sound of stamping feet burst from the house.

"They must be still in the dining-room," said Mrs. Galloway. "Hold the horse, please, and I'll ring the stable bell. You could n't find it in the dark."

Just then a loud voice within shouted:

"Hit him with the poker! Oh, harder! Make him feel it!"

Mrs. Galloway paused with her finger on the bell. The dining-room windows were open, but the heavy curtains were drawn. She could hear what was said, but could not see what was going on. There was a sound of dull whacks, and the noise of a scrimmage.

"Stop it! Don't, I say! Stop it! You're a brute!" This was in women's voices. Mrs. Galloway turned toward the bishop, speechless.

"Bless me!" said the bishop, anxiously; "this is very strange!"

She tiptoed toward the nearest window, and listened.

"Well, that's no go," some one said. "Try jabbing him with a fruit-knife."

"No; please don't!" cried a woman.

"Suppose he kicks?" said a man.

"If he's a gentleman, he won't kick in a lady's dining-room." This time they recognized Varick's voice.

"Suppose he does!" exclaimed somebody else. "Let him kick! We can't keep him here all night. Mrs. Galloway and the bishop are likely to blow in any minute. I want you to remember that this is a missionary meeting." There was another laugh.

"That was Charley," whispered Mrs. Galloway. "Do you suppose they've caught a burglar?"

"It may be," replied the bishop. "It's very strange."

"I'll tell you," said Varick's voice. "Try blindfolding him. Take a napkin." There was a general giggling for a moment. "Now hit him gently with a bottle."

"Come on here!" came in angry tones from Galloway. "You can't stop here forever. Get hold, you chaps, and push."

There was a sudden scuffle, and a sound like the tramping of heavy boots.

"Catch the candles!" a woman screamed.

There was a deafening crash of glass and china, and a hubbub of screams and exclamations. A dead silence followed, and then Galloway's voice was heard, unnaturally calm:

"Well, the dinner-table's gone!"

Mrs. Galloway stood petrified. A groom appeared and took the horse.

"What is going on in there?" demanded the bishop. The man moved into the shadow.

"I dunno, sir," he replied in a queer voice. He got into the phaëton, and the bishop and his hostess walked softly along the veranda toward the door.

"I am afraid something terrible has happened," said Mrs. Galloway, tremulously. "Suppose they have killed him?" She drew back, and the bishop went in ahead. They passed down the hall to the dining-room. With a little scream, Mrs. Galloway clutched the door-jamb.

"Thank goodness! Thank goodness!" she murmured. "I thought it was a burglar. Some water, please—quick!" But the bishop gazed fixedly into the room.

"Some water for Mrs. Galloway!" he called huskily.

A horse with a napkin knotted about his neck was in the middle of the room, by the wreck of the dinner-table. Varick was standing up the candelabra on the floor, and relighting the bent candles. The others were watching Galloway, the women with their skirts wrapped about them, prepared for any new catastrophe. When Mrs. Galloway screamed, they turned and regarded her and the bishop.

"My dear," said her husband, "this is an unfortunate occurrence. We need not discuss it. As you did not come home, there was some talk between Colfax and myself, which ended in his betting me that I could not ride Camelot through the house. Now he's in, and we can't get him out. He balked at the lights."

"I think," said Mrs. Galloway, "you had better send for the servants, and clean up this mess. Then I want you to hurry and get that horse out of the room. I told you the last time, when you brought Huron in here, that such things must stop."

"Oh, you've been practising this game, have you?" interrupted Colfax. "I don't think that was square. I'll leave it to the bishop."

"Only with Huron," said Galloway, "and he's sick. I've never had this one in."

"Charley Galloway," said his wife, "are you going to get that beast out of here or not?"

"Be reasonable, my dear," said Galloway. "I have been trying for half an hour to get him out. I tell you, he's balked."

"We might put a candle under him," sug-

gested Varick. "There is n't much left to smash."

"Put that candle down!" said his sister-in-law, Mrs. Innis. "This is n't your house or your horse."

"Yes; do put it down," said his wife.

"I don't see what there is to be done," Galloway observed, "except to let him stop here till he gets tired. The rest of us might as well go into the smoking-room."

"Take that horse out of here at once!" said Mrs. Galloway.

"My dear!" protested her husband.

"At once!" said Mrs. Galloway.

There was an uneasy silence.

"Mr. Galloway," said the bishop, with some hesitation, "my brougham horse sometimes balks, and I always give him sugar. Have you any sugar?"

Galloway smiled scornfully, but found the coffee-tray, and handed him the sugar-bowl. Galloway's smile said: "This is a harmless fancy which may divert my wife; but of course it is impossible to get that horse out of the house by any such nonsense." Varick's answering smile plainly implied: "Why, of course; preposterous, is n't it?"

"Now, my good beast," said the bishop, "here's some sugar." Camelot took two lumps with relish. The bishop patted his neck. "A nice horsey—a nice horsey," he said soothingly. "Here's some more. Come along now, and you shall get the rest of the bowlful." He chirruped softly, and the horse started. Holding the bowl in front of Camelot's muzzle, with stately deliberation the bishop led him through the hall, out upon the veranda, and down the steps. The company, hushed and at a respectful distance, followed, and halted on the veranda.

"Bishop Cunningham," said Mrs. Galloway, "I am very much indebted to you—very much indebted indeed. Mr. Galloway, will you be good enough to order us something to eat, and send for a groom to take this horse?" Mr. Galloway went into the house. "I am distressed, on your account, that this should have happened," she added to the bishop; "and, I admit, somewhat mortified on my own. I cannot help feeling that you must draw the line yourself against horses in the dining-room."

"Please do not speak of it," exclaimed the bishop, with a bow. "I beg of you to let the subject drop."

"You are so good!" murmured Mrs. Galloway. She gave a little choke; her nerves were beginning to assert themselves.

"What we all ought to do," said Varick,

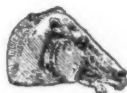


«HOLDING THE BOWL IN FRONT OF CAMELOT'S MUZZLE.»

«is to give three cheers for the bishop, who is a horse-tamer and a brick, and leave this ruined home to its inmates.»

«Hold up!» interrupted Willie Colfax. «Cheers are all right, but I want to make a speech first.» He turned toward the bishop. «You see, sir, I have just won a hundred from Galloway because he could n't get that horse out. You *have* got him out, and, con-

sidering the matter on the general principles of a sweepstake, you ought to get the hundred. I don't suppose you want the money yourself, so I am starting your missionary subscription with it, and as much more added to fat up the pot. Now, the rest of you fellows, remember you are at a missionary meeting, and do the right thing.» And they all did.



ANDRÉE'S MESSENGER.

THE following, dated Stockholm, Dec. 2, 1897, from Herr Jonas Stadling, author of «Andrée's Flight into the Unknown,» in the November CENTURY, and of the note on the message from Andrée in the January number, reaches us just as the present number is going to press:

AMONG the thirty carrier-pigeons sent along with Herr Andrée's balloon in its flight into the unknown, on July 11, were a few young ones born last summer in Norway. I entertained some doubts as to the advisability of sending these; but they were very lively and clever, and it was decided that they should be taken. It was with a painful feeling that, on that memorable morning, I took the lovely little creatures, which used to come of themselves and pick pease out of my hand, and put them into the small cages for their adventurous journey. Little did I think, when I carried the cages into the balloon-house and fastened them underneath the gigantic balloon, above the store-department, and put an extra handful of pease into the cage which contained the youngest pigeons, that a few months afterward I should see the body of one of them in Stockholm, the remains of the successful messenger to the civilized world from the three daring explorers, bringing the only true message up to that time from the awful voyage, although at the cost of its life. Yet so it happened.

When the pigeon sent from Andrée's balloon arrived in Stockholm, I recognized it at once as one of the above-mentioned young pigeons, the very tamest and liveliest of them all, and one which I often used to pet.

It may perhaps interest the readers of THE CENTURY to know some details about its capture, condensed from the report of the captain of the whaler *Alken*. On July 15, the *Alken* was on the border of the drift-ice, in 80° 44' north latitude, 20° 20' east longitude. Between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning the helmsman called out to the captain, who was sleeping in his cabin: «A strange bird has lighted on the gaff! You must come and shoot it, it looks so queer!»

The captain, who had been sleeping soundly, gave a rather rough reply; but the next moment his curiosity brought him to his feet and up on deck. The bird resembled a ptarmigan; but as it was sitting close behind a block, the captain could not shoot without risk of injuring the block. So he climbed up the rigging, with his rifle, and shot it, the strange bird falling forth-



ANDRÉE'S CARRIER-PIGEON (MOUNTED).

with into the sea. The captain commanded the man on the lookout, in a barrel fastened near the top of the mast, to come down and lower a boat, and fetch the bird. The man objected to taking so much trouble for a miserable little bird which probably was of no use.

So the captain went to bed again, and the bird was left in the water. Having sailed for some distance, following the ice, the *Alken* met with another whaler. On hearing the story of the strange bird, the captain of the second whaler exclaimed:

«Perhaps it is one of Andrée's carrier-pigeons.»

The captain of the *Alken*, who did not know about Andrée's ascension, at once returned to the region where

the bird was shot, and sent out two boats for a careful search. After a while one of the boats returned, having been lucky enough to find «the strange bird,» which indeed proved to be one of the carrier-pigeons, carrying the despatch¹ of which I have sent THE CENTURY a facsimile.

There can be no doubt whatever of the genuineness of the despatch. It is undoubtedly written in Andrée's hand, on the special paper which he took with him, and on which a line was printed; and I recognize the pigeon so completely that I can take my oath that it was among those taken with the balloon.

The bird had flown about one hundred and twenty miles from the balloon toward Stockholm, and some twenty-four miles north again, from the nearest land to the whaler, on the gaff of which it sat down, so utterly tired that it at once put its head under its wing until it was shot. It could, of course, have been easily caught alive, if the captain had known that it was a carrier-pigeon.

To any one having knowledge from observation of the dreary immensity of the polar regions, this remarkable message from Andrée and his companions, the result of the first experiment with carrier-pigeons in the service of polar exploration, must stand as a world record since Noah sent his pigeon from the ark.

¹ Translation of the message: «July 13th, 12:30 o'clock noon. Lat. 82° 2', long. 15° 5' east. Good speed eastward, 10° to south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon-post. ANDRÉE.»

MEXICAN SOCIETY IN MAXIMILIAN'S TIME, 1866.

A WOMAN'S REMINISCENCES OF MEXICO DURING THE FRENCH INTERVENTION, WITH GLIMPSES OF MAXIMILIAN, HIS ALLIES AND ENEMIES.

BY SARA Y. STEVENSON.

IN the spring of 1866 our small circle was pleasantly enlarged by the arrival of the Marquis de Massa. He was the younger son of the celebrated Régnier, Duc de Massa, the able lawyer whose work upon the Code Napoléon had led him to a dukedom under Napoleon the Great.

M. de Massa was endowed with more brilliancy than perseverance. He had not passed through St. Cyr to enter the army, and had devoted much of his youth to the systematic enjoyment of life. After some of his illusions and most of his money had gone, he did as many Frenchmen of good family had done before him—he enlisted in a crack cavalry regiment of the Imperial Guard, where, after a while, thanks to mighty protectors, he exchanged his worsted stripes for gold braid and the single epaulet. He had come to Mexico in search of an excuse for rapid promotion.

Similar cases were by no means infrequent then. Michel Ney, Duc d'Elchingen, the grandson of the great marshal, when I met him in Mexico, was sergeant or corporal in a regiment of Chasseurs d'Afrique, recognizable from his fellow-troopers only by his spotless linen. Shortly after this he was promoted to a sublieutenancy. His promotion was then rapid, and he did good service in the North; for although he was no reader of books and was somewhat heavy of understanding, he was as brave as his famous ancestor.¹

Count Clary, a cousin of Napoleon III, when I met him, had only recently emerged from his worsted chrysalis; and Albert Bazine, the marshal's own nephew, was impatiently waiting to be raised from the depressing position of a *piou-piou*, when he might enjoy the full social benefits of his relationship to the commander-in-chief.

The position of these gentlemen in a capital where the army was, so to speak, under

arms, and where no civilian's dress was therefore allowed to a soldier, was ambiguous, and gave rise to amusing anomalies. For instance, they, of course, could not be admitted to official balls or entertainments where uniforms were *de rigueur*, as only officers were invited. They, however, paid calls, and thus mixed on neutral ground with their officers; and so these nondescript military larvæ managed to enjoy life until the day came when they might become official butterflies.

As for the Marquis de Massa, the day had long gone by when, driving in his own trap to the gate of the Paris barracks after a night spent out on leave through the leniency of General Fleury, he set to work to curry his own horse. His keen wit and happy repartee, his good-humored sarcasm, and, above all, the magnetism of a personality that scorned deceit and gave itself for no better or worse than it was, combined to make him a favorite among the devotees of pleasure whom Napoleon III and Empress Eugénie had gathered about them; and notwithstanding his empty pockets, his roofless château in Auvergne, and his sparsely braided sleeve, he was a habitué of the Austrian embassy and of the best salons in Paris, and made for himself a conspicuous place in the innermost circle of the court of Compiègne and the Tuileries. He had written a number of light plays for the amateur stage of Parisian society, and his dramatic efforts had been interpreted by players whose high-sounding names might be found on pages of history.

His first attempt was the «Cascades de Mouchy,» on December 9, 1863. The representation was given at the Château de Mouchy, to which «all Paris» traveled for the purpose. In the words of the «Figaro»: «It was a complete mobilization of Parisian society.» The Duc de Mouchy, a man of the old nobility, had recently married Princess Anna Murat;

colonel of dragoons, received three sabre-cuts over his head and face, and after killing five Prussians rolled under his wounded horse. He fortunately recovered.

¹ A brother officer wrote me during the Franco-Prussian war that at Rezonville in 1870, when brilliantly charging at the head of his men, Michel Ney, then a

and the actors as well as the audience represented the wit, talent, wealth, and power of the Second Empire.

In collaboration with Prince de Metternich, then Austrian ambassador at the court of the Tuileries, and an amateur musician of no mean order, he had written the libretto of a ballet, called «Le Roi d'Yvetot.» This was given on the professional stage, but met with little success, if exception is made of the «first night,» when again «all Paris» turned out to see the prince lead the orchestra, and to applaud the brilliant young author after the curtain fell.

In 1865 he wrote a *revue*, which was performed with great éclat before the court at Compiègne. In this really clever piece the principal occurrences of the year were touched upon and reviewed. The literary event of 1865 in France had been the publication of Napoleon's work «Les Commentaires de César,» and this the young courtier took as a title for his play. Once again all the wit and beauty of the court of Eugénie united to make the occasion a brilliant tribute to the imperial historian. The Comte and Comtesse de Pourtalès, the Marquis and Marquise de Gallifet, the

Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy, the Princesse de Sagan, the Marquis de Caux (who afterward married Adelina Patti), the Princesse de Metternich,—indeed, the élite of cosmopolis,—appeared upon the stage, and in clever verse and epigrammatic song amus-

ingly dealt with the gossip of the day.

M. de Massa's success was mainly due to the good-natured independence of his work. He told the truth to his audience, even though it might be composed of the great of the land. He chaffed the women upon their manners, and sometimes their morals, and the men upon their idleness and their evil ways. He showed up the speculative fever which, like an epidemic, had swept over the higher ranks of Parisian society under the Second Empire.¹ No weakness could be sure of escaping his satire. But in dealing with all this the scalpel of the cynic was concealed under the graceful touch of the man of the world. He did not assume the tone of a moralist or of a misanthrope. He was not even

an observing spectator, but a good-natured *enfant du siècle*, a sinner among sinners, for whom life was one long comedy.

After the return of the Corps Expédi-

Tout représente un certain capital.
Vous le voyez la fièvre est générale;
Tout est matière à spéculations . . .
Tout, en effet, excepté la morale
Qu'on n'a pas mise en actions.



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTES DE OCA.

COUNT VON FÜNFKIRCHEN,
CAPTAIN AUSTRIAN CAVALRY, IMPERIAL GUARD.

¹ For instance, one stanza sung by M. de St. Maurice:

Tout les terrains, les canaux, les carrières,
Depuis le fer jusqu'au moindre métal,
Les champs, les eaux, les forêts, les bruyères—

tionnaire in 1867, when the great International Exposition was attracting to Paris the princes and celebrities of the world, «Les Commentaires de César» was, at the Emperor's request, repeated at the Tuileries before the crowned heads there assembled as his guests.

Notwithstanding the seething forces underlying the brilliant surface and threaten-

such as fate never bestowed upon Beaumarchais, Marivaux, or even Molière!

All aglow with the excitement of his social achievements, he came to Mexico in 1866 and immediately took his place in the military household of the commander-in-chief.

As soon as he felt sufficiently posted as to the local conditions of Mexico, he went to work, and the result was a vaudeville en-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY NADAR.

MARQUIS DE GALLIFET.

ing the empire's very existence, the summer of 1867, as superficially seen in Paris, must be regarded as the very apex of Napoleon's career.

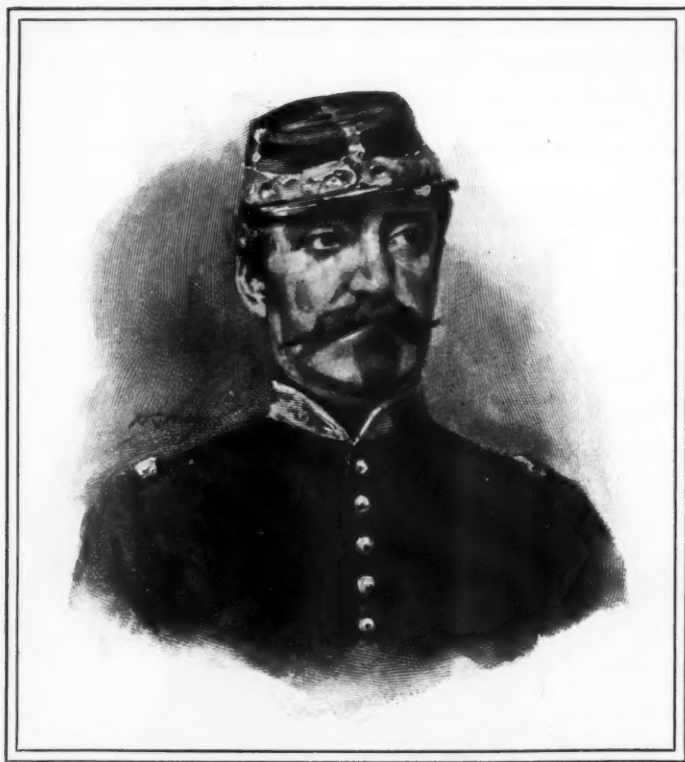
The exposition was the last and most gorgeous set piece of the many Napoleonic fireworks, the splendor of which flashed through history, and ended in the dark smoke of Sedan.

The performance at the Tuileries was one of the most select entertainments arranged at this time. The troop of aristocratic comedians was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and the popular author received an ovation from his audience of monarchs and princes

titled, «Messieurs les Voyageurs pour Mexico, en Voiture!»

The marshal's household supplied the principal stars of the improvised dramatic company, the leader of the orchestra, a young Belgian officer, and the prima donna, an «American girl from Paris,» as the Mexican papers had it, being brought in only as necessary adjuncts. Another important female part was taken by Albert Bazaine, who was turned into a superb soubrette.

The play was little more than a «skit,» and the plot—if the thin, sketchy incident that stood in its place may be called one—served only as an excuse for a continuous fu-



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES.

GENERAL CASTELNAU.

AFTER PHOTOGRAPH.

sillade of local hits, often of a personal character. These not only kept the audience in a fever of merriment, but long afterward furnished Mexican official and social circles with topics for more or less friendly discussion. Some ill-feeling and not a few unpleasant comments were, of course, the result of the little venture; and most of those concerned paid for their fun in some way or other.

The performance took place at San Cosme, at the house of the Vicomtesse de Nouë. Maximilian, whose curiosity had been aroused, expressed a desire to have it repeated at the imperial palace; but having heard of certain unmerciful sallies made upon his financial decrees and other measures of his government, he did not attempt to disguise his displeasure. Of course the performance was not repeated.

Yet no harm was intended: but, calmly looking back upon the incident, one can see that the hits, if innocently meant, coming as they did from the marshal's household, were certainly lacking in discretion. Indeed, when one

considers the serious dissension then existing between the quartier-général and the palace, it becomes clear that such jests must have had upon the court the effect of the *banderillas* which, in a bull-fight, by a refinement of cruelty, are stuck in the quivering flesh of the baited bull, doomed from the start, and teased to the bitter end.

Among the verses of an interminable topical song, one contained a reference to the newly organized regiment, the "*Cazadores de Mejico*," the recruiting of which was then taxing to the utmost Maximilian's energies:

Parmi les corps que l'on vient d'établir
Les Cazadors sont de tous les plus braves;
Mais, c'est égal, au moment de choisir
J'aimerais mieux m'engager dans les Zouaves!

These lines afterward assumed a strangely prophetic importance. Six months later, during the siege of Querétaro, this same regiment of *Cazadores*, composed of Frenchmen, Germans, and Hungarians, with about one fourth of native Mexican soldiers, was

placed, with four twelve-pounders, under the command of Prince Salm-Salm. They were, according to their colonel, a wild, brawling set, constantly fighting among themselves, but ready enough to do their duty under fire.

It would seem that after a sortie during

the bit of satire upon these brave fellows, most of whom were now lying cold and stiff under the sky of Querétaro:

« Mais, c'est égal, au moment de choisir
J'aimerais mieux m'engager dans les Zouaves! »



DRAWN BY IRVING R. WILES, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY MONTES DE OCA.

BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.

COLONEL. TOURRE, THIRD ZOUAVES.

which they had specially distinguished themselves, the Emperor visited the lines, and paused to praise their bravery. Whether or not the sting contained in M. de Massa's words had impressed them upon his mind, it is, of course, impossible to tell; but in a stirring proclamation Maximilian called them the «Zouaves of Mexico,» a compliment which was received by the men with deafening shouts of enthusiasm. This account, as I read it after the final tragedy, awoke a memory; and I found myself unconsciously humming

Ah me, how closely the ridiculous here approached the sublime! How rapidly tragedy had followed upon comedy!

The first colonel of the Cazadores, Paolino Lamadrid, was in the audience that evening. He was kindly, obliging, and one of the few Mexican officers who were honestly friendly to the French. He entered into the spirit of the thing, understood the joke, and took no offense. He had lent for the occasion his Mexican dress, *sombrero*, *chapareras*, etc., for the character of a Mexicanized French colo-

nist who, after a series of Mexican adventures, had returned to France and to his family laden with Mexican millions.

Colonel Paolino Lamadrid did not live to stand by his sovereign in the last heroic hour of the empire. He was killed obscurely early in January, in an engagement at Cuernavaca.

It is said that one of the early hallucinations of the unfortunate Empress, on her way to Rome, was that she saw Colonel Lamadrid lurking about, disguised as an organ-grinder.

But to return to this now historic entertainment. The general situation was summed up finally in a serio-comic manner in a song which, if it then brought down the house, afterward drew much severe criticism upon the thoughtless heads of author and performers:

Oui, cette terre
Hospitalière
Un jour sera, c'est
moi qui vous
le dis,

Pour tout le monde
L'arche féconde
Des gens de cœur
et des colons
hardis.

Que faut-il donc
pour cessernos
alarmes?

De bonssoldatsetde
bonsgénéraux,
De bons préfets
et surtout des
gendarmes,

Des financiers et des gardes ruraux.

Refrain:

Allons courage,
Vite à l'ouvrage;

La France est là pour nous prêter secours.

Vieux incrédules,
Sots ridicules,

De nos travaux n'entravez pas le cours.

This song, in which France pledged itself to back Mexican enterprise in every venture,

may serve to show how ignorant all were at this time of the sudden determination taken by the Tuileries to set aside the agreement of July 30, 1866, and to put an immediate end to the intervention.

It was written by a member of the marshal's military household, and the refrain was

sung by a chorus of the marshal's officers, in the presence of the marshal himself, and of a large audience composed of French, Austrian, and Belgian officers, as well as of members of the imperial government, on September 26, 1866—*i. e.*, just at the time when General Castelnau, who landed at Vera Cruz on October 10, was starting on his mission, the object of which was to force the abdication of Maximilian, and to bring about the winding up of the empire and the immediate return of the army.

At this very time, it will be remembered, a contract was being entered upon by the French government with the house of Péreire, which was to furnish immediate home transportation for the French army.¹

The song was not meant to be the cruel jest which it

must have seemed to those about the Mexican Emperor who were better informed with regard to Napoleon's negotiations with the government of the United States. By those whose all was at stake it must have been taken for a wanton insult.

Indeed, society in Mexico was not just then in the right frame of mind to appreciate M. de Massa's witticisms. Even among his

¹ Bigelow, letter to Seward, October 12, 1866.



DRAWN BY I. R. WILES, AFTER PHOTOGRAPH BY AUBERT & CO. BORDER BY F. C. GORDON.
COMTE DE BOMBELLES.

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own friends they proved singularly infelicitous.

Before the performance gossip had been busy with it, and its source had partly been traced to Colonel Petit, a good enough friend, but who at the time happened to be chafing under the sting of a practical joke recently played upon him by some of his comrades, and in which M. de Massa had had a share.

During the recent campaign made by the marshal in the interior, with a view to the concentration of the army preparatory to its retreat, Colonel Petit, with his regiment, arrived at a small town, the authorities of which prepared to receive the French with due honor. Eager for fun, his comrades confidentially disclosed to the alcalde the fact that Colonel Petit was a great personage—indeed, no less than the son of the celebrated General Petit whom Napoleon, about to depart for Elba, and taking leave of his veterans, had singled out and embraced as the representative of the Grande Armée.

I do not remember whether the mischievous wags suggested to the alcalde, a pure Indian wearing sombrero, shirt, and white *calzoneras*, a repetition of the solemn scene of Fontainebleau, or whether the worthy Indian evolved the notion unaided: but the result was that poor Colonel Petit, much against his will, found himself forced into playing a parody of his father's part to the alcalde's Napoleon. In the presence of his men, amid the jeers and cheers of his amused comrades, he had to submit to the speech and public accolade of the worthy magistrate.

The perpetrators of this pleasantry did not soon allow him to forget it. It long remained a sore thing with him; and as he allowed his resentment to appear, an extra verse was on the day of the performance added, for his benefit, to the principal topical song:

À Mexico les cancans vont leur train,
On vous condamne avant de vous entendre,
C'est bien «petit» d'éreinter son prochain,
Bon entendeur saura bien nous comprendre.

As this was sung the audience laughingly turned toward him—a fact which did not tend to make him more amiably disposed, although he bowed gracefully enough, and pretended to enjoy the fun.

Altogether, the play, if more than a success as a performance, added nothing to the popularity of the quartier-général. It, however, created far more comment than its literary merit warranted—this, be it said,

Vol. LV.—90.

without seeking to detract from the author's credit, as he himself, looking back upon it later in his career, said that it read as though it had been «written on a drum.»

Sadowa had been fought and lost. It would have been difficult, however, to make out from their attitude whether or not the sympathies of the officers of the Corps Expéditionnaire were honestly with their Austrian allies. Strangely enough, the news had been received by them as though it involved no serious warning to France. The full significance of the new mode of warfare, of the needle-gun and other new implements of war, was obscured in their eyes by their naïve «jingoism.» The French officers in those days underrated all other nations; and even the superior armament and discipline of the Germans, as exhibited in that short campaign, failed to impress them as it should.

They sang:

L'Aiguille est un outil
Dont je ne suis en peine
Tant que j'aurai la mienne [the bayonet]
Au bout de mon fusil.
Vous qui chantez victoire,
Héros de Sadowa,
Rappelez-vous l'histoire
D'Auerstadt et d'Iéna, etc.

Alas! the time was drawing near when the cannon of Reichshofen was to change the merry tune of the French *chanson* into a dirge for many of those brave, light-hearted fellows, then so unmindful of the storm slowly gathering in the east.

THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE.

THE pomp and dignity of the court had vanished, and social life in the capital no longer centered about the imperial palace.

Even previous to the departure of the Empress, the Monday receptions had been discontinued, without their loss being seriously felt. At best they had never been other than dull, formal affairs. The ball-room was a large hall, always insufficiently lighted, and narrowed in the middle by the platform where stood the imperial throne under a canopy of velvet. Here, after their new guests had been officially presented in an adjoining hall, the Emperor and Empress seated themselves. Before supper they made a solemn tour of the ball-room. The dancing then ceased, and the crowd stood in chilled expectancy, and made way for them, each in turn receiving, as they passed, a smile, a nod, or some commonplace word of greeting.

Maximilian was happy in his remarks on such occasions. Naturally affable and kindly, like most princes trained to this sort of thing, his memory for names and faces was remarkable. We were presented at court on the first of the imperial fortnightly Mondays, and with us, of course, the larger number of the guests present; and yet, some weeks later, when making his tour of the ball-room, the Emperor stopped before us, and inquired about an absent member of the family, apparently placing us exactly. Many other instances of his memory and power of observation in such small matters were related by others.

He was tall, slight, and handsome, although the whole expression of his face revealed weakness and indecision. He looked, and was, a gentleman. His dignity was without hauteur. His manner was attractive; he had the faculty of making you feel at ease; and he possessed far more personal magnetism than did the Empress.

Hers was a strong, intelligent face, the lines of which were somewhat hard at times; and her determined expression impressed one with the feeling that she was the better equipped of the two intelligently to cope with the difficulties of practical life. It is probable that, had she been alone, she might have made a better attempt at solving the problems than did Maximilian; at least such was Marshal Bazaine's opinion, as expressed before me on one occasion, during her brief regency, when she had shown special firmness and clear judgment in dealing with certain complicated state affairs.

She, however, was reserved, somewhat lacking in tact and adaptability; and a certain haughtiness of manner, a dignity too conscious of itself, at first repelled many who were disposed to feel kindly toward her. It is more than likely that under this proud mien she concealed a suffering spirit, or, at least, the consciousness of a superiority that must efface itself. Who will ever know the travail of her proud heart and the prolonged strain under which her mind finally succumbed? For notwithstanding the prudence and decided ability with which she had conducted the difficult affairs of the realm during the Emperor's absence in 1864, it was hinted that on his return she was allowed little say in public affairs, and that her advice when given was seldom followed. After her departure even the semblance of a court disappeared.

On the other hand, the quartier-général had lost much of its animation since the

marshal's second marriage. His first union had been childless, and his delight in the joys and cares of a tardy paternity absorbed all the leisure left him by the military and other responsibilities of his position.

Indeed the growing ill-feeling existing in political circles was spreading rapidly, gradually destroying good-fellowship. A tragic incident resulting in the death of a brave French officer, Colonel Tourre (May, 1865), stirred French circles to their very depths.

One night a house was on fire. A lieutenant and some zouaves of the Third Regiment went in to save property. As the flames grew in intensity the colonel arrived on the scene, and realizing the danger of his men, rushed in to help and direct them. Shortly after he entered, the floor on which he stood gave way, and the unfortunate man was plunged into a fiery grave. The men managed to escape from the building, but the lieutenant and one zouave were horribly burned, and died in a few hours. The impression made upon society was profound. Every one turned out for the funeral. The marshal and his staff, on foot and bareheaded under the tropical sun, followed the remains, and did them as much honor as though the dead had been of the highest rank. It so happened, however, that the cortège, upon its passage, was insulted by some ruffians in the crowd, and the incident aroused more indignation and national feeling on both sides than the strictly limited nature of the incident warranted. One of the offenders, a student, was apprehended, and the clemency of Maximilian, who forthwith pardoned him, was regarded as a wanton and deliberate insult at French headquarters.

Society now scarcely deserved the name, and the sociability of the capital was confined to small groups of people who privately met for enjoyment in the most informal manner.

A number of officers had invited their wives to join them in Mexico, and among them were some charming and clever women, such as the Comtesse de Courcy, Vicomtesse de Nouë, and Mme. Magnan, who by throwing open their salons greatly contributed to the general enjoyment.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS SALM-SALM.

OTHER women of various nationalities formed a background to these, and added to the local interest. One of them afterward played a conspicuous part in the closing scene of the empire. Prince Salm-Salm and his hand-

some American wife came to Mexico in 1866. They found serious difficulty in gaining admittance into either the social or the political circles of the capital. The relations of Prussia with Austria were anything but cordial at the time; and soon after their arrival the war broke out which culminated at Sadowa. A Prussian subject, the prince was naturally looked upon with distrust by the Austrians, who showed him scant respect. He had brought letters from Baron Gerold, the Prussian minister at Washington; from Baron de Wydenbruck, the Austrian minister; and from the Marquis de Montholon; but these seemed unable to win for him even a hearing from the Emperor.

The French, on the other hand, had little sympathy for a German prince who, having hired his sword to the republic of the United States, had now come in search of a new allegiance, to offer his services to imperial Mexico's Austrian ruler.

When, six months after his arrival in Mexico, the most unremitting efforts on his part at last obtained for him a commission, and he was given (July, 1866) the rank of colonel in the auxiliary corps under General Neigre, he was treated with no special cordiality. He then applied to the minister of war for permission to pass into the Belgian corps. From this time he and his attractive wife obscurely followed the fortunes of Colonel Van der Smissen, whose personal regard they had won, until the withdrawal of the French and the Austro-Belgian armies, by clearing the stage for the last scene, brought them in full relief, under the search-light of history, by the side of the imperial victim.

At the time of which I now speak, the princess, as well as her husband, had donned the silver and gray of the Belgian regiment, and cheerfully shared the fatigues and dangers of camp life in war time—like a *soldadera*, contemptuously said her proud sisters in society; for this mode of existence naturally drew upon her the criticism of the more conventional of her sex in the Mexican colony. But for all that, she and her husband bravely stood by the Emperor to the bitter end, when older and more valued, though less courageous, friends had dropped away, and had left him, stripped of the imperial

purple, to struggle for existence, an adventurer among adventurers.

NEW COMPLICATIONS.

THE dénouement was drawing near. On October 10 General Castelnau landed in Vera Cruz, on a special mission from Napoleon III. He was accompanied by the Comte de St. Sauveur, his *officier d'ordonnance*, and by the Marquis de Gallifet.

His arrival created considerable excitement and some anxiety, not only at the palace, where Maximilian was expecting news from France much as a man awaits his sentence, but also at the quartier-général.

Information had come that the course taken by the marshal had not proved satisfactory to Napoleon. It was whispered that he had not shown sufficient zeal in the task required of him under the new policy; that his sovereign was seriously annoyed at what he conceived to be wilful procrastination in the withdrawal of the army; and that he was now sending his own aide-de-camp to cut the Gordian knot in the tangled skein of Mexican politics.¹

The marshal's popularity in his command was no longer what it had been. The intrigues carried on both in France and in Mexico, with the purpose of setting up General Douai in his place, had resulted in ill feeling that had been turned to account by the Mexican imperialists.

There were those in the army who did not fear to impute unworthy motives to the commander-in-chief's actions. His Mexican marriage had not added to his popularity among the French. It was hinted that his lenient dealings with the empire and with Maximilian were due to the fact that the handsome property at San Cosme must be left behind in the event of his return to France; and even worse calumnies, too ill founded to mention, were circulated with regard to the selfishness of his policy.

The fact that General Castelnau, who found himself intrusted with superior powers, extending, if necessary, even to the actual superseding of the commander-in-chief, was, from the military standpoint, the marshal's subordinate seemed likely to add considerably to the chance of new difficulties.

¹ During the winter of 1866, Napoleon had sent Baron Saillard upon a special mission to prepare Maximilian for the gradual withdrawal of the army, and to intimate to him that he must not depend upon a continuance of French support. The envoy, however, had failed to make upon the prince the impression it had been in-

tended he should make. Maximilian received him twice, resented his warnings, and his mission only added to the coldness then rapidly growing between the court and the marshal, to whose representations the young monarch attributed Napoleon's action.

Meanwhile the general seemed in no hurry to enter upon his thankless mission. Unmindful of the natural suspense of those who were awaiting him, he and his little party traveled leisurely. A martyr to the gout, he lingered on his way, no doubt making good use of his time as he went for the study of the situation which he was called upon to clear up. A fortnight thus elapsed before he approached the capital.

Serious events had taken place during his journey from the coast, which at first seemed somewhat to simplify the difficulties of his mission; and upon his arrival in the capital affairs had reached an acute crisis which cleverer men than himself and his colleagues, working in harmony, might perhaps have turned to favorable account for France.

On October 18, three days before General Castelnau reached the capital, a telegram, sent from Miramar via New York by the Comte de Bombelles, brought to Chapultepec the news of the illness of Empress Carlotta. This last blow fell with crushing weight upon the suffering Emperor. This was about the time when the return of the Empress was expected, and he had made his plans to travel toward the coast to meet her on her homeward journey. Some days earlier Colonel Kodolitch and his Austrian hussars had been summoned to the capital to form his body-guard. Maximilian now at once resolved to leave Chapultepec, and to retire to Orizaba.

PANIC.

As soon as this was known, an uneasy feeling spread over Mexico that the empire was at an end, and that Maximilian was leaving the city, never to return. The result was a panic. The new cabinet and other clerical leaders flocked to the castle to get some assurance as to the Emperor's intentions; but he was ill, and denied himself to all visitors, even to the Princess Iturbide, who, it is said,¹ resented the slight in violent language.²

The ministers, terror-stricken at the thought of being left alone to face a revolution, tendered their resignation in a body; and Señor Lares declared that if the Emperor

left the city there would no longer be a government.

Looking back upon the event, it would now seem that by threatening the ministers with summary measures if they did not reconsider their decision, Marshal Bazaine had lost his one opportunity to clear the tables for a new "deal," and thus become master of the situation. But it is only fair to state that the conditions were bewildering. The concentration of the army had not been perfected, and scattered detachments were still at considerable distances. Rumors of Sicilian Vespers once more floated in the air. The exasperation of the clerical party against the French was now far more violent than that of the Liberals. Indeed, it seemed difficult to calculate the extent of the conflagration which a single spark might kindle. Moreover, no one then doubted Maximilian's resolve to abdicate. To-day, however, it would seem that by stemming the torrent at this time Marshal Bazaine defeated his own end. This may fairly be inferred from the part played by the priest Fischer in the transaction.

Father Fischer was an obscure adventurer of low degree, and of more than shady reputation, whose shrewdness and talent for intrigue had impressed themselves upon the weakened mind of the Emperor in the latter days of his reign. Utterly unscrupulous, with everything to gain for himself and his party, and with absolutely nothing to lose but a life which he took good care to save by avoiding danger, he insinuated himself into the confidence of Maximilian, and became the *Mephistopheles* of the last act in the Mexican drama. Having but recently risen to the confidential position he now occupied near the person of the Emperor, the latter's abdication was obviously against his interests. When the ministers threatened to resign, he is stated to have represented to them that their action was likely to precipitate the catastrophe which they sought to avoid; that by such a demonstration of their own helplessness they must only confirm the Emperor's resolve; and he persuaded them that if the Emperor were not allowed temporarily to retire to Orizaba he might without further delay return to Europe.

tant pecuniary considerations, the uncles, aunt, and father of the boy agreed that the Iturbide family, including the parents, should leave the country, and that Maximilian should become the guardian of the child, the aunt, Doña Josefa Iturbide, the masterful mind of the family, remaining as his governess. The consent of the mother was wrenched from her, and the contract was duly signed and executed.

¹ See Baach, "Maximilien au Mexique," p. 56.

² In 1866, the imperial couple being childless, Maximilian bethought himself of establishing a dynasty. One of the Emperor's sons, Angel Iturbide, was married to an American woman, and his child, a mere infant, became the basis of a remarkable agreement which excited much comment at the time.

By the terms of this contract, and for certain impor-

It is claimed by Dr. Basch¹ that the priest's arguments had as much to do with bringing the ministers to resume their portfolios as the marshal's firmness. However this may be, the crisis was avoided. On October 2, Maximilian, Señor Arroyo, Father Fischer, Dr. Basch, and Councilor Hertzel, under the escort of Colonel Kodolitch and his Austro-Hungarian regiment, started from Chapultepec at three o'clock in the morning. There was no doubt in any one's mind that his departure for Orizaba was the first relay in the Emperor's journey to the coast.

There is something profoundly pathetic in this chapter of his life. It forms a fitting introduction to the tragedy the threatening outline of which even then faintly appeared upon the horizon as a dreadful possibility.

The friends whose society had enlivened the earlier days of his reign in his adopted land were now scattered like straws at the first approach of the cyclone. The Empress had gone upon her hopeless mission, never to return; and the faithful Comte de Bombelles was with her to advise and protect. Court and political intrigues had loosened the bond that had united the Emperor to the great clerical leaders who had made the empire.

Whatever his dreams may have been, the reality was pitiful. The gilding thinly spread over the Mexican crown had worn off; the glitter had disappeared. The treasury was empty, courtiers were now few, and the successor of the Montezumas, the descendant of the Hapsburgs, the popular archduke, the Austrian admiral, was now reduced to the intimacy of a corrupt adventurer in priestly garb, who had stolen into his confidence upon the shortest acquaintance, and of his German physician, Dr. Basch, whom he had known only one month. These two, with his still faithful followers the Councilor Hertzel and the naturalist Bilimek, were his only confidential advisers during the terrible crisis upon the issue of which depended life and fame.

A VISIT TO CHAPULTEPEC.

It so happened that, a day or two after the Emperor's departure, while passing Chapultepec on horseback, a friend invited us to enter the palace to look at the costly improvements made in the last two years by the Emperor. While there we were shown the private apartments. No one had as yet straightened out the place. A certain disorder still reigned, as though the imperial

inmate had just left. His clothes hung in open closets, and the condition of the rooms betokened a hasty departure, and formed a dramatic *mise en scène* for the opening of the last act of his life.

A coincidence brought General Castelnau and his party to Ayotla, on their way to the capital, as the Emperor and his escort stopped there for breakfast. Maximilian, however, refused to see the envoy. It is said that he even declined to see Captain Pierron, his own secretary, then traveling with the general.

At this time the unfortunate prince seemed utterly crushed under the repeated blows dealt him by fate. According to his physician, then his daily companion, his imagination showed him his own conduct as a noble effort to regenerate the country by the establishment of an empire resting upon the will of the nation. This effort had been frustrated «by the resistance of the Mexicans [!] and the vexations of the French.»

The journey was a dreary one. The Emperor most of the time remained silent. On the way he generally accepted the hospitality of priests.

A certain apprehension was felt as to his safety, and the road was well guarded, as it was feared that he might be kidnapped. That such fears were not wholly unfounded was proved by an incident which took place at Aculzingo. After a short halt, when the imperial party was about to proceed on its journey it was discovered with dismay that the eight white mules forming the Emperor's team had been stolen.

At Orizaba he received his last ovation; but these public demonstrations had lost their charm. He withdrew to the house of Señor Bringas, a violent reactionary, most inimical to the French. There he denied himself to every one. Of his military household he retained only two Mexican officers—Colonel Ormachea and Colonel Lamadrid. Later he retired to the hacienda of Jalapilla. While here even letters were not sure to reach him. His correspondence passed through interested hands, and was sifted under prying eyes, before being placed before him. No one was allowed to see him without the knowledge of the priest, who was rapidly obtaining over him an influence that was to lead him to his death. Those who approached him at this time reported him as completely under the influence, almost in the custody, of Father Fischer.

So complete was his mental collapse that it was said, and by some believed, that during their residence at Cuernavaca, prior to

¹ See Basch, *loc. cit.*, p. 64.

the departure of the Empress, a subtle poison known to the Indians of that region, and the action of which was through the brain, had been administered to the imperial couple.

The condition of the Empress, the prolonged fits of depression to which Maximilian was subject when he resolved to remove his residence to Orizaba, away from the presence of his hated allies, his extreme listlessness, which betrayed itself in the carelessness of his attire and in his lapses of etiquette and of memory, gave color to the report. But there was quite enough in the unfortunate prince's situation to account for the abnormal condition of his mind without having recourse to romantic fancies.

All this time the Austrian frigate *Elizabeth* was at anchor off Vera Cruz awaiting his pleasure, ready to take him back to Trieste, and part of his baggage was already on board.

His own countrymen looked upon the game as lost. The empire, which for some time had been caving in at the center, was now everywhere crumbling at the edges. Only the most unblushing personal interest could advise, and the most inconsistent folly consider, the retaining of a crown which, under circumstances even less inauspicious, he had only a short time before wisely resolved to surrender.

Unsuccessful in his attempt to govern with French financial and military support, how could he contemplate reigning alone, without allies, money, or credit? The mere thought seemed madness. After insisting upon a plebiscite to sanction his reign, how could he honorably remain now that the country in arms was everywhere falling away from his standard?

On November 6 the rumor of his abdication was circulated in New York; and the London *«Post»* and *«Star»* published it as a fact. But intrigue and folly prevailed.

It has been claimed that a communication from his former secretary, the Belgian Eloin,

now his agent abroad, had a decisive effect upon his final resolution. In this letter, since published by M. de Kératry, M. Eloin warned Maximilian against affording the French an easy way out of their difficulties by yielding to General Castelnau's wiles. He urged upon the Emperor the maintaining of the empire after the departure of the foreigners, a free appeal to the Mexican nation for the material means of sustaining himself, and, in case of failure, the return of the crown to the people who gave it. Thus, and thus alone, in the opinion of the secretary, could the Emperor return with credit to Europe, with an untarnished fame, and «play the part which belonged to him in every respect in the important events that could not fail to occur» in Austria.

The hints at the general dissatisfaction with the present order of things at home, at the discouragement of Emperor Francis Joseph, at the popularity of Maximilian both in his native country and in Venetia, show that, in the mind of his secretary at least, the possibilities of Maximilian's political career were by no means confined to the sovereignty of Mexico. In reading this remarkable letter, one's mind involuntarily turns to the family scene enacted at Miramar, when Maximilian, compelled by his brother to renounce his rights to the Austrian throne, clung to them with a tenacity that seriously loosened the close bond that hitherto had united the two men.

This letter also explains the insistence of Francis Joseph, through his ambassador Baron de Lago, when the possibility of his brother's return was discussed, that Maximilian, once upon Austrian soil, should drop the imperial title.¹ However this may be, from this time Maximilian's mind seemed made up. He determined to risk his all upon the promises of the clerical leaders.

¹ Compare *«L'Empire de Maximilien»*, M. de Kératry, p. 220.

(To be concluded in the next number.)



SONGS OF AMERICAN BIRDS.

BY JOHN BURROUGHS.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS OF BIRDS MOUNTED BY WILLIAM E. D. SCOTT.



SUSPECT it requires a special gift of grace to enable one to hear the bird-songs; some new power must be added to the ear, or some obstruction removed. There are not only scales upon our eyes so that we do not see; there are scales upon our ears so that we do not hear. A city woman who had spent much of her time in the country once asked a well-known ornithologist to take her where she could hear the bluebird. «What, never heard the bluebird!» said he. «I have not,» said the woman. «Then you will never hear it,» said the bird-lover. That is, never hear it with that inward ear that gives beauty and meaning to the note. He could probably have taken her in a few minutes where she could have heard the call or warble of the bluebird; but it would have fallen upon unresponsive ears—upon ears that were not sensitized by love for the birds or associations with them. Bird-songs are not music, properly speaking, but only suggestions of music. A great many people whose attention would be quickly arrested by the same volume of sound made by a musical instrument or by any artificial means never hear them at all. The sound of a boy's penny whistle there in the grove or the meadow would separate itself more from the background of nature, and be a greater challenge to the ear, than is the strain of the thrush or the song of the sparrow. There is something elusive, indefinite, neutral, about bird-songs that makes them strike obliquely, as it were, upon the ear; and we are very apt to miss them. They are a part of nature, and nature lies about us, entirely occupied with her own affairs, and quite regardless of our presence. Hence it is with bird-songs as it is with so many other things in nature—they are what we make them; the ear that hears them must be half creative. I am always disturbed when persons not especially observant of birds ask me to take them where they can hear some particular bird the song of which they have become interested in through a description of it

in some book. As I listen with them I feel like apologizing for the bird: it has a bad cold, or has just heard some depressing news; it will not let itself out. The song seems so casual and minor when you make a dead set at it. I have taken persons to hear the hermit-thrush, and I have fancied that they were all the time saying to themselves, «Is that all?» But when one hears the bird in his walk, when the mind is attuned to simple things and is open and receptive, when expectation is not aroused and the song comes as a surprise out of the dusky silence of the woods, one feels that it merits all the fine things that can be said of it.

As music, what is the little ditty of the first song-sparrow in spring, or the warble of the first robin, or the call of the first meadow-lark or highhole? Nothing. If we have no associations with these sounds they will mean very little to us. Their merit as musical performances is very slight. It is as signs of joy and love in nature, as heralds of spring, and the spirit of the woods and fields made audible, that they appeal to us. The drumming of the woodpeckers and of the ruffed grouse give great pleasure to a countryman, though they have not the quality of real music. It is the same with the call of the migrating geese or the voice of any wild thing: our pleasure in them is entirely apart from any considerations of music. Why does the wild flower, as we chance upon it in the woods or bogs, give us more pleasure than the more elaborate flower of the garden or lawn? Because it is a greater surprise, offers a greater contrast with its surroundings, and suggests a spirit in wild nature that seems to take thought of itself and to aspire to beautiful forms.

The songs of caged birds are always disappointing, because then they have nothing but their musical qualities to recommend them to us. We have separated them from that which gives quality and meaning to their songs. One recalls Emerson's lines:

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;

He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;—
He sang to my ear,—they sang to my eye.

I have never yet seen a caged bird that I wanted,—at least, not on account of its song,—nor a wild flower that I desired to transfer to my garden. A caged skylark will sing its song sitting on a bit of turf in the bottom of the cage; but you want to stop your ears, it is so harsh and sibilant and penetrating. But up there against the morning sky, and above the wide expanse of fields, what delight we have in it! It is not the concord of sweet sounds: it is the soaring spirit of gladness and ecstasy raining down upon us from "heaven's gate." Then, to the time and the place, if one could only add the association, or hear the bird through the vista of the years, the song touched with the magic of youthful memories! A number of years ago a friend in England sent me a score of skylarks in a cage. I gave them their liberty in a field near my place. They drifted away, and I never heard them or saw them again. But one Sunday a Scotchman from a neighboring city called upon me, and declared with visible excitement that on his way along the road he had heard a skylark. He was not dreaming; he knew it was a skylark, though he had not heard one since he had left the banks of the Doon, a quarter of a century or more before. What pleasure it gave him! How much more the song meant to him than it would have meant to me! For the moment he was on his native heath again. Then I told him about the larks I had liberated, and he seemed to enjoy it all over again with renewed appreciation. Many years ago some skylarks were liberated on Long Island, and they became established there, and may now occasionally be heard in certain localities. One summer day a friend of mine was out there observing them; a lark was soaring and singing in the sky above him. An old Irishman came along, and suddenly stopped as if transfixed to the spot; a look of mingled delight and incredulity came into his face. Was he indeed hearing the bird of his youth? He took off his hat, turned his face skyward, and with moving lips and streaming eyes stood a long time regarding the bird. "Ah," my friend thought, "if I could only hear that song with his ears!" How it brought back his youth and all those long-gone days on his native hills! The power of bird-songs over us is so much a matter of association. Hence it is that every traveler to other countries finds the feathered songsters of less merit

than those he left behind. The traveler does not hear the birds in the same receptive, uncritical frame of mind as does the native; they are not in the same way the voices of the place and the season. What music can there be in that long, piercing, far-heard note of the first meadow-lark in spring to any but a native, or in the "o-ka-lee" of the red-shouldered starling as he rests upon the willows in March? A stranger would probably recognize melody and a wild woodsy quality in the flutings of the veery thrush; but how much more they would mean to him after he had spent many successive Junes threading our Northern trout-streams and encamping on their banks! The veery will come early in the morning, and perch above your tent, and again at sundown, and blow his soft, reverberant note for minutes at a time. The strain repeats the echoes of the limpid stream in the halls and corridors of the leafy woods.

While in England in 1882, I rushed about two or three counties in late June and early July, bent on hearing the song of the nightingale, but missed it by a few days, and in some cases, as it seemed, only by a few hours. The nightingale seems to be wound up to go only so long, or till about the middle of June, and it is only by a rare chance that you hear one after that date. Then I came home to hear a nightingale in song in winter in a friend's house in the city. It was a curious let-down to my enthusiasm. A caged song in a city chamber in broad daylight, in lieu of the wild, free song in the gloaming of an English landscape! I closed my eyes, abstracted myself from my surroundings, and tried my best to fancy myself listening to the strain back there amid the scenes I had haunted about Hazelmere and Godalming, but with poor success, I suspect. The nightingale's song, like the lark's, wants vista, wants all the accessories of time and place. The song is not all in the singing, any more than the wit is all in the saying. It is in the occasion, the surroundings, the spirit of which it is the expression. My friend said that the bird did not fully let itself out. Its song was a brilliant medley of notes,—no theme that I could detect,—like the lark's song in this respect; all the notes of the field and forest appeared to be the gift of this bird, but what tone, what accent, like that of a great poet!

Nearly every May I am seized with an impulse to go back to the scenes of my youth, and hear the bobolinks in the home meadows once more. I am sure they sing there better than anywhere else. They probably drink

nothing but dew, and the dew distilled in those high pastoral regions has surprising virtues. It gives a clear, full, vibrant quality to the birds' voices that I have never heard elsewhere. The night of my arrival, I leave my southern window open, so that the meadow chorus may come pouring in before I am up in the morning. How it does transport me athwart the years, and make me a boy again, sheltered by the paternal wing! On one oc-

southern migrations; but within the last twenty years they have become regular summer residents in the hilly parts of many sections of New York and New England. They are genuine skylarks, and lack only the powers of song to make them as attractive as their famous cousins of Europe.

The larks are ground-birds when they perch, and sky-birds when they sing; from the turf to the clouds—nothing between.



CHICKADEES.

casation, the third morning after my arrival, a bobolink had appeared with a new note in his song. The note sounded like the word «baby» uttered with a peculiar, tender resonance; but it was clearly an interpolation; it did not belong there; it had no relation to the rest of the song. Yet the bird never failed to utter it with the same joy and confidence as the rest of his song. Maybe it was the beginning of a variation that may in time result in an entirely new bobolink song.

On my last spring visit to my native hills, my attention was attracted to another songster not seen or heard there in my youth—namely, the shore-lark, also called «horned lark» from the marked division of its crest. Flocks of these birds used to be seen in the Northern States in the late fall during their

Our shore-lark mounts upward on quivering wing in the true lark fashion, and, spread out against the sky at an altitude of two or three hundred feet, hovers and sings. The watcher and listener below holds him in his eye, but the ear catches only a faint, broken, half-inarticulate note now and then—mere splinters, as it were, of the song of the skylark. The song of the latter is continuous and is loud and humming; it is a fountain of jubilant song up there in the sky: but our shore-lark sings in snatches; at each repetition of its notes it dips forward and downward a few feet, and then rises again. One day I kept my eye upon one until it repeated its song one hundred and three times; then it closed its wings, and dropped toward the earth like a plummet, as does its European congener.

While I was watching the bird a bobolink flew over my head, between me and the lark, and poured out his voluble and copious strain. «What a contrast,» I thought, «between the spluttering, tongue-tied lark, and the free, liquid, and varied song of the bobolink!»

I heard of a curious fact in the life histories of these larks in the West. A Michigan woman once wrote me that her brother, who was an engineer on an express train that made daily trips between two Western cities, reported that many birds were struck by the engine every day, and killed—often as many

as thirty on a trip of sixty miles. Birds of many kinds were killed, but the most common was a bird that went in flocks, and the description of which answered to the shore-lark. Since then I have read in a Minnesota newspaper that many shore-larks are killed by railroad locomotives in that State. It was thought that the birds sat behind the rails to get out of the wind, and on starting up in front of the advancing train were struck down by the engine. The Michigan engineer referred to thought that the birds gathered upon the track to earth their wings, or else to



QUAIL.



WOODCOCK.

pick up the grain that leaks out of the wheat-trains, and sows the track from Dakota to the seaboard. Probably the wind which they might try to face in getting up is the prime cause of their being struck. One does not think of the locomotive as a bird-destroyer, though it is well known that many of the smaller animals often fall beneath it.

A very interesting feature of our bird-songs is the wing-song, or song of ecstasy. It is not the gift of many of our birds. Indeed, less than a dozen species are known to me as ever singing on the wing. It seems to spring from more intense excitement and self-abandonment than the ordinary song delivered from the perch. When the bird's joy reaches the point of rapture it is literally carried off its feet, and up it goes into the air, pouring out its song as a rocket pours its sparks. The skylark and the bobolink habitually do this, but a few others of our birds do it only on occasions. Last summer, up in

the Catskills, I added another name to my list of ecstatic singers—that of the vesper-sparrow. Several times I heard a new song in the air, and caught a glimpse of the bird as it dropped back to the earth. My attention would be attracted by a succession of hurried, chirping notes, followed by a brief burst of song, then by the vanishing form of the bird. One day I was lucky enough to see the bird as it was rising to its climax in the air, and identified it as the vesper-sparrow. The burst of song that crowned the upward flight of seventy-five or one hundred feet was brief; but it was brilliant and striking, and entirely unlike the leisurely chant of the bird while upon the ground. It suggested a lark, but was less buzzing or humming. The preliminary chirping notes, uttered faster and faster as the bird mounted in the air, were like the trail of sparks which a rocket emits before its grand burst of color at the top of its flight.

It is interesting to note that this bird is quite lark-like in its color and markings, having the two lateral white quills in the tail and the suggestion of a crest on its head. The solitary skylark that I discovered several years ago in a field near me was seen on several occasions paying his addresses to one of these birds, but the vesper-bird was shy, and eluded all his advances.

most screeching song of the oven-bird, as it perches on a limb a few feet from the ground, like the words, "preacher, preacher, preacher," or "teacher, teacher, teacher," uttered louder and louder, and repeated six or seven times, is also familiar to most ears; but its wild, ringing, rapturous burst of song in the air high above the tree-tops is not so well known. From a very prosy, tiresome,



HERMIT-THRUSH.

Probably the perch-songster among our ordinary birds that is most regularly seized with the fit of ecstasy that results in this lyric burst in the air is the oven-bird, or wood-accentor—the golden-crowned thrush of the old ornithologists. Every loiterer about the woods knows this pretty, speckled-breasted, olive-backed little bird, which walks along over the dry leaves a few yards from him, moving its head as it walks, like a miniature domestic fowl. Most birds are very stiff-necked, like the robin, and as they run or hop upon the ground carry the head as if it were riveted to the body. Not so the oven-bird, or the other birds that walk, as the cow-bunting or the quail or the crow. They move the head forward with the movement of the feet. The sharp, reiterated, al-

unmelodious singer, it is suddenly transformed for a brief moment into a lyric poet of great power. I have seen the bird when this skyward impulse first seized him. A marked excitement comes over him (I am tempted to say *her*, because the bird always suggests the feminine, and the two sexes are marked alike); he begins hurrying up through the trees from branch to branch, uttering a sharp, rapid chirp, till before the top is reached he can hold himself back no longer, when he starts into the air, and fifty or more feet above the tree-tops breaks out into a ringing, ecstatic song. You hardly have time to turn your head and find him with your eye before he has delivered himself, and with folded wings is pitching down toward the earth again. The bird does this many times

a day during early June, but oftenest at twilight. The song in quality and general cast is like that of its congener, the water-accentor, which, however, I believe is never delivered on the wing. From its habit of

they never seem to have suspected the identity of the singer.

Other birds that sing on the wing are the meadow-lark, goldfinch, purple finch, indigo-bird, Maryland yellowthroat, and woodcock.



ROBIN.

singing at twilight, and from the swift, darting motions of the bird, I am inclined to think that in it we have solved the mystery of Thoreau's "night-warbler," that puzzled and eluded him for years. Emerson told him he must beware of finding and booking it, lest life should have nothing more to show him. The older ornithologists must have heard this song many times, but

The flight-song of the woodcock I have never heard, but it is described as being very pleasing, delivered in the twilight of early spring. The meadow-lark sings in a level flight, half hovering in the air, giving voice to a rapid medley of lark-like notes. The goldfinch also sings in a level flight, beating the air slowly with its wings broadly open, and pouring out its jubilant, ecstatic



BROWN THRASHER.

strain. I think it indulges in this wing-song only in the early season. After the mother bird has begun sitting, the male circles about within ear-shot of her, in that curious undulating flight, uttering his "per-chic-o-pee, per-chic-o-pee," while the female calls back to him in the tenderest tones, "Yes, lovie; I hear you." The indigo-bird and the purple finch, when their happiness becomes too full and buoyant for them longer to control, launch into the air, and sing briefly, ecstatically, in a tremulous, hovering flight. The air-song of these birds does not differ essentially from the song delivered from the perch, except that it betrays more excitement, and hence is a more complete lyrical rapture.

The purple finch is our finest songster among the finches. Its strain is so soft and melodious, and touched with such a childlike gaiety and plaintiveness, that I think it might even sound well in a cage inside a room, if it would only sing with the same joyous abandonment, which, of course, it would not do.

It is not generally known that individual birds of the same species show different degrees of musical ability. This is often noticed in caged birds, among which the principle of variation seems more active; but an attentive observer notes the same fact in wild birds. Occasionally he hears one that in powers of song surpasses all its fellows. I have heard a sparrow, oriole, and wood-thrush, each

of which had a song of its own that far exceeded any other. I stood one day by a trout-stream, and suspended my fishing for several minutes to watch a song-sparrow that was singing on a dry limb before me. He had five distinct songs, each as markedly different from the others as any human songs, which he repeated one after the other. He may have had a sixth or a seventh, but he bethought himself of some business in the next field, and flew away before he had exhausted his repertory. I once had a letter from Robert Louis Stevenson, who said he had read some account I had written of the song of the English blackbird. He said I might as well talk of the song of man; that every blackbird had its own song; and then he told me of a remarkable singer he used to hear somewhere amid the Scottish hills. But his singer was, of course, an exception; twenty-four blackbirds out of every twenty-five probably sing the same song, with no appreciable variations: but the twenty-fifth may show extraordinary powers. I told Stevenson that his famous singer had probably been

to school to some nightingale on the Continent or in southern England. I might have told him of the robin I once heard here that sang with great spirit and accuracy the song of the brown thrasher. It had probably heard it and learned it while very young. In the Trossachs, in Scotland, I followed a song-thrush about for a long time, attracted by its peculiar song. It repeated over and over again three or four notes of a well-known air, which it might have caught from some shepherd-boy whistling to his flock or to his cow.

The songless birds—why has nature denied them this gift? But they nearly all have some musical call or impulse that serves them very well. The quail has his whistle, the woodpecker his drum, the pewee his plaintive cry, the chickadee his exquisitely sweet call, the highhole his long, repeated "wick, wick, wick," which is one of the most welcome sounds of spring, the jay his musical gurgle, the hawk his scream, the crow his sturdy caw. Only one of our pretty birds of the orchard is reduced to an all but inaudible note, and that is the cedar-bird.



BLUEBIRD.

(BEGUN IN THE JANUARY NUMBER.)

THE ADVENTURES OF FRANÇOIS,

FOUNDLING, THIEF, JUGGLER, AND FENCING-
MASTER DURING THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY S. WEIR MITCHELL, M. D.,

Author of «Hugh Wynne,» «Characteristics,» etc.

WITH PICTURES BY A. CASTAIGNE.



«'T IS A GARGOYLE COME DOWN FROM THE ROOF OF ST. JACQUES.»

VIII.—*In which François discovers the mercantile value of laughter and the Crab takes toll of the jugglers—with the sad history of Despard, the partner.*

LATE in the evenings, in the room they shared, the practice of the early morning was resumed, and, above all, Pierre was overjoyed to see what tricks of feature were within François's control. He had, in fact, some of the art of the actor, and was the master of such surprises of expression as were irresistibly comic. By and by the fame of his wonderful visage spread, and very often

the young nobles, with their white cockades, came to see, or great ladies would pause to have their palms read. When palmistry was to be used, the booth was closed with black curtains, between which was seen only this long face, with the flaring ears and laughing eyes. Presently a huge hand came out below, the rest of the figure remaining unseen. Then, in the quaintest language, François related wonderful things yet to be, his large mouth opening so as to divide the merry face as with a gulf.

It was a time eager for the new, and this astonishing mask had a huge success. The

booth grew rich, and raised its prices, so that soon these two pirates of the cité sat in wonder over their gains, and Pierre began to store up a few louis for a bad day, and for the future of the little maid at Sèvres, where two or three of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart had found a new home, and taken again the charge of some of their scattered flock.

François was fast learning the art of the conjurer; but at times, sad to say, he yearned for a chance to apply his newly acquired dexterity in ways which were more perilous. He liked change, and had the pleasure in risk which is common to daring men. Indeed, he was at times so restless as to require the urgent counsels of Pierre to keep him tranquil. Once or twice he must needs insist on a holiday, and went away with Toto for two days. They came back dirty and happy, but to Pierre's relief. This uneasy partner was now essential, and more and more Jacobin and royalist crowded about the booth to get a laugh out of the sight of the face which, appearing through the curtain with hair brushed up and long brown beard combed down, suddenly grew as broad as it had been long. The laugh into which it broke was so cheery, so catching, so causeless, that all who saw fell into fits of merriment such as were not common in those days of danger and anxiety.

Then the partner appeared in front of the booth. So many wished the man who laughed to read their palms that Pierre declared it must be for the highest bidder. A gay auction took place; and the winner heard his fate slyly whispered by the voice of many tones, or it might be that it was loudly read for the benefit of the crowd, and, amid cries and jeers, the victim retired with promise of a wife with a negative dowry in some unexistent section of Paris. Or again, it was an elderly dame who consulted the voice of fate. She was to have three husbands, and die young. Then another broad hand came forth, and on it the black poodle upright, with a handkerchief to his eyes, and his tail adorned with crape. It was witty, innocent, and amusing, and delighted this Paris, which was becoming suspicious, cruel, and grimly devilish.

Very soon the business in which laughter was sold for what it would bring in laughter, and for what men were willing to pay for an honest grin, began to have incidents which more than satisfied François's taste for adventure and greatly troubled Pierre. The little room of the two conjurers had flowers in the window, and a bird-cage. These were François's luxuries. Pierre did

not care for them. He had begun to read books about the rights of man, and bits of «The Friend of the People,» by Marat. When François first knew him he liked to gossip gravely of what went on, as to the changing fashions, or as to the new «baptism» of the streets, but of the serious aspect of the tumbling monarchy was not inclined to speak. At times, too, he let it be seen that he was well educated; but beyond this, François still learned nothing of his past. One evening François, gaily whistling, and with Toto after him, turned the knob of their chamber door. There was some resistance. He called, «Pierre!» and the door yielded. He went in. Two candles were burning on their little dining-table. Facing him, in a chair, sat the Crab, Quatre Pattes, bent forward as to the spine, the head tilted up to get sight of Pierre, who was leaning against the wall back of the door. Her eyes, a dusky red, were wide open to enlarge the view which the bend of her back limited. The beak between them was purple. Her mouth, grim and lipless, was set in deep, radiating wrinkles, and the toothless gums were moving as if she were chewing. Her two wrists rested on the curved handles of her short canes, and her outstretched hands, lean, eager, and deformed, were moving like the claws of some ravenous creature of the jungle.

François looked from her to his partner, Despard. He was standing as if flattened, his eyes upon the woman, his palms, outspread, set hard on the wall behind him, a pitiful image of alarm and hatred.

«Mon Dieu!» cried François, «what is all this? What does this she-devil want?»

«Want! I want money, vagabond thief! I saw thee in the booth yesterday. We are honest, are we? And I know him, too. Him!» and she pointed at Pierre, who murmured:

«Kill her! Take her away!»

François laughed. «Out of this, hag!» and he laughed again.

«I know that man,» she cried. «Sacré, but he is scared, the coward! I remind him of old times. He must pay—pay, or I will fetch the police. He knows me. Out with the money! Empty your pockets!»

François shouted: «What, Mother Puzzle-bones, dost thou think to scare an old dog of the cité? Art fit to be mother-in-law of Satan. Out with thee! Out of this, I say! Here is to buy flesh to cover thy rattlebone carcass.» He threw two francs before her.

The Crab stood up, and beat with her sticks on the table. «No francs! It is gold I will have—red louis, or I will set the police

on thee, and on the fat fool yonder. I will find that girl of his. She must be fit to sell by this time. A beauty was her mother."

"Kill her! Kill her!" said Pierre, wrath in his words, fear in their tremor. Of a sudden he seized a stool, and, mad with some memory of wrong, leaped forward. The Crab faced him with courage, as François tore away the stool, and pushed him back. "No murder here. Keep quiet, idiot! And as to thee, thou gutter Crab, out of this!"

Upon this, Toto set up a dismal howl, and made at the old woman. A rousing whack from her stick sent him howling under the bed, where he sat pensive. Then she turned on François.

"Look here," she said, "thou hast some sense. That ass has none. Let us talk. Thou canst give me money or let it alone. You both know me. A word to the police, and up goes the little show."

"Very likely."

"Then make a bargain. Pay me, and I hold my tongue. No use to call me names."

"Well, let us have peace, and talk," said François. This threat of the Crab as to the officers of the law might not be vain; she was quite too well informed; and there was Pierre, white and furious. François foresaw tragedy; comedy was more to his taste.

"What wilt thou have, Quatre Pattes? We are poor. Why threaten thy old lodger?" He was eager to get her away, in order to understand matters. Too much was dark. Pierre said no more, but stood staring, angry and yet afraid.

"A louis a week," cried the Crab.

"Nonsense! These good geese would soon die of starvation, and then no more golden eggs. Here are ten francs. Each week thou shalt have five."

"*Nom de Dieu!*" groaned Pierre; "and to kill her were so easy!"

"Not for thee, coward!" shouted the Crab, knocking her sticks together for emphasis.

"Kill her!" said Pierre, faintly.

"Nonsense!" said François. "Come to the booth for it, Crab; not here, mind you, not here—not a sou here."

"Adieu, my jolly bankers," cried the hag. "For the day this will do; then we shall see." With this, the sticks rattled on the tiled floor, and she pattered out of the door, which François shut after her.

"Behold us, netted like larks!" he said, and broke into a laugh.

"It is not a thing to laugh at," said Pierre, the sweat rolling down his face.

"No; perhaps not. Let us take counsel.

But what troubled thee? Shall a crippled old woman ruin two strong men?"

Pierre groaned, and let his face fall on his palms, making no reply.

"What is it, my friend?"

"I cannot tell thee now. It were useless; it would not help. But God has made the little one safe—safe. One of these days I may have the courage to tell thee."

His natural reticence and some too dreadful past combined to keep him silent. François was puzzled. He knew the man to be a coward; but his timidity, followed by this sudden outbreak of murderous fury, was to him inexplicable; nor did he comprehend it fully until later events revealed to him, as he looked back at this scene, the nature of the morbid changes which his partner's character had already begun to feel. "What does it all mean?" he demanded.

"Ask me no more," said Despard. "Not now—not now. She cannot hurt me or mine. It is hate, not fear, I have. But thou? Why didst thou pay?"

"For good enough reasons," said François; "but I can take care of myself." He was by no means sure of this. Nevertheless, he laughed as usual, and said, "Let us have supper; I cannot think when I am empty."

No more was said. They ate in silence, and then Pierre turned to his "*L'Ami du Peuple*," and François to a pipe and to his thoughts. Must he give up the booth, and wander? He knew the Crab well enough to fear her. The price of her silence would rise, and to deny her would bring about disaster. He began to wish he had been honest. It was too late now; but France was large, and, after all, he could laugh at his own embarrassment. There was time to think; he had bought that.

They spoke no further of the Crab; but from this time Pierre became depressed and suspicious at every knock on the door. Quatre Pattes came to the booth with her usual eagerness, and if she chanced to be full of bad brandy, and too noisy and unappeasable, François paid her something out of his own share of their growing profits. Had he been alone, he might have done otherwise; but Pierre was timid, watchful, and talked sadly of the little one at Sèvres. How should he manage if the show came to an end? It had not been worth much until François joined him. Before that he had been starving himself to keep the child in careful hands. He became increasingly melancholy, and this especially in the early mornings. He was apt to say at night, "A day is gone, and nothing has happened."

François was courageous and mocked a little at the jade Fortune. «What could happen?» And yet this shrinking little man, fat, doleful, and full of fears, sat heavily upon him; and there, too, was this child. *Peste!* The children he had known at the asylum were senseless, greedy little cattle, all of one make. Perhaps this girl at Sèvres was no better.

IX.—*In which François tells the fortune of the Marquis de St. Luce and of Robespierre, and has his own fortune told, and of how Despard saw a man of whom he was afraid.*

FRANÇOIS was to be further amazed by Pierre Despard. To the last of his life, François remembered that day. A cool October had stripped the king's chestnut-trees of their glory as clean as the king himself was soon to be shorn. The leaves were rustling at evening across the Place Louis XV, and covering the water of the canals. Here, of late, the tent-booth had been set up for the benefit of the better society, which still wore the white cockade of the Bourbons. A merry group of the actors of the Comédie was waiting to see François, the maker of faces. There were Chenard of the Opéra Comique; Fleury and Saint-Prix, whose gaiety no prison in after days could lessen, and no fear of death abate. «Behold, there is the great Talma,» said Pierre, peeping out; «and the aristos are many to-day. Art ready, François?»

François was delighted. The great Talma here, and actually to see him—François! He had of late been acquiring stage ambitions, and taking great pains to improve the natural advantages of a face quite matchless in Paris.

Despard peeped in again. «Yes, François; they talk of thee, and there are many in the crowd. They gather to see Talma. There are Jacobins and thy friends the aristocrats. Make thou haste. Art ready?»

«Yes, yes,» said François. He felt it to be a great, an unusual occasion. He had a bright idea. He struck with a stick three times on the floor of the booth, the traditional signal at the Théâtre Français for the curtain to rise. A roar of applause outside rewarded his shrewd sense of what was due to this audience.

«*Tiens!* That is good,» said La Rive. The slit in the curtain opened, and, framed in the black drapery, appeared a face which seemed to have come out of the canvas of Holbein. It was solemn, and yet grotesque, strong of feature, the face, beard, and hair white with powder; the eyes were shut.

«*Mon Dieu,*» said Talma, «what a mask!

'T is stern as fate.» The crowd stayed motionless and silent.

«Look! look!» said Fleury. «'T is a study. To smile with closed eyes. Didst thou ever see a man smile in sleep, Talma?» It was pretty and odd. Little curves of mirthful change crawled downward from the eyes over the large, grave features; the ears moved; the eyes opened; and a storm of liberal laughter broke up the quiet lines of cheek and mouth.

«Bravo! bravo!» cried Talma and the other actors, while the crowd burst into a roar of applause and responsive mirth.

«Angels of fun,» cried Saint-Prix, «what a face! 'T is a gargoyle come down from the roof of St. Jacques de la Boucherie. Does it go back of nights? I wonder what next will he do?»

«*Tiens!* Wait,» said La Rive. The white face seen above in the slit of the black curtain became suddenly serious, with moveless eyes looking past the audience as if into futurity. Below appeared two large hands, scrupulously clean, while the man's figure remained hidden. There was something impressive in this artful pose.

«Fortunes, fortunes, *messieurs et dames!*» cried Pierre. «Who will have his hand read? *Avancez—come!*»

A shrill voice on the outskirts of the crowd cried, «Read Louis Capet's!» The white cockades turned to look. «It were easy to read,» said a tall Jacobin. A gentleman in the black garments of the unprogressive noblesse turned: «Your card, citizen, or monsieur, as you like.» The crowd was scarcely stirred by this politely managed difference. It was the year of duels.

Two lads pushed forward their tutor, an abbé, as was plain to see, although few clerics still ventured to wear their old costume. He laughed awkwardly, and timidly laid a fat, well-fed hand on that of François. The grave face of the reader of palms fell forward to see the fateful lines. For a moment François was silent; then the voice which came from his stolid visage was monotonously solemn, and the words dropped from it one by one, as if they were the mechanical product of some machine without interest in the results of its own action. One long, lean forefinger traversed the abbé's palm, and paused. «An easy life thou hast had. A woman has troubled it.» The two pupils were delighted; the crowd laughed. «The line of life is broken—broken»—François's hands went through the pantomime of the snapping of a thread—«like that.» The abbé drew back, and could not be persuaded

to hear further. Again there was a pause. A grisette came forward smiling, and was sent away charmed with the gifts a pleasant future held in store. Pierre exhorted for a time in vain. Presently the crowd made way. A slight man in breeches and silk stockings came forward; he was otherwise dressed in the extreme of the fashion still favored by the court party, but wore no cockade, and carried two watches, the heavy seals of which François greatly desired to appropriate. His uneasy eyes were covered with spectacles, and around them his sallow complexion deepened to a dusky, dull green. Altogether this was a singular and not a pleasant face, or so, at least, thought the palm-reader, a part of whose cunning was to study the expressions of those who asked his skill. The man who laid his hand on François's looked up at the motionless visage of the ex-thief. François said, «Is it for the citizen alone to hear, or for all?»

«For me—for me.»

François's voice fell to a low whisper.

«Let the past go,» said the listener; «what of the future?»

«It is dark. The lines are many. They are—citizen, thou wilt be a ruler, powerful, dreaded. Thou wilt have admiration, fame, and at last the hatred of man.»

«I—I—what nonsense! Then?»—and he waited,—«then? What then? What comes after?»

«I will tell thee»; and François whispered.

«No more—no more; enough of such foolishness!» He was clearly enough disturbed by what he had heard. «You must think men fools.»

«Fate is always a fool, citizen; but the fools all win, soon or late.»

«That, at least, is true, Master Palmister.» Then a pair of sinister eyes, set deep behind spectacles, sought those of François. «Thou hast a strange face, Master Palm-reader. Dost thou believe what thou dost make believe to read on men's palms?»

«Sometimes.»

«Now—now?—this time?»

«Yes; I believe.»

«I shall not forget thee.»

François felt something like a chill between his shoulders. The Jacobin stepped aside after depositing an ample fee in the basket which Toto presented.

There was a murmur in the crowd. Several persons looked with curious eyes after the retreating man, and the conjurer heard some one say: «*Tiens! C'est drôle.* It is Robespierre.» His was at this time not

more than a well-known name. For a minute no one else came forward. François saw Pierre slip hastily into the tent; he knew not why. A gentleman came up gaily. He was dressed splendidly, with no regard for the leveling tastes of the day.

«The deuce!» he said quickly; «you are my thief!»

«*De grâce, monsieur!*» exclaimed François; «you will get me into trouble.»

«Not I. Happy to meet you. I am myself fond of palmistry. Come, read me my hand.»

François bent over the palm. He began aloud: «Ah, here have been many loves.» Then his voice fell. «Monsieur is a good swordsman.»

«So-so,» said the gentleman.

«Monsieur has been unfortunate in his duels.»

«*Mon Dieu!* Yes; I always kill people.»

«Monsieur has one remorse.»

«*Sapristi!* Thou art clever, and I lucky to have but one. Go on; 't is vastly amusing. Shall I live to be old? My people do.»

«Monsieur will have troubles, but he will live to be old—very old.»

«Will he, indeed? I hardly like that. If I were you, I would tell more agreeable fortunes. To outlive the joys of life, to be left a stranded wreck, whilst the world goes by gay and busy—pshaw! I like not that. You do it well. Let me read your own palm. I have a taste for this art.»

François was at once interested. The gentleman's strong left hand took that of the thief, and with a wandering forefinger he ran over the lines of the palm. He let it fall, and looked downward at his own hand. «It is strange that we shall meet again, and in an hour of danger. You will be fortunate, and I shall not. You will have—»

«*Tenez, monsieur—stop!*» cried François; «I will hear no more»; and he drew his hands within the tent-folds.

«*Dame!* and you are really a believer in it all, my good thief? Belief is out of fashion. I hope you did tell that cursed Jacobin he would go to a place he does n't believe in, but which is a little like France to-day. Come and see me if ever you are in trouble and this trade comes to an end. I like men who can laugh. 'T is a pretty talent, and rather gone out just now. I am the Marquis de St. Luce—or was. Come and laugh for me, and tell me your story.» He let fall a gold louis in Toto's basket, and elbowed his way through the crowd, with «Pardon, monsieur,» to white cockades, and scant courtesy to the Jacobins and the demi-

constitutionnels, who were readily known by their costumes.

As the marquis ceased to speak, François heard a singular noise in the tent back of him. He withdrew his head to see the cause, and a moment later, reappearing, said he must be excused, because his friend was ill. The crowd broke up. Within the tent lay Pierre on the ground, in a fit. François, greatly alarmed and utterly at a loss, threw water in his face, and waited. In a few moments it was over, and the man, flushed and breathing deeply, lay with red froth on his lips, as if in a deep sleep. He was no longer convulsed; but what further to do the partner knew not, and sat beside him, not more competent to deal with this novel situation than was Toto, who walked about, and scratched his nose, and gave it up. An hour went by with Pierre's head resting on François's lap.

At last Despard opened his eyes. «Take him away,» he said. The man was delirious.

«Who?»

«Take him away. Will he kill me? He killed her.» A half-hour he wandered in mind, while François bathed his flushed face. Then he drew a deep breath, and said: «What is this? Where am I?»

François replied: «Thou hast had a fit.»

«A fit? Yes; I have them—not often. I remember now. Has he gone, that devil?—that marquis?»

«Who? St. Luce? Was it he that troubled thee?»

«Yes; he.»

«But what then?»

By and by Pierre sat up. Seeing him to be quite himself, but staring about as if in fear, François said:

«Come, now; I must have the whole story. What the mischief has this fine gentleman done to thee? I am out of patience with thy tiresome mysteries. I know him; we have met before. Perhaps I can help thee.»

«Thou?»

Pierre lay back on the floor, and covered his face.

«My God!» he cried, «why wilt thou force me to talk of it? Oh, to hate, and to be afraid!» He started up. «I am afraid.»

«If I hated a man,» said François, «*sacré bleu!* I would twist his neck.»

«If I could! if I could! I am not like thee. I am—am a coward. That's the truth.»

«*Dame!* that is curious.» He regarded the fat little man with attentive eyes. «Suppose we have it all out, and get done with it.»

«Done with it?»

«Yes; done with it! Hast thou often had these fits before?»

«Yes; and then I am better for a while.»

«Tell me all about this man. I will take care of thee.»

«No; God did not: thou canst not.»

«Then we must separate. I am tired of thy nonsense, and I do not care a rap how soon this business ends, what with your cursed melancholy and that jade *Quatre Pattes*. Now, out with it!»

Thus urged, the man told his story. «Thou wilt not despise me?» he said, looking up at François.

«Not I. Go on!»

Thus urged, Despard reluctantly told his story.

«My father was of the lesser noblesse, but we had been ruined folks away in Normandy for half a century, only a bit of farm and vineyard left to us. My mother was of the bourgeoisie, foolish and pretty. She died young, and I was left the only child. My father, a querulous man, treated me ill. I had no courage, he said. It was true. As I grew up, I was timid like a girl, and fearful of quarrels. When I was about twenty years old I had a trouble with a brother of this marquis. He struck me with his whip because of something I said. My father learned that I had excused myself, and was wild with rage. It was my bourgeois mother, he said; we had lost all but honor, and now that too was gone. He died not long after, and I, with a few hundred francs, was driven out to care for myself. The marquis had a mortgage on the farm. I went to a village near by, and lived awhile as I could until I was down to my last sou. I worked like a peasant in the fields; I was the servant at an inn. At last a mountebank company attracted me, and in despair I went with them to take care of the horses which served them in their performances. By and by I learned sleight of hand, and fared better. At last I married a girl who danced in our company. She was pretty,—oh, more than pretty,—and clever, too. When we came again to our town, a notary offered me a petty clerk's place, and I was well contented to settle down. My wife was too eager for the society of the bourgeoisie, and they would have none of that of the dancing-girl. Then, unhappily, this marquis saw my wife, and how I know not, but his fine clothes and cunning were too much for one who was eager for a society she could not have. I was busy, and often absent collecting small debts. No one warned me. I was satisfied, and even put by a little money.

"There was a woman in the village, Mme. Quintette, a dressmaker, a shameless creature of bad life. She might have been then some fifty years old. 'T is now twelve years ago. At her house the marquis met my wife. One day my Renée was gone, and this Quintette with her. It is she who is this Quatre Pattes."

"The deuce!" cried François. "Now I see."

"A year went by. Thou wouldst have killed the man. I could not. I am a coward, François—a coward! God made me so; I can't help it. One day a child was brought to my door, with a note. *Mon Dieu*, such a note! The dying mother in the hospital with her last money paid a good sister to take the child to me—to me, of all men! And would I pardon her? François, it was that devil's babe and hers. Would I forgive her, and keep it? Wouldst thou have kept it?"

"No," said François; "not I."

"I did! I did! It was like her, all but the eyes. I grew to love it. Then there was an accident, a fall, and the little maid is crippled for life. It seemed horrible then, but now I thank God, because she is safe from the baseness of men. I wanted to die, but now I must live; she has no other friend."

François sat still, pitiful, and deep in thought. At last he said: "Why were you so terribly afraid of that woman? She could do no worse than ruin our business."

"I—hast thou ever been afraid thou wouldst murder some one? I was. I would have done it in a minute hadst not thou come in."

"*Sac à papier!* Afraid of thyself! How queer! Thou wert afraid of thyself?"

"Yes; I am—I was—I am often afraid of myself."

"Let us forget it."

"I cannot. What can I do?"

"Do? Nothing."

"But that man—"

"Well, thou art helpless. I should not be. Forget. Thy chance may come." He was at an end of his wisdom. He pitied this weak-hearted coward who so frankly avowed his defect.

"We will speak of it no more, Pierre, or not now. But what brought you to Paris? Let us have it all, and get done with it."

"My poor little humpback was hardly six years old when she came to me, crying, to know why the village children would not play with her. She was a humpback and a bastard. What was 'bastard'? I have always fled from trouble. One day I took the child and what little I had, and was away to Paris.

God knows how it hurt me to hear every evening how she had been mocked and tormented; one is so foolishly tender. In this great city I sought work, and starved. And when at last she was fading before my eyes, I stole—my God, I stole!"

"*Dame!* Thou art particular. Must a man starve?"

"When I got money out of a full purse I took, I set up our little business, and then I found thee. And this is all. I dare say I shall feel better to have told some one. I did not want to steal. I did not steal after I began with the booth, unless I was in need, oh, sorely in need. It was so on that fortunate day when I was saved by thee. In thy place I should have kept the old fishwife's purse."

"And let me swing?"

"Yes—perhaps; I don't know. I—it is well for me thou wert not a coward."

"*Sacristie!* It appears that not to be a coward has its uses. Now *bon jour* and adieu to the whole of this business. Let the miserable past go. 'T is bad company, and not amusing. Have no fear; I will take care of thee. Come, let us go home."

"Thou wilt look about a little before we go?"

"*Toto*, he is mad, this man."

"I sometimes think I am. At night, in my dreams, I have him by the throat, and he laughs, and I cannot hold him. I wake up, and curse in the darkness because I cannot kill him. And I know then it is a debt never to be paid—never."

François had had enough of the small man's griefs. Contempt and pity were strangely mingled as he listened to his story.

"I shall let thee talk no more," he said. "But *mille tonnerres!* I cannot help thee to go mad. Let us go and wander in the country to-morrow, thou and I and *Toto*. It will comfort thee. But no more of this; I will not stand it."

The advice was wholesome, and, as usual, Pierre accepted the orders of his more sturdy-minded friend.

x.—How failing profits and difference in politics cause Pierre and François to abandon business.

ALTHOUGH the marquis was not again upon the scene, as the months went by Despard became by degrees more gloomy. At night, in place of the gay little café, he went out to the club of the Jacobins, and fed full of its wild declamations against the émigrés and the aristocrats. It amused François,

who saw no further ahead than other men. Despard came home loaded with gazettes and pamphlets, and on these he fed his excitement long after his partner was asleep.

When, as time went by, Pierre's vagaries increased, François found in them less subject for mirth. The fat little man sat up later and later at night. At times he read; at others he walked about muttering, or moving his lips without uttering a sound. What disturbed François most was that the poodle now and then showed fear of Pierre, and would no longer obey him as he had been used to do.

Meanwhile, as Pierre still attended sedulously to business, François could find no fault. He himself had become devoted to his art of palm-reading. He bought at the stalls old books, Latin and French, which treated of the subject; and tried to keep up the name his odd ways had made so profitable. Deceit was a part of his working capital; but deceit and credulity are apt to go together, as a great man has well said. Not for many louis would the conjurer have let any one read again the lines of his own hand. When Despard began to teach him the little he himself knew of palmistry, it had caused interest, and after a while a half-belief. This grew as he saw the evident disturbance to which the use of his art gave rise in certain of those who at first appeared to look upon it as an idle jest. The imaginative have need to be wary, and this man was imaginative, and had the usual notions of the gambler and thief as to omens and luck. I have said he had no definite working conscience. I have also said that he possessed an inborn kindness of heart; he had a long memory for benefits, and a short one for injuries. His courage was of fine quality: not even Quatre Pattes could terrify him.

The politics of the time were becoming month by month more troublous to such as kept their heads steady in the amazing tumble of what for centuries had been on top, and the rise of that which had been as long underneath. The increasing interest of Pierre in all that went on surprised François, and sometimes, as I have said, amused him. He could not comprehend why he should care whether the king ruled or the Assembly. This mighty drama was nothing to him. He paid no taxes; he toiled not, nor spun, except nets of deceit; and whether commerce died and the plow stood idle in the furrow was to him of no moment. Meanwhile, before the eyes of a waiting, wonder-

ing world historic fate was shuffling the cards as neither war nor misrule had shifted them for many a day. Knave and king, spade and club, were now up, now down. Every one was in a new place. The old surnames were replaced by classical appellations. Streets, palaces, and cities were rebaptized with prenominal republican adjectives. Burgundy, Anjou, Navarre, and the other ancient provinces, knew no more their great names heroically famous.

All men were to be equal; all men were free to be what they could. But the freedom of natural or acquired inequality was not to be recognized. There were new laws without end. The Jacobin added a social creed. All men must *tutoyer*. «Your Majesty» was no more to be used. Because the gentiles said «thou» and «thee» to one another and to an inferior, all men must «thou» as a sign that all are on a level.

A bit of paper was to be five francs—and take care of thy head if thou shouldst venture to doubt its value. As to all else, men accepted the numberless and bewildering decrees of the Assembly; but the laws of commerce no ruler can break. These are despotic, changeless, and as old as the act of barter between man and man. The assignats fell in value until two hundred francs would scarce buy a dinner. There, too, was a new navy and a new army, with confusing theories of equal rights for sailor, soldier, and captain.

A noble desire arose everywhere to exercise the new functions. What joy to cast a ballot, to act the part of officials, to play at soldiering! All the cross dogs in France are unchained and the muzzles off; and some are bloodhounds. What luxury to be judge, jury, and hangman, like the noble of long ago!

Even childhood caught the temper of the time. It played at being officer and prisoner, built and tore down bastilles, and at last won attention and a law all to itself when some young ruffians hung one of their number in good earnest for an aristocrat.

However indifferent was François at this time, the shifting drama amused him as some monstrous burlesque might have done. Its tragedies were as yet occasional, and he was by nature too gay to be long or deeply impressed. There were none he loved in peril, and how to take care of François his life had taught him full well.

«*Allons si gaiement!*» he cried, in the tongue of his old quarter; and kept a wondering, anxious eye on Pierre.

(To be continued.)

COLE'S OLD ENGLISH MASTERS.

RICHARD WILSON (1713-1782), THE FOUNDER OF LANDSCAPE-PAINTING IN ENGLAND.

BY JOHN C. VAN DYKE.

UNFORTUNATELY for the landscape-painter in eighteenth-century England, the people of the time neither knew nor cared very much about out-of-doors nature. Gibbon said he visited the country to see his friends, not the trees; and Johnson thought a man tired of London was tired of life. The poets of the time—Pope, Cowper, Thomson, Goldsmith—considered landscape a very good stage property in literature, and had a warmed-over Homeric affection for it, but they possessed very little first-hand knowledge of it. In painting the landscape interest was almost nothing. The connoisseurs talked about Claude with affected enthusiasm, but they would not look at Gainsborough's Suffolk woodlands; and Richard Wilson, the first landscape-painter in England, exhibited his pictures year after year, and yet lived and died neglected.

On the Continent the taste was not very different. There was a dinner-plate and fire-screen landscape extant, which served the purpose of boudoir decoration; and of course there was admiration for Claude and Poussin, for they were popularly supposed to better nature itself. Italy was still the great academy of the arts, and all the painters of Europe who could afford it flocked there to study art at its source. Wilson, like the rest, was smitten with the Roman fever, and he too went off to Italy. Originally he had come from Montgomeryshire, where he was born August 1, 1713. A relative, Sir George Wynne, had discovered his inclination toward painting, and had brought him up to London to study under a portrait-painter named Thomas Wright. Wilson was with Wright six years, learning the ancient art of «face-painting.» After some practice on his own account he at thirty-six started for Rome. At Venice he met Zuccarelli, who was then enjoying great popularity as a painter of sugar-coated landscapes. The great man advised the little man to stop «face-painting» and to take up landscape. Vernet, the French landscapist, whom Wilson met in Rome, advised him in the same strain. The advice was accepted, and Wilson soon became famous.

For six years he remained in Italy, painting the Italian view, and receiving much applause from his fellow-artists. In 1755 he returned to England. He was favorably received, for his fame had preceded him, and at first he was moderately successful. His «Niobe» exhibited in 1760, gave him rank; but he found out soon enough that pictures of landscape were not in demand, and, notwithstanding he was an original member of the Royal Academy, his canvases would not sell. It is said that his personality was against him—that he had not courtesy or consideration, and made enemies where he should have made friends; but the truth is, his subject was against him. Gainsborough's landscape was no more of a success than Wilson's. Neither of them was valued or understood. Gainsborough could afford to paint his landscapes for pleasure, since he was deriving a handsome profit from portraits; but poor Wilson, relying upon landscape alone, soon began to feel the pinch of poverty. Year by year his living kept slipping away from him. As he sank lower and became poorer, he seemed to shrink away from his fellows like some wounded animal. At last he crept into a small place on Tottenham Court Road, where he lived no one knows exactly how. In his later years all that kept him from starvation was a pittance that he received as librarian of the Royal Academy. When nearly gone from age and want, a small estate came to him by the death of a brother. He went out to the Welsh country to live, and there, amid landscape and flowers, though too old to work, he seemed content. But this lasted for only about a year. In May, 1782, death released him from «the apathy of cognoscenti, the envy of rivals, and the neglect of a tasteless public,» to quote Fuseli.

As frequently happens in art history, Wilson's death drew attention to his art, and the «tasteless public» began to dig up his memory and put it upon a pedestal for worship. In 1814 some seventy of his canvases were exhibited at the British Institution, and people began talking about «the giant Wilson,» «the great master,» and «the

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

RICHARD WILSON'S "CICERO'S VILLA."

IN THE COLLECTION OF THOMAS AGNEW & SONS, LONDON.



English Claude." His friend Peter Pindar, in doggerel verse, had predicted as much forty years before. To-day Wilson's landscapes, though they do not meet with the "immortal praises" which were predicted for them, are nevertheless much sought after, and the painter himself is ranked as the founder of landscape-painting in England.

Yet it was not precisely English landscape that Wilson painted. To be sure, he portrayed the mountains of Wales, and some of the rivers of England, with the subjects directly before him; and he painted Niagara, and the Acropolis at Athens, without ever seeing either of them. But all his pictures had the golden sky and the silver light of Italy, and all of them were fashioned after the classic manner of Claude. Wilson had learned his lesson in Rome, and he never entirely forgot it. His landscape is easily described, for the point of view, the composition, and the general treatment vary but slightly. It usually consisted of an outlook through a framed foreground of trees upon placid waters, dusky groves, classic ruins, and crumbling monuments. In the foreground there were small figures under stately trees and beside broken columns; in the background there were distant hills, a yellow sky, and a glow of twilight glory. In sentiment it was reminiscent of the deathless past, and had a tinge of sadness about it. Not only the trees and groves harked back to Arcadia and the Garden of the Hesperides, but the broken fragments of Roman temple and Tivolian villa, bleaching in the sun, tenantless save to the cranny wind, their very ruins perishing from the face of the earth, were all eloquent of classic heroes and their deeds. It was a note of sentiment to conjure with, but it had been sounded before. The subject and the sentiment were picture materials that Wilson had gathered up at Rome. Then, too, the dark arabesque of trees in the foreground, the sunny middle distance, the bright sky at the back, were less of a novelty than a variation. Wilson did not show his originality in these features so much as in his distribution of light and air, and in his body of color. He had seen and studied light for himself; and

while it always had a silvery glow to him, it had also breadth, universal diffusion, penetration. At times its brilliancy was forced by the dark-shadowed foreground, but its reality was not lessened thereby. Just so with his atmosphere. It was permeating, enveloping both near and far, not scumbled about the distant hills and wholly absent in the foreground, as one sees in only too many Claudes. In color he cultivated something of the conventional mahogany in his trees and rocks; but he harmonized it very cleverly with his golden skies and reflecting waters. He handled it with a regard for its unity, and, moreover, made something charming out of it as sentiment.

There were other features in which Wilson was a nature-student, irrespective of what Rome taught, as one may discover by studying his trees, clouds, waterfalls, flying mist, and river-banks; but his distinctive originality lay in his light, air, and color. One sees these qualities better, perhaps, in his less pretentious canvases, such as the small "On the River Wye," his Welsh mountain scenes, and the little pictures now hanging in the Foundling Asylum in London. There is in the Glasgow gallery a "Convent Twilight" by Wilson that is really startling in its beauty of color and light. It is wholly unlike his usual subjects, and suggests what unencouraged possibilities the painter had within him.

His classic compositions, such as the "Niobe" and the "Cicero's Villa," seem to have less spontaneity about them. They were the only kinds of landscapes standing a ghost of a chance of selling in his day, and they sometimes have an air of being tortured into grandeur for exhibition purposes. Still, even in his most conventional pictures Wilson is usually interesting. It was not to be supposed that he could abandon every tradition, strike off for himself, and produce something entirely new. Even Gainsborough did not do that. All that either of them could do was to improve upon an established formula. This Wilson did. The first one to paint landscape in England, he was accounted the best of his time, and that is about the most that can be said for any painter.



ENGRAVED BY T. CHURCH, FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING.

RICHARD WILSON'S «ON THE RIVER WYE.»

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.



EIN NIX-NUTZ.

BY JOHN LUTHER LONG,

Author of "Madame Butterfly," "Miss Cherry-Blossom," etc.

WITH PICTURES BY C. S. REINHART.

I.

«AIN'T IT IT?»

IT began with those thick-waisted Dunkard women who took his ruddy face between their palms and called him «'n liefer, kleaner nix-nutz» (a darling little good-for-nothing)—felicitous terms then, but unfortunate ever after. For, once fixed upon a Pennsylvania German, the impeachment clings to him and blights him to his dying day—unless he demonstrates his thrift. If these kindly old wives had known that his birthday had fallen in the dark of the moon and the sign of the Scorpion, they would perhaps have mitigated a little their fatuous raptures. But it was only natural to presume, in the absence of knowledge, that such a fine boy had been born with a faultless horoscope. So, when later they learned that it was otherwise, they pitied the babe, and they pitied the mother so constantly, to her very face, that when the doctor one day told her the end was near, she smiled contentedly, and that night died.

To the baby it made no difference. When the same sad-eyed women came, making on his little breast the mysterious sign which it was hoped might charm away the evil to which he had been born, he seemed to kick up his heels.

And this frivolous attitude of the baby was an added horror.

Their open despondency was a constant irritation to Granny Bivenour, the accoucheuse.

«It's none of *you*' business. He don' belong to *you*' church, anyhow. Git along wiss yous!» And she would shake her fist at them in a defiant, masculine fashion as they hurried away from her.

Alas! even she, when the Dunkard women were gone, would lock the doors and begin to perform certain weird rites. After regarding him fixedly till her face took on a look of clairvoyance, she would begin a muffled incantation, keeping time with solemn passes down his body and outward toward all the places where evil spirits might find exit:

«In a great green forest
I see three wells,
Cold and clear.
The first is called COURAGE.
The second is called GOODNESS.
The third is called STRENGTH.

† † †

«So—oh—oh—
Trotter-head, I forbid thee this HOUSE.
Trotter-head, I forbid thee this CRADLE.
Trotter-head, I forbid thee this BODY.

Breathe not upon it.
Breathe not into it.
Breathe not within it.
Breathe in hell!

† † †

«Until thou ascendest every hill,
Until thou crossest every water,
Until thou countest every blade of grass,
Thou shalt not come hither.»

† † †¹

These were doughty adjurations, and would accomplish their beneficent purpose if it were possible of accomplishment; and upon that the accoucheuse rested.

Though, instead of learning, the good midwife brought to her patients only this simple magic, she brought also a wonderful skill; and these two had long ago grown into an indistinguishable mixture of helpfulness. It was common fame that by arts known only to her she could hasten or retard the event for a more benignant horoscope—a thing the cunning midwife never denied.

But she did read the stars and study the calendar to reinforce her experience as she waited to be called to this pretty young mother; and when it was all of no avail, she could have wept—she did weep. So, when the Dunkard women blamed her for not delaying the accouchement until the moon had passed out of the Scorpion, she broke her professional reserve for once and hotly retorted that

¹ Three crosses occur at the end of each of the mystical formulae; they signify the unspoken invocation of the Trinity; without them the «*Brauch*» is worthless. The magical number is three: one for each of the persons in the Trinity.

Tressler Kitzmiller had chosen his own birthday. From this awful pronouncement there was no appeal: a baby was held competent to do this, and there was no known magic against it.

Notwithstanding this, the old midwife took fierce care that Tress should learn nothing of the sad circumstances of his birth; but when she died careless tongues were loosed, and he learned it all. Then the frank, boyish

so they perforce turned away from him until he had only his father for friend.

Among the faded idlers at the store this gay old man was a notable figure. They were shy, bearded Dunkards; he—

«Now you fellers air somesing, an' you' church iss some goot to yous—tells yous how to cut you' coats an' britches, an' how to comb you' hair. Mine? *Oach!* I ain't nossing but chust a Met'odist. Tey don' keer an' if you



«WHO TOOK HIS RUDDY FACE BETWEEN THEIR PALMS.»

light began to go out of his face, and in its stead to come a furtive shrinking that was sad enough; for he was ruddy and wholesome to look upon. But to the old wives this was only the final proof of his unhappy condition.

This they diligently pressed upon their husbands at certain intervals; and these, though they had no triumph to celebrate in the sad event, could not stop the wearing iteration nor, finally, help agreeing meekly to the apparent facts. But it was ill luck to befriend one who had been thus misbegotten,

got on a stove-pipe an' swaller-tail efery day in t'e week.» And he delighted to exhibit these articles of apparel, which he habitually wore. «D' yous know 'at t'at 's why I can't sink hard off of my Tress for being a nixy—account his bringing up in t'e Met'odist Church? Yit it 's funny 'at you fellers take it so hard, w'ich don't own him.»

It seemed that they preferred to suffer the impeachment rather than defend it, and the Vermont school-teacher interposed a question:

«What is a—*a nix-nutz*, Mr. Kitzmiller?»

«Sam—aha, ha, ha!—you 'd stop a dog-fight wiss a question! Ast t'ese fellers, Sam; it 's a kind o' family secert wiss me.»

The school-teacher turned inquiringly to them; and with kindly regard for the presence of Tress's father, they tried to enlighten him. They succeeded but indifferently; he was unsatisfied.

«Mr. Kitz—» he began.

«Got back to old Kitz ag'in, hah? Well—a *nix-nutz*, Sam? I don' know neit'er chust *exsac'ly* w'at it iss—anyhow, by t'e dictionary. Er—don' you know, Sam, nossing 'bout it? Oh, you don't, hah? You wass raised a Yankee—not? U-hu, u-hu! Funny, ain't it, 'at a feller ken talk words efery day 'at he don' know t'e meaning of? Well, it 's not in no dictionary, I expect; t'at 's t'e trouble—oanless mebbly a Dutch one. You ain't got no Dutch dictionary, I expect, Sam? No. Nor none of *yous*, neit'er? No. Well, t'en, we got to git along wiss chust t'e head—and sings. Well, I nefer sought much about it, Sam—w'at it iss; but of course I know w'at it *iss*. Why, dog it! eferybody knows t'at—don' t'ey now, chentlemen—don' t'ey?»

Some one hastily gave him an affirmative.

«Well, t'en, why in sunder did n't yous tell Sam!» cried he, in specious fury, «'stid o' sending him to me, w'ich got a nixy in t'e house? 'T ain't nice of yous—no, it ain't. I tell yous to you' faces, an' you ain't got t'e dare to take it up!»

He squared off at the nearest of them, who promptly retreated among his fellows.

«Come on! I'll take yous all six toget'er, or one at a time. Ha, ha, ha! Git out wiss such a pack of noodles! Sam,» he whispered, «t'ey don' know—nossing. Don't you go home a-believing 'at becauss a feller 's a Dunkard he 's smart. Parting you' hair in t'e middle's got nossing to do wiss smartness. T'ey as dumb, be gosh! as a muley cow! Yas; I won't take it back. Sam, t'ey don' fight—t'e church wont let 'em—t'at 's why I dared 'em. Well—now you listen, an' I'll tell you w'at it iss. T'ese dogged noodles—say, yere, don't I know w'at a *nix-nutz* iss?»

They reluctantly answered that he did; and then, as he eyed them fiercely, they added that of course he did—of course.

«Well, talk quick when a body asts yous a sing. Well—er—lem me see: a *nix-nutz* iss—well, dog it, a *nix-nutz* iss—iss—a feller t'at 's goot for nossing—a—a—*useful*; an'—an'—well, t'at 's right so far, ain't it, noodles?»

Some one admitted that it was.

«U-hu,» he retorted ungraciously; «yous could n't a' said o't'erways wissout trouble.» He stopped to threaten them. «Yas; goot for nossing useful—an'an' goot for—for efery-sing else! Aha, ha, ha! T'at 's it *exsac'ly*! Now ain't it it, chentlemen?»

They gave him a frank and generous assent. His definition had hit the rather difficult mark.

«Well, t'en, why don't you stir you'selves? Letting a man wait yere a whole half a hour! Now I tell you, Sam,»—he turned to the schoolmaster as the only one worthy of his desperate confidence,—«my Tress is a *nix-nutz*; t'at 's why t'ese fellers air so backwards. 'Feard t'ey 'll git in trouble wiss me.» He turned, and shook his fist at them. «You dogged cowyards, you! Yas; t'at 's t'e whole sing in a shell-bark—*yas*. Tress he 's what you teacher fellers call a—a opject-lesson—not? Chust like he wass cut out an' printed—like t'e newspapers has nowadays, be goshens! A—you know my Tress, Sam? T'e boy 'at looks like he wass cut out for a girl by mistake—long hair, an' baby eyes, an' so on? Yas—he 's come to you two winters a'ready. Well, now, he 's what t'ese long-haired fellers call, in t'eir nigger Dutch, goot-for-nossing. Aha, ha, ha! Why, he 's wort' t'e whole pack of 'em—not?»

The school-teacher diplomatically waived the proffered contention, and said that it seemed very strange to him that such a handsome and well-behaved boy should have such an odious reputation.

«Yas, Sam; t'at 's t'e way a feller's feelings gits away wiss his facts onct in a while. You'd rat'er not haf Tress a nixy—of course—of course. But he chust *iss* a nixy—out an' out. Can't make no furrow no straighter 'n a mule's hind laeg, if he wass to be shot. Now stop a minute, an' sink of a feller 'at can't make no furrow no straighter 'n a mule's hind laeg! You 'fe noticed a mule's hind laeg a many a time, I expect, Sam, ain't you? You got mules up you' way? U-hu; well, it 's right crooked, ain't it? Can't hitch up ole Peter, nuther, wissout a-gitting Peter mad enough to chaw his head off—t'e crupper round his neck—t'e hames upside down—t'e blinds turned backwards, an' so on—no, he can't. Oach! T'e cows knows 'at he 's no goot, an' kick him all ofer t'e barn-yard—slam t'eir tails in his face, spill his milk, sling him full of dirt, an' haf yit o't'er fun wiss him too numerous to mention. An' *calves*!—oho, ho, ho! Sam, it 's no way in t'e world to tell a nixy like chust wiss a small, little, insignificant cow-calf. Oach! It 's no mis-

take *ken* be made if you chust hiss 'em on calves. Why, I expect no angel could git along wiss a calf, an' stay goot friends. Well, Sam, he can't lead a calf no o'terways but hind part foremost! *Chentlemen*, yous all know what t'at iss—leading calves?»

happy—account I 'm so dumb. No man *ken* be happy an' smart at t'e same time. Now, you smart, Sam; but you ain't happy. No. You always hungry for somesing *else*, Sam. Er—what I wass talking 'bout?—oh, calves! Don' know enough to lead a calf t'e right



THE DEFINITION OF «EIN NIX-NUTZ.»

They said that they did know what it was to lead calves.

«Oh, you do, do you? Well, now, how many of *yous* ken lead a calf any o'terways but hind part foremost, hah?»

The savage old fellow winked to the school-teacher in great glee.

«A whole pack of nixies, if t'ey chust knowed it, Sam. W're ignorance iss pliss, it 's foolishness to go to school.»

The young man kindly gave him the correct phrase.

«Yas; sank. T'at 's t'e reason I 'm so

way! Now it iss a way, Sam, an' I 'll tell you; so 'at if you efer haf a calf to lead,—you *might* own a calf some day,—chust turn round an' go t'e o'ter way—aha, ha, ha! No; but honest, Sam, it 's a reg'ler circus wiss Tress—a-trying to do sings he can't, no-how you *ken* fix it. *Oach!* He always tries hard,—t'at 's t'e way wiss a nixy,—but it ain't in him. Funny, Sam, ain't it—how t'ey air haexed an' witchcrafted?»

The school-teacher agreed that it was all very difficult to him, but said that perhaps Tress was cut out for something bookish; he



«BECAUSS—BECAUSS YOU DID N'T AST ME.»

had noticed, he explained, how easy his lessons came to him.

«Oach! yas, books—expecial poetry books. Why, I ketched him onct a-*writing* poetry—aha, ha, ha! Yas, Sam; I expect you right; he ought to be a chustice of t'e peace. Te on'y sing to make out a nixy iss a kind a

chentleman. But t'e defil of it iss 'at he don' want to be anysing but a music-teacher. Now, Sam, you know you'self 'at efen a nixy 's too goot to make a music-teacher out—don't you, now?»

But the younger man said it was a beautiful vocation for such as were fitted for it,

as all the Germanic races were, and instanced the singers of an earlier day.

This unexpectedly interested Tress's father.

«If our Tress 'd git to be such a music-feller, we 'd haf to call him somesing 'at grows round yere, hah? How 'd 'T'e Cat-Bird of t'e Conowago,' or 'T'e York County Pennsylvany Titsy' strike yous, boyss?»

His audience agreed that either would do.

«But—he ain't no bird; an' no matter how much you call him a bird, you can't make no one believe it, durn yous.»

That was true, they admitted as readily—that was true.

«Well—white was black a minute ago!»

He regarded them for a moment with aggravated reproach, then turned to the school-master again.

«He can't sing no more 'n a tree-frog. I meant fiddling. He makes me sick wiss his dogged ole 'Lauterbach' all day—sick to dance, aha, ha, ha!»

Here he swayed from side to side a moment, then broke into the old-fashioned waltz to the tune of his own whistle.

«Gosh! it limpers up my ole laegs like a jay-bird w'enefer I hear t'at chune—an' he ken saw it off as goot as any nigger. Yit t'at chust profes 'at he 's a nixy: seems like efery one of 'em 's born wiss a fiddle. A—well, Sam, when you write you' dictionary, remember 'at a nix-nutz iss goot for nossing useful, an' goot for eferysing else. An'—Sam, put my Tress's pictur' in, an' write under, (Ein Nix-Nutz)—aha, ha, ha! Ja—

«Im Lauterbach hav' ich mei' strum' ferlore'—

«Well—so farrywell, boyss; farrywell!»

A few more bars of the waltz floated back to them, and the breezy old fellow was out of sight and hearing.

II.

THE BAD FIDDLE OF THE GOOD-FOR-NOTHING.

OF course Tress had a fiddle, as every other good-for-nothing has had. And it was this maligned instrument which brought him and Betsy Liebhart together, and then brought about the momentous social performance of «seeing her home.»

Betsy had vainly «noticed» Tress since, as a very small boy with whitish hair and rollicking ways, he had taken captive her infant fancy. And though he responded but indifferently to such wooing as a little girl can make, she remained none the less his captive. Long afterward, when she heard of

what had taken place at his birth, she wished to put her arms about his neck and tell him—tell him—alas! she had become the most bashful of maidens then; and there was, it seemed, no intuition by which Tress might learn of this something that she wished so desperately to communicate, though it shone in her eyes whenever he was near. So he continued, not indifferent,—who could be indifferent to so dear a thing as little Betsy?—but only unenlightened, until a certain autumnal corn-husking came on.

This was still more than a tradition in the Happy Valley where Tress and Betsy lived, and there were to be kissing-games, music and dancing, billing and cooing, and any other amusement that might go with such gay work and such a half-light.

So presently, when the barn floor was cleared and the revels had begun, they brought Tress out of the shadows where he lurked, and set him high on the pile of yellow corn, and to his dreaming fiddle the dance went on. Betsy declined all invitations to dance, that she might stand in a dim nook and fix her eyes upon Tress, hoping that after a while, when the games began, he might seek her out. But he did not, and it grew very lonely.

«Betsy, you ain't had you' eyes offn him t'e whole efening.»

It was her best friend and gossip, Polly Engelwein.

«Yes—I know, Polly,» and Betsy's eyes were very moist; she did not think of making her liking for Tress a secret. «Eferybody knows it, I expect, but chust him.»

Polly only laughed. She was fresh from the dance.

«Ain't he handsome, Polly?» she said. «Polly, you nefer seen no one so handsome, I expect?» for Polly was worldly wise—in reputation.

«Betsy, it ain't eferybody 'at likes such yeller hair. I don't,» she said emphatically, glancing at a hovering rustic whose hair was dark.

«But I do. Oh—if I chust had such!»

Polly fell upon her and forced her to a seat.

«Aha, ha, ha!» she screamed, «yourn iss yellere yit!»

«Too yellere,» sighed Betsy.

«As sure as grass grows in this field,» Polly chanted with the fiddle, «it ain't.»

«Oh, nobody efer tole me that afore. Polly,» she burst out in infantile confidence, «we wass kind of related when we wass little—an'—an'—slep' toget'er in t'e trundle-bed

—an'—an' use' to kiss each o'er—good-night!» She hid her blushing face in Polly's bosom. «I—I wish he 'd—kiss me now.»

«Betsy!» said Polly, severely.

Betsy raised her chidden face. It was a dainty mask now: there might be tears or laughter back of it. Polly pushed the clustered hair away from the forehead, and for a moment studied it fondly.

«Betsy, you a nice girl,—I don't know as I efer see a nicer one if you look right in t'e eyes,—an' you deserfe a better beau than—»

«There ain't none, Polly.»

«Oach! Git out! It 's full of 'em. I ken git you a dozend here to-night. I—I got my eye on one now!» she whispered abandonedly.

«No, Polly; no,» said Betsy, stealing a glance at Tress in turn.

«Chust go on! Next you 'll be so deep in lofe wiss Tress Kitzmiller you ken nefer git out.»

«I—I 'm that way now, I expect,» said Betsy.

«I 'm su'prised at you, Betsy—yes, an' ashamed!»

«Ashamed!» repeated Betsy. «I 'm glad.»

It was sheer bravado.

«You know well enough he 's nix-nutzich.»

«Yes—an' I don' keer!» she flashed.

Then, as if this were too fearful a defiance even for one as love-lorn as she, she added repentantly:

«Polly, I 'm his only friend; an'—an'—Polly—I—I 'm afraid I lofe him.»

Polly's eyes grew moist; that was another thing, a self-confessed certainty.

«Well, I 'm sorry I said anysing.»

She was at that moment claimed for the dance by the hovering rustic, but she would not leave the pitiful little figure comfortless.

«Mebby being lofed 'll cure him, Betsy,» she whispered, as she was whirled off. «I—I 'fe heerd so.»

And thus for once at least did Polly justify her stimulating name—Angel-Wine!

With this brave cheer in her simple heart, Betsy turned again to Tress's music. Inevitably her eyes sought his face, and now she glowed upon him in a way that even doubting Tress could not wholly mistake; and by some happy chance he looked down upon her. She blushed an instant at his detection of her, but then her face grew all the brighter—which was very bright indeed. And so, when it came to going home, and Tress somehow found her hovering at hand and still inviting him with that wistful smile, he very gently took his place at her side.

Betsy looked tremblingly backward to see

if her heart had at last told her aright,—for these shy gallants always approach from the rear,—and seeing that it had, she straightway surrendered herself with a joy all too apparent. But Tress was utterly bereft of the few words of ceremony which every rustic lays up for such an occasion. He knew that girls were taught to shun him; yet here was the prettiest one in all the township preferring him, sighing happily, looking up in a way to distract him.

But he did manage to say that it was a nice evening, at which Betsy only blushed. Then, that he might not misinterpret her silence, she hastened to take his arm, for that was the customary way of letting one know that one's company was acceptable; and that he might know just how acceptable his was, she drew it close under her fluttering heart, and ever closer and closer as they walked.

Tress had never before seen any one home in this formal way, so he said apologetically:

«Betsy, if I don' know how to behafe, you ken tell me so, an' I 'll go—'way.» And he gulped aridly upon the last word.

«Yes,» said Betsy, breathlessly; but she tightened her hold on his arm.

Tress tried manfully to break the silence which followed:

«I like moonlight nights; don't you?»

«It 's t'e ivver gehnde,»¹ Betsy suggested with subtle irrelevance.

«Yes,» said Tress, gladly; «mebby sings 'll make a change now.»

Betsy pressed his arm fervently. Everything was to date from this night for her.

Tress plunged perspiring into another silence.

«You did n't hafe no nice time to-night, Betsy?»

«I nefer had no nicer time!»

«But—you did n't dance?»

«No.»

«An'—an'—» his voice faltered a little—«you did n't play no games?»

«No.»

«Nor—nor git kissed?»

It took Betsy a long time to muster sufficient courage for her answer. It seemed criminal not to be kissed at a husking. She understood that a strong defense was necessary.

«N-no—account the music. I liked it so—an' I—I—» And even then one must both have seen her face and heard her voice to guess at the meaning of this.

¹ The moon in its ascent of the constellation Cancer, a fortunate time for any undertaking.

But even in that disjected phrase each had a prodigious something to think of: she that all the evening he had «noticed» her, projecting thence a beautiful, unobtrusive surveillance through the years in which she had thought him indifferent; he to wonder with addled head whether she had not danced because she wished to enjoy his music the more, or, at last, in the cruel doubt of everything good that came to him, whether it was not fine enough to dance to, and her pretty little unfinished phrase all irony—irony, indeed, from Betsy! But he had heard only her palpitating little voice when he should also have seen her face.

He made his adieux bravely and cheerily.

«Well—so goot night, Betsy. Schlafe' sie wohl.»

«Well—so goot night, Tress. Tress—bring you' fiddle if—if you come to see me—any—time.»

Tress walked home in the middle of the road, pondering this cunning invitation; and when at last he thought he understood it, he struck gaily into his favorite «Lauterbach.» And Betsy, at her window, heard it, and crept guiltily and happily to bed.

It was therefore a very painful surprise for Betsy, when next they met, to find Tress shying off from her as if he repented everything that had happened on that walk home. It was the question of what she had meant about his music. When it took its worst phase he would avoid her; when it took its best he would go to her with his fiddle, as she had desired. But he was dishearteningly uncertain.

That this might end, Betsy determined, one sleepless night in bed, that she would bravely let him know she loved him.

«My hair iss yellere'r 'n hisn,» she said in the morning, as she looked in the glass, and flung it upward in a shining spray. Then she tossed her head in a way quite foreign to her. «He's got to say he likes me. Yit—no, no, no!» That seemed odiously aggressive. «I know what: I'll make myself chust as pooty as efer I ken; an' if I git a chance—»

She did make herself pretty in a very simple and charming way—with a ribbon in her hair and a dainty white apron at her waist.

And the opportunity came. While they sat on the broad porch, in the moonlight, among the hollyhocks, Tress took courage to continue the conversation they had begun nearly two years before:

«It wass a nice night, wass n't it, Betsy?»

She knew just what night he meant.

«The nicest one I efer seen,» she answered softly, moving toward him.

«Most as moonlight as to-night.»

«Oh, more! I could see right in you' eyes.»

«Now, Betsy! Honest?»

She nodded saucily, and moved a little closer.

«Could n't you see in mine?»

«You would n't 'a' let me.»

«You did n't ast—you did n't—try—»

«Lem me now?»

She turned up her face. She was quite close to him now, but he moved a little nearer—a fraction of an inch, perhaps.

«Blue!—oh, like the sky!»

Tress had her face between his hands, and was trembling violently.

«Betsy—I—I'd like to—kiss you!»

She said not a word. And she could get no closer.

«Betsy—»

She puckered her lips—and the damage was done. No one could have misunderstood or withstood that.

Afterward he was as brave as a lion.

«Betsy?» he whispered.

«What?» she whispered back.

«I could feel you' heart beat!»

«Oh!» Betsy covered her face.

Tress's courage grew to bravado; she was quite off guard, and he slipped his arm around her waist, looking away while he did it.

To his surprise, he was not repulsed; instead, her head drooped very slowly toward him till it rested on his shoulder.

«Oh, Betsy!»

«Oh, Tress!»

That was all for a long time. Tress had never dreamed of such ecstasy. Betsy had her heart's desire.

«Betsy, I 'll nefer forgit *that* night,» said he.

«I 'll nefer forgit *this* one,» said she.

Tress got back to his problem presently.

«You said you liked the music that night.»

«Yes.»

«Yit you did n't dance—nor play no games—nor git kissed?»

«No.»

«For why, Betsy—for why, liebst'?»

«Oh!»—she threw up her face, full of tears and joy at once,—«becauss—becauss you did n't ast me—an'—an' I—I did n't want to be ast—nor kissed—by no one else.»

Then she escaped and ran into the house.

Tress tried to sing on his way home that night, and it was not entirely in vain.

«It's funny, I nefer knowed she was so pooty tell I looked in her face to-night. I

use' n't to like no such taffy hair—account I got such a lot of it myself, I expect. But it's nice on her—'most like angels' I 'fe seen painted.»

This was his only hyperbole.

«Mebby it's the moonlight?»

This reflection lasted a mile. Then he gallantly decided that the moon had nothing to do with it.

«Some day I 'm a-go'n' to marry her! Yessir!»

This lasted all the way home and well into the next day, when he intimated it to his father, dealing rather with the state of Betsy's affection than his own.

«Ha, ha, ha!» roared the old man. «Tress, she's in lofe wiss you; she wants to marry you, I bet a cow. An' she 'll do it if you don't look out. A' innocent feller like you, Tress, don't stand no chance whatefer. Women air always up to some gosh-hanged defilishness, exspecial ff t'ey got yellor hair. I know 'em like t'e dictionary! Oh, I ain't as big a fool as I look. Why—you' mammy, Tress—she was c-razy after me, an' red-headed yit! I chust married her to git red a breach-of-promise suit. *Yas!* You look skeered 'bout t'at, Tress? So! Well, it's a little bit a lie. She would n't 'a' sued me; she knowed I wass n't wort' no fip'ny-bit wiss-out my clothes. For why you look at me in t'at funny kind a way? You would n't sink it of me, account I ain't pooty *now*, hah? So! Well, when I look in t'e glass I got to acknowledge 'at I ain't. But when I set up wiss you' mammy I wass a' ot'er-guess kind a looking feller: mostly clothes an' musk—brass coat an' blue buttons on, wiss a swaller-tail on behint, an' a large ruffle out in front; stoffe-pipe on one end of me, an' calf-skin boots on t'e ot'er—use' to screech so 'at people sought it wass pig-sticking time. Poor mammy! she died when you wass born—t'ey skeered her to deat'.»

Tress knew what he meant. He took off his old straw hat, and toyed with it irresolutely; and when he at last put his thought into words, hope and fear were pathetically mingled.

«I—expect you would n't like it if me an'—Betsy—wass to git—married—some time?»

«Married!» his father shouted. «Oho, ho, ho! Oh—you joking, Tress—not?»

Then, as he saw how Tress's face fell, something inexpressibly gentle came into his own.

«Er—wass you r'a'ly sinking 'bout gitting married, Tress—Tressy?» he asked softly.

«Yes, sir, we—wass.»

«I did n't know it, Tressy; I did n't know it, else I would n't 'a' spoke so. It's a ser'ous sing. You—you ain't *talked* nossing 'bout it yit, I expect?»

His voice was kind and pitiful, and there was a queer effect of moisture at his eyes.

«No, not—yit.»

«I 'm glad. I 'm afeard it won't do, Tress.»

Tress shrank guiltily together. They were in the field, and the old man was seated on his plow. He drew Tress between his knees, and caressingly pushed his hair back.

«No, no, Tress; put it out you' head. Anyhow, you chust a little boy yit. I promised t'e mammy. I 'll keep you wissout a cent to pay, Tress, as long as you life; an' when I die, which won't be so long no more,—not so long,—you git what's left of t'e ole farm. But we must stay toget'er, Tress; you all I got, an' I all you got.»

Tress was silent, and the old man, thinking the worst of his task over, went on more lightly:

«Tress—you could n't make no lifing, an' Betsy's a orphen wiss nossing to expect. You would n't let her airn you' keep?»

Yet this was the cunningest argument he could have used; for Tress could not endure the thought of eating his bread in the sweat of a woman's brow. Still he added in a palliative way:

«It's anot'er reason, but—»

«I know it,» said Tress, briefly. «I got enough reasons.»

«Er—who tole you?»

«Eferybody!»

«T'ey ought n't 'a' tole you. Yit—if you know—Some *must* be born nix-nutzich; it's a kind of accommodation to t'e ole boy an' t'e haexerei.¹ We wass sorry—eferybody wass—it hit you. But I ken keep you, if you don't bring a wife an' a whole pack of little nixies along. A little farm wiss a big mor'gige on top won't stand it. Put it out you' head, Tress; you chust a little boy, anyhow—not so?»

It was all very gentle, but very decided. Both understood that.

«I expect so. I 'm sorry I said anysing about it,» Tress murmured.

As he went chokingly away, the old man's voice followed him with its last cruel blow—crueler than he knew; crueler than he meant.

«Anyhow, Tress, no nixy ought to git married, account it's ketching—t'e wife an' childern 'd git it sure as a gun. An' t'at 'd be bad—mighty bad a-always gitting blamed

¹ The devil and the witches.

for it. Oach! I know how it iss wiss women—all right at first, an' t'ey'd go srough fire for you. But t'at wears off after while; an' t'en!—why, t'ey ken blame you wiss chust t'e eyes!»

And this was the end of Tress's first dream. It had been very sweet, but—the end had come. He avoided hapless little Betsy from that day forth.

It was not easy to meet day by day her plaintive, questioning eyes; but in time it became a heroism with him. He tried to make his final renunciation of her appear in his gentle face when they met; but it only made her nostrils quiver the more, and her breath to come in quicker gasps, for Tress's face did not speak his mind.

But suffering made the lonely little girl brave; and one day she timidly laid her hand on his arm as he was about to pass her. As he turned almost fiercely toward her, she had the sudden fear of a blow, and quickly withdrew her hand. But there was that in her lovely eyes which unmade Tress's resolution. He stopped, and Betsy touched his arm again.

«What I done, Tress—oh, what I done?»

But then, with her dainty, suffering face upraised to his, he remembered those last words of his father, and turned from her and away as if a lash fell at each step. Betsy faltered toward him, and then on aimlessly up the hill; while he hurried home, and made wild errands to the barn, the corn-crib, and the cider-presses—he could not remember for what. Finally he crouched behind the board fence of the yard, and saw Betsy go by; and this, he knew, was his purpose. She had her handkerchief to her eyes, and was sobbing. Once, as if she was aware that he was there, she looked up. It was a glance that made Tress hold his breath, and when she was gone he stole from his place with a heart hardened against the world that had put such a cruel necessity upon him.

His father was coming into the yard, and they met at the gate. He too had seen Betsy crying, and now he saw with a vague intelligence Tress's set face.

«Why, Tress,» he said gently, «iss it as bad as t'at?»

«Yes!» answered Tress, savagely, turning his back upon him.

«Oh, gosh a'mighty!»

He twisted and untwisted his gnarled fingers without moving from the spot. Finally he went into the stall of the cow Juke, of whom he sometimes took counsel.

«Juke,» he said, «what shell I do? Tress an' me's had a fuss. We never had no fuss afore. I dunno what to do.»

The old cow turned and licked his hand.

«You right, Juke,» he said very humbly, interpreting the caress according to his mood. «I'll go an' ast his parton. I done wrong—if he is chust a boy.»

He did this, and Tress received it with a calm, manful indifference that staggered him. And afterward not a day passed but he made some humble, clumsy attempt to establish their former intimacy. It was useless. Tress was firm in maintaining some secret status he had fixed which disestablished their old camaraderie and changed him from boy to man.

III.

THE TAKING OFF (AND ON AGAIN) OF BETSY.

So three years went by. Betsy had faded slowly out of sight—almost of memory—of all but Tress; and he only knew, vaguely, at last, that she could not leave her bed, and that the end might come at any moment. To his furtive inquiries the people answered that she had the *opp-nehme*,¹ while the doctor said only a little less understandingly that it was anemia. But Betsy, when she was told, smiled at both these diagnoses in a wan, angelic way—they were so far wrong!

«I know what's the matter wiss me,» she said, with another smile; «an' if—if Tress wants to know—» Her wistful eyes completed the thought.

So one day they brought him, like a culprit, to her bedside.

It was a beautiful day of the new spring, and through the opened window there came the faint perfume of wild violets from the meadow beyond. She lay there in the tall white bed, in the low-ceiled room, comparable with nothing Tress's fancy held but those angels he had seen painted. The sweet morning sun was in her face, and her great blue eyes were turned toward the door. And when he came, lo! she did not revile him; she smiled upon him as on that evening at the barn. Then, without fear, she put out her wasted little hand and drew him to the bed. She was quite gay.

«They made me pooty for you, Tress,» she said fondly, pointing to the ribbon which was woven into her hair, and the puffed sleeves of her night-dress.

Tress was silent with a kind of terror, and she fondled his hand, fitting her own small

¹ Literally, «the taking off.»

one within it presently, and letting it remain there.

"Tress," she whispered softly, as she nestled to him, "*you* know what's the matter wiss me, don't you?"

"Yes; you—sick," he answered huskily.

She looked up with a bright smile. He was distractedly smoothing the counterpane; his face was wet with tears.

"Oh, Tress," she said archly, "can't you guess better 'n t'at?"

There was something in his throat; he shook his head.

"Poor Tress! poor Tress! You crying for me? 'T'en I must tell you—yes."

But she did not immediately. Instead she looked at him a long while with that strange, arch smile on her face, inviting a question. Then she drew him down till his cheek touched her own.

"Tress, my heart's broke," she said quite simply.

As if she had accused him, he let his head droop forward, and groaned.

"Oh!" she said with soft remorse, "does it hurt you? I don't want to—I don't want to, Tress. Chust—I—I'm *go'n'* to die, Tress, an' I wanted to tell you—I wanted to tell you myself. I sought it would be nice for you to sink 'bout ef—afterwerds. I could tell you *any*ing—now." She paused an instant, while a pretty flush came to her pale face. Then she went on in whispers: "Ain't it anysing—you'd like—to—ast me—Tress—before—" But he was shrinking away from her. "Oh, forgife me, Tress! I could n't help it! Oh, forgife me—forgife me—Tress—*darling!*"

The daring word was in her eyes as well as on her lips begging for that which he could give, and he alone. Something within him answered—something quite beyond his control. He wrapped her strongly in his arms, and swept her face with gusty kisses.

"My God! I lofe you—you know I lofe you!—better 'n heafen!"

Betsy panted wildly in his arms.

"Chust—account—account I'm *go'n'* to die, Tress?"

Though he hurt her, she crept closer to him, and her voice was wondrous.

"Tress, is it pity—chust pity?"

"No; it is lofe," he said fiercely. "It has been all my life—all my life; chust—" he beat the air with one hand, as if driving some obtrusive thing back—"you *shell* marry me!"

"Oh, Tress!" she said. "If you lofe me—I don't want to die. Hold me fast, so I life—Tress!"

"Die! You got to help me to show 'em 'at I ain't—that. You got to!"

"Oh, Tress! if it's all so—if you'll always be this a-way to me—I will; I think I ken."

IV.

A KIND OF STUFF CALLED LOVE.

TIMOLIAN ALTHOFF lived somewhere within the edge of the Barrens, a wild stretch of alternate hill and swamp-land yielding grudgingly only chincapins and blackberries. Out of these he made a scant summer living, leaving the winter's necessities a mystery to all but those who believed it possible for him to hibernate; and there were such. Besides, Althoff lived on terms of the closest intimacy with the mystics who now and then came to inhabit the Barrens, and to them such a thing as food was believed to be a mere bagatelle. From the first fall of snow to the last thaw his place at the store was vacant. Then, pale, emaciated, ragged, and slinking, he would appear, and renew his intercourse, with a grisly air of having been there yesterday, and the day before, and the day before that, in some invisible, attenuated way. But no one had ever questioned Althoff of his doings, except in the most indirect way. To do so would have been to invite a peculiar species of disaster.

As for Althoff himself, when he appeared at the store in the spring he was unquestionably human, for he was always ravenously hungry—and thirsty. Yet there was a settled conviction there that the Schwartz-Frau had obtained power from the devil to change her hireling from body to spirit, and from spirit to body again, at will.

It was somewhere in the interior of the Barrens that this chief of the mystics held her empire. Sometimes—usually in winter, when the winds were high—there was said to be with her an innumerable company of her uncanny subjects; then there was wild revelry there, and even the most devoted patrons of the black art gave the place a wide berth. Then the Schwartz-Frau was understood to relax her unholy care of the neighborhood for these Walpurgis orgies, and the only thing that stood between the people and the riotous witches was this beggarly, clay-faced Timolian Althoff, whom she had disembodied and made her vice-regent.

But the winds would cease, the haexerei return to the upper air, Althoff to the store, and by these one might know that the mystic was again in control of the sources of

good and evil, and ready to serve all who might seek her.

And though no one had yet been found to confess that he had been there, a well-indicated path led from the public road to the mystic's cabin. This secrecy was partly due to the fact that the rarest time to seek the Schwartz-Frau was in the dark of the moon, when the black unner-gehnde¹ held control. No known necessity was dire enough to induce any one to travel this path when the sun shone or the moon was prying under the trees; if the rain fell and the thunder roared and the lightnings flashed, all the better.

They came to her for all things; but oftenest to weave, of the mysterious things of earth and heaven and hell, the «Brauch.»²

By this they hoped to accomplish and prevent everything that is worth accomplishing and preventing, reaching from life to death, from riches to poverty, from health to sickness; and, finally, to command that cunning beggar, Love.

On the 20th of April, 18—, as the company at the store was discussing the great risk the store-keeper ran in whitewashing his stove so early in the season, Timolian Althoff entered.

The loafers, as was their wont, gave him a diplomatic if rather ironical welcome.

«Well, Timolius, out you' hole onct more?»

«Thawed out a'ready, Timolius?»

«Airly, ain't it?»

«T'e Black Woman onchain you a'ready?»

«Got soul an' body toget'er ag'in?»

«Ain't some ot'er feller by mistake, hah?»

«Timolius, how you tore you' britches so?»

Timolian went straight to the cracker-drawer, and gave them no attention till some one proposed a drink of apple-jack. Then he looked anxiously up. It had been suggested by young Harman, the justice's son, who was not a Dunkard, and toward whom Althoff edged his way. They joined in a generous libation, and Althoff returned to the cracker-drawer smiling his intense satisfaction, but saying nothing till the apple-jack had done its perfect work. Then he looked round upon the company with a brilliant and incautious eye.

«Huh! what yous know 'pout t'e ole black defil?»

Young Harman winked to them for a clear field.

«Nossing, Timolius; nossing,» he answered encouragingly.

¹ The moon in its descent of the constellation Cancer, a time of evil influence.

² A spell or charm worked by incantation.

«Well, I do,» and the berry-picker leered at him.

Harman cunningly asked him to have more apple-jack.

«I nefer knowed it to go to t'e spot so.» Althoff smiled joyously, and Harman agreed with him.

«You ain't no Dunkard, air you? I won't tell no damn Dunkard nossing.»

But it had to be recalled to him.

«Oach, yas! Say, who d' you sink goes t'ere reg'ler now?»

The young justice said insidiously that he did not know.

Althoff had again forgotten him for the irresistible cracker-drawer. This new eccentricity of memory was most aggravating. Harman was already looking toward the end of the counter where the demijohn was hidden when the proprietor peremptorily pushed the cracker-drawer shut with his foot. Althoff in pained and indignant silence reeled out of the store.

The loafers eyed one another in dismay.

Young Harman started for the door.

«I'll break his neck off if he don't tell,» he threatened ominously.

But they would not permit this wanton homicide. Besides, if he was what they suspected him of being, his neck could not be broken off, and it would be very dangerous to try, they argued.

«I'm a-go'n' to find out,» insisted Harman. He went to the door and shouted in his great voice:

«Yere!»

Then he retreated to a safe place behind the counter.

A moment afterward Althoff, trembling in every limb, put his head in at the door.

«Tress Kitzmiller!» he announced, and vanished.

«Chust what I sought,» said Harman, triumphantly. «He's got power of t'e Black Woman and haexed her.»

Presently some one ventured a halting question:

«Haexed who?»

«Her!» said Harman.

«You don' r'aly sink he's witchcrafted—nobody?»

«Yas; Betsy Liebhart! An' he wants to brauch t'e nix-nutzich away so's she'll marry him.»

«It can't be done! No, sir; not oanless God A'mighty works a miracle.» It was a sad-eyed loungee—theretofore unheard—who spoke.

«Can't, can't it?» asked a dogged-looking newcomer. «You durn young foo-el! that's

all you know. Anysing ken be done. She don't need no God A'mighty to work her kind o' miracles. She wants t'e o'ter feller—you hear? Blood an' t'e defil ken do 'most anysing.» He made a mysterious motion of cutting crosses on his breast, and spoke with reckless conviction.

«Oh, you been t'ere too?» said Harman, with a half shudder.

«I been t'ere,» answered the other, grimly. «Mebby you notice t'e lightening struck Bill Blinsinger's barn, hah?»

«Sh-h-h!» whispered the young man, listening.

«T'e defil! I ain't afeard of nossing no more. I seen him pull hair out between the horns of his bull an' feed it to mine. Well, I ain't got no bull no more, but he's got to build a new barn! He tried to spell-bind me, but I carry words ag'in' it. Tried to shoot me, an' t'e black she-defil witchcrafted his gun—tied one his bullet-patches on a willer-limb an' hung it in a raffle so his gun shakes t'at a-way all t'e time—oh!—»

«Sh-h-h-h!»

Harman pointed anxiously to the door, where Tress's father was entering.

«Goshens! you fellers look as solemn as a pa'cel of possums up a gum-tree of a cold winter's night, an' a feller down below wiss a gun yit. Anybody dead, hah?»

They were silent with the guilty sense of having contributed to some intrigue of the young justice involving him. The old man looked at them quizzically a moment, then a perceptible twinkle came to his eye.

«Goshens! what faces yous got on! You ken measure 'em by t'e yard. T'e barber in town 'd charge yous fifteen cents apiece to shafe 'em, an' lose money on t'e job. Now *would* n't yous look funny if you 'd all git shafed onct—if t'e church 'd *make* yous? Aha, ha, ha! Y-you 'd nefer know each o'ter in t'e world—nefer! An' you' britches iss bow-leggeder'n efer!—like t'ey wass cut wiss a circ'ler saw. Boyss, you been in some mitschiefs anoter—what iss it? Secert, hah? Well, I 'll tell yous anoter, you keep 'em so goot—a funny one. *Somesing*'s got to be done to shorten you' countenances. You 'll tramp on you' chin-whiskers after w'ile—*yas*. Well, sence it ain't no chance for a funeral, what do yous say to a—a wedding, hah?» and now he suddenly faced about and addressed the young justice.

A wedding would be just the thing, the others said innocently.

«Well, how many of yous ready to git married?»

This required only a smile of deprecation.

«Somebody's chust *got to*, an' if none of yous air ready I 'll make my Tress. I 'm chust sick for—a little—» He broke into his favorite waltz. «Say, boyss; come ofer to t'e house to-morrer at about half-a-past eight A. M., an' see what 'll happen. An' if any of yous sees ole preacher Kellermann, ketch a holt an' bring him along. Tell him 'at if eferysing turns out right he 'll git a nice shoat wiss a pink ribbon round his neck—t'e shoat's neck. If he wants to know what's up, tell him it's somesing like a funeral going on—chust wissout no corpse—aha, ha, ha! Look a-yere! Come ofer anyhow; an' if Tress does git away from us we 'll haf some cider, an' when it ain't no preachers about no more a little apple-jack. Cider for t'e fellers wiss t'e bow-legged britches, an' apple-jack for t'e fellers 'at don' wear no suspenders, Harman. Well, don' fergit; come you'selves, an' infite eferybody 'at trinks eiter cider or apple-jack. I trink bose. An'—say, chust keep a' eye on Tress, so 's he don' git away.»

He went hurriedly to the door, as if to go; then, apparently upon a sudden thought, returned, and seated himself with great deliberation. He let his eyes rest upon each, as if he would seriously read their thoughts. Then he spoke with a great assumption of regret:

«A—boyss, it chust seems by t'e size of you' faces 'at you excusing me of yoking my nix-nutzich Tress wiss t'e likeliest girl in t'e State of Pennsylvany. Well, it ain't so; I ain't guilty; I tried to stop it, but she's as stubborn as seferal mules. An' she's chust as goot as new, an' her mind seems stronger'n it efer wass, exspecial on t'e subject of my Tress. She says Tress done it all. Wonderful! I like to know what for kind a medictine he gev' her t'at time he went to see her? You fellers don' know neiter, I expect?»

They confessed that they did not.

«No; so I sought. Yous efer heerd 'bout a kind a stuff t'ey call—*lofe*? You git it at t'e 'pot'ecary shop, I sink—'bout fife cents a bottle; looks kind a white like warter, an' grows on a tree in t'e woods. No? Well, it's a new sing, I expect, an' you ain't come across it yit. My—my—my, but it's powerful! It ain't our fault; it's hern. Mebby she's yit oander t'e influence of t'e medictine. An' Tress—I got to confess 'at he's resigned to his fate. But mebby some of yous 'd be willing to safe him by marrying Betsy? Yit t'e worst of it iss 'at she won't haf none of yous—I ast her; an' it must be two to chust a contract; ain't so, Harman?»

Harman's knowledge of the law having been appealed to, he gave a hostile assent to this.

«Yas; so I sought, so I sought. *Oach!* I tole her right in her face 'at I could n't see what she wanted wiss no such nixy like my Tress—an' when she could git a nice feller I knowed of chust c-razy after her. Well, she laughed right back in *my* face. It made me mad, so it did; an' I saays right out, says I: 'You dogged little lunatic, it *ain't* no nicer feller 'n Harbach Harman; an'—»

The young man strode out, promising him something unpleasant if he would kindly follow him and waive the difference in their ages. The gentle Dunkards now remembered that Harman had long been a troublesome suitor for the hand of little Betsy.

«Now I done it ag'in, I expect. Well, I can't help it if t'e bird in t'e bush sets right down on t'e rolling stone, an' won't git away; ken I, boyss? No. Well, come ofer an' make merry wiss t'e fattened calves:

«Wir lieb' nix weib wein un' g'pang
Der bleib' 'n norr sei' lebenslang.

Come one, come all. Anyhow, I expect Harman won't come now. Ai, ai, ai! It's good I'm a' ole man, else I'd be licked a'ready.» He went sorrowfully out.

V.

«THE MADONNA OF THE WASH-TUB.»

BETSY was at the wash-tub, and that was a sight worth one's while. With her sleeves rolled up from her pretty pink-and-white arms, disclosing at the top the soft whiteness of some mysterious undergarment, an old, soft kerchief of yellow confining her wilful hair, her skirts tucked up—away above her trim ankles, she never looked prettier than just this way, dipping into the cloud of white suds, holding a piece of clothing up to the light, bending and straightening with exquisite and unconscious grace. Then, too, she sang at her work:

A little ship was on the sea—

It was a pretty sight;

It sailed along so pleasantly,

And all was calm and bright—

keeping time on the wash-board.

With little Betsy one would not have thought to call the work menial; one would have had, rather, a conviction that there may be something charming about the homeliest labor. Of course Betsy had her moments of aberration, when she would take the pins out of her skirts, and tuck under

her belt a starched handkerchief, and so be uncomfortably «dressed up.» But she was always glad to get back to the tub, or to her baking or her butter-making—as you would have been, had you been there to see her. And at these again, I promise you there is nothing daintier in Dresden ware.

And now there was a reason for her blooming roundness that made her doubly attractive to those who had the good fortune to know it; but, unhappily, even Betsy had her caprices, and Tress was not of these.

One may not tell exactly why it was that she dropped a certain small garment back into the tub at his sudden approach, and then gave a little gasp, and put her hand up to her heart in that way, and, after all, laughed long and merrily, then ended by blushing like a rose—one may not tell. But Tress knew that she looked all the lovelier for it, and he called her something that brought the happy tears to her eyes. Still she bent over her tub. Quite by accident she brought up one of his shirts.

«Tress, what *air* these, anyhow?»

She pointed out three crosses rudely shaped in blood on the bosom.

«*Oach!*» he answered, with all the indefinable evidences of guilt. «Lem me see—chust scratches, I expect.»

«But, Tress,» persisted Betsy, without a particle of suspicion, «I 'fe washed 'em out so often lately.»

«Yes; that 's when I wass a-cutting down t'e wild blackberry-bushes.»

To Betsy's surprise, he kissed her and hastened away, instead of lingering till he was driven off. She turned to her work as if it had all been a feint.

«I nefer saw no one so—so—*dumb!*»

VI.

A LEOPARD WITHOUT HIS SPOTS.

PERHAPS Tress's father can best tell how the boy won a fame for thrift that was above reproach. At all events, he will do him greater honor in the telling than anybody else possibly could; for he will, as is his wont, deal in hyperbole, give him great credit for small things, and magnify him altogether. But this will be pardoned because of the innocent love between them, once more without a shadow. And, then, he has a confession to make, a sad thing for an old man.

«Confidential, boyss, it 's t'e doggedest sing I efer seen—yas! Why, I said onct 'at he could n't drife no furrow no straighter 'n a mule's hind laeg—my Tressy.»

They courteously feigned a lack of recollection concerning so vile an accusation.

«Oach! git out, now! Yous recomember well enough; chust yous don't want to let on. Don't be so *durn* nice to me!»

The gentle Dunkards then remembered what he wished.

«Yas. Oach! don't mind me! You see pooty soon how little account I am. I'm a-go'n to do chustice to my Tress an' if t'e heafens fall down on top of me. So—confidential—boyss, he ken beat *me* a-drifing furrows now—u-hu!—all holler! What you sink? Yous all know what *t'at* means—a-beating *me* a-drifing furrows! An' t'e cows 'at use' to fool him all round t'e yard—like I tole yous—t'ey almost take off t'eir hats to him as he passes by now. An' ole Peter, 'at use' to hate 'im so—t'ey chust go about toget'er like brot'ers, arm in arm. *Calfes!* Gosh! yous mind what I said 'bout calves? Well, he chust make so wiss his finger, an' t'ey foller him, 'most like t'e Scriptur' an' t'e sheeps. Oach! yas; I know it's hard to believe, but it's all *so*. I ain't afeard to cross my breast about it.»

He went cautiously to the door and looked up and down the road; then, taking the brick away, he carefully closed it, and tried the latch.

«An', boyss, yere's t'e funniest sing yit—hush! somebody coming? No. I don't want efery outsider to hear it. Mebby I'd better not tell yous; but chustice must be done, like I said. Well, we git about fife bushels more to t'e acre 'n we use' to, an' better wheat yit, account a fertilizer Tress invented. Yassir! Eferysing he takes a holt of goes chust like it wass greased. Why—hush! hush pertic'ler, boyss—»

He put his hand to his mouth, and delivered his secret in a huge whisper:

«T'e dogged mor'gige iss half gone! Aha, ha, ha! What you sink ag'in? *Half*, mind yous! Well, well, well! I knowed you'd be astonished. Oh! t'e maddest man in t'e whole United States, t'e last sree years, iss ole Zigler. Dog if he ain't got dyspepsy, an' epilepsy, an' nerfous distraction, an' I don't know what *yit*, chust account of Tress a-keeping his bile stirred up constant an' all t'e time a-running o'er in his bread-basket, pestering him wiss t'e back interest on t'e mor'gige. Aha, ha, ha! He—he—»

The old man rolled on the counter in the ecstasy of some joke.

«—he—hush!—he expected to git t'e ole farm an'—an'—*retire*, boyss—*retire*! Aha, ha, ha!—*retire*!—away from business—kind

a country place, you know. He—he tole me so a large number of times. Oh, gosh a'mighty! t'at's a great joke on—say, boyss, who's t'e joke on t'is time? Me?»

They said with emphasis that it was not.

«Right for onct, boyss—exsac'ly right. You improfing slowly. Well, I got to confess 'at I sought he'd retire to t'e ole place myself—yas, I did; I'm go'n to be honest wiss yous. I'd my mind all made up, an' efen looked around at t'e poorhouse a little for a warm room. But chust t'en along comes Betsy an' Tress, an' make me stay at home an' work—don't efen want to let me loaf at t'e store no more! Doggone it!»

But they could not be got to commiserate him.

«Could n't fool yous t'at time, chentlemen, could I? Yas; you improfing—sl-owly. So efery six mont's Tress he loads up t'e money-bag an' t'e horse-pistol, an' hitches up ole Peter, an' goes to town, an' comes back in t'e efening wiss—chust t'e horse-pistol loaded. T'at's a little sad—eferysing empty but chust t'e ole horse-pistol, an' nossing much about t'e house to eat but salt pork for a while. Anyhow, ole Zigler 'll die yit of t'e jimjams afore he retires—aha, ha, ha! Betsy!—she's a reg'ler kenally, boyss. She keeps t'e books!—*books!* What you sink? Like a store or a benk!»

But he had grown strangely tremulous and abstracted as he went on. It was as if he were approaching something shameful. For some moments he held a silence that was almost pensive, an unwonted and pathetic humor for him. Then the gaiety that nothing could quench flooded his face and sounded in his fine old voice. To regret a thing that was irretrievable was to him a folly; to live beyond the present was to cross bridges he might never reach; to be always in good humor with himself and all the world, that was bliss. And if this be not the best of philosophy, it had made him the happiest, if the most shiftless, of men. And happiness—that is what men strive for, even if it come with shiftlessness.

«Well, boyss, I—I got to—go,» he continued, with less of roguery; «yit I got to confess a sing—a pertic'ler sing—*afore* I go. Hush!—hush exspecial! Yit I'm a foo-el! It don't matter; t'e whole world 'll haf to hear it some time; chustice must be done. But, boyss, I hate to say it—I hate to say it.»

His old fingers trembled as he fumbled in childish irresolution at the buttons of his jacket; then he threw his head back and looked bravely up.

«Boyss, it's been a mistake all round. I—I been imposing on yous for sixty-five year t'e sird of next Jenewerry coming. Well, it's no use to fool wiss t'e sing. Listen! My Tress ain't no nix-nutz what-efer! I—me—Elijah P. Kitzmiller, am t'e nix-nutz! U-hu!»

He straightened up, and slapped himself accusingly on the breast.

«Yas; I'm t'e man. I knowed you'd be su'prised; I wass su'prised myself, an' sorry, when I first found it out. I expect you sorry, too. Mebby some of yous—like me—a little?»

They assured him, with some diffident shuffling of feet and hands, that they did.

«So. Yas; I'll go fu't'er, an' say I nefer wass so su'prised in all my life—no, nor so sorry, neit'er. Lifting round amongs' yous for sixty-five year t'e sird of next Jenewerry, an' nefer finding it out—like a whitewashed sepulcher or a leopard wissout his spots on. Tat's t'e worst fun about it—at I did n't know it. A—did you fellers efer notice anysing? Oh, gosh, boyss! mebby yous knowed it all t'e time, an' chust been a-letting me make a foo-el off of myself, laughing behint my back! Boyss, boyss, t'at wass n't nice of yous to a' ole man 'at nefer harmed a hair of you' heads—no, it wass n't! You ought 'a' tole me—you ought 'a' tole me!»

The young school-teacher came in.

«Sam, t'e definition wass all right, but you 'll haf to change t'e pictur'; I 'll git mine took for you. So, farrywell, boyss; farrywell!»

He waved his hand heavily as he went out, and the gentle idlers do not know to this day whether he chuckled or sobbed.

VII.

WELL—WAS NOT HER NAME LOVE-HEART?

BUT Tress was ill,—it could no longer be concealed,—and steadily growing worse; and, strangely enough, he seemed to grow more cheerful as he grew more ill. For a while his own spirit reassured Betsy; but there had come such a mysterious and unhalting progress to his distemper that she began to fear—then, as her fear grew, to be certain, as young wives will—that he was going to die.

She came quietly and climbed into his lap one night before the candles were lighted. This was not an unusual thing, to be sure; but it had an experimental effect now because she was going to tell him her great secret. That would make him care to live, as the

gift of his love had made her care to live, she thought happily. Then, too, on this particular night he was very gay, and the way to his heart quite open.

«Tress,» she began, searching him softly, «you ain't—sorry?»

«Sorry, liebst'? For what?» he asked guardedly.

«Oh! don't you suspicion—nossing?»

«Well, yes—yes, I do,» he ventured blindly.

«Oh!»—she was stricken with dire confusion, and hid her face in his coat—«you been fooling me?»

He let her believe by his owl-like silence that he had.

«It ain't fair,» she murmured. «But—you got to tell first.»

«Why,—lem me see,—'at that yeller calf's go'n to be a—muley?» he guessed whimsically, giving way to her. She laughed joyously.

«Tress, you like me as much as you did—that night?»

«What night?» he asked, with ostentatious forgetfulness.

«Oh, Tress! don't you know no more?» she reproached him.

«No; I don't sink I do, Betsy»; but he pinched her cheek. «I *lofed* you that night.»

«Tress, why you so—so—nice to me?»

«Why you so foolish?»

«I ain't foolish, Tress. Chust I sought mebby you did n't like me no more—account—account—darling!» She had her arms very tight about his neck, and was sobbing.

«Why, Betsy, what's the matter—say?»

«Tress, I got a secret!»

He waited for her to go on. There was a distinct guilt in his unquestioning silence.

«Tress, you ain't got no secret from me, haf you?» Betsy asked fearsomely. «Tress!»

Tress hesitated, and finally said, with an air of defeat: «Well—you got to know some time—»

He put her down, and lighted a candle. There was something so solemn and deliberate about the act that she began to tremble. He bared his breast. It was livid with scars, and there was yet discernible near his heart, in bloody characters, the result of his last visit to the mystic of the Barrens:

I
N I R
I
DULLIX—† † †— IX UX
I
N I R
I

Betsy had darkly heard of this terrible rubric to charm away an evil birthright. Her eyes questioned him in horror.

"Them wass the bloody crosses you seen. Don' be frightened, Betsy; it 's done now. God, but it wass awful! I—I got pooty weak on it, did n't I? I sink I'll git ofer it; but"—with a futile attempt at bravado—"if you wake up some morning, an' find me—well, dead—" the word wass very hard in the presence of witching little Betsy—"dead—why, you 'll know 'at the breed 's stopped, an' there won't be any more nix-nutzes of the name of Kitzmiller!"

As he went on, the whiteness of Betsy's face changed slowly to red; she drew closer, like a nestling chick; she looked down for very abasement. Presently she whispered, halting at every word:

"Oh—Tress—it 's—too—too—late!"

And Tress? After his consternation he turned up her face and solemnly read it.

"An' you—glad!" he grieved.

She nodded guiltily.

"After all my suffering!"

"Ah! How ken I help it!" she pleaded, with irrepressible rapture. "An', Tress,—she put her pink forefinger below that last ugly wound,—“ain't it chust a little spark of gladness down here under the Black Woman's foolishness? Ain't it, Tress?"

There wass a spark there, and the glow of her sweet young motherhood kindled it. She put her hand softly up to his cheek.

"If it ain't, I'm sorry for *you*, Tress, but not for anysing else. I ain't afeard. I wass n't afeard of *you* when efery one else wass."

Tress wass still holding the candle aloft, and its soft yellow light fell upon her up-turned face. She wass very beautiful to him in that rapt moment, full of some wondrous charm that he seemed to have never felt before. A subtle intelligence passed between them, and she panted closer to him.

"Oh, Tress! would n't you like to be called—" She drew him down, and whispered it. "Me!—I *dream* about it! Chust after while, in a little squeaky voice!" She pushed him off in tender roguery.

An honest tear rolled down Tress's cheek, quickly answered by others on Betsy's. They laughed together joyously at their folly.

"Betsy, you sink me a fool, don't you?"

"N-no; chust foolish."

She wass tugging to get his face down to hers again.

"Look out for the candle!" cried Tress, shakily.

"Candle! What do I keer for—candles!" she breathed in her fierce delight. "Lem me, Tress; please lem me!"

He let her have her way with him, and the spark she had kindled burst into flame.

"They 'll be like you—the little nix-nutzes. I want 'em to be. You so—so—" He had no adjective at hand exalted enough for her. Then he thought of her own. "Darling!"

It wass the first time he had ever used the daring word, and Betsy caught her breath.

"Tress! You sure, Tress? Don' call me *such* nice names except you sure?" She turned her head archly aside, an odd and charming attitude for her. "Tress, you—*sure*?"

"You little witch, you make it sure!"

"Witch yit! Tress—but you—*splendid* to-night!"

One arm had found its way around him. With the other she wass tenderly exploring his scarred breast. Her head wass tucked under his arm.

"You got somesing to take them away?" he asked shamefacedly.

She seemed to reflect. Then, with a little laugh, she darted into an inner room, returning instantly with a great ribbon-bound box. Tress looked his astonishment; he thought she had gone for a box of ointment. Betsy put up her hand threateningly.

"Hush! Shut you' eyes an'—guess!"

If he had suspected what the box contained he could not have guessed wider of the mark.

"Oh, you ken nefer guess! Tress, you awful—dumb! Look!" She flung off the lid.

The box wass full of very small and very dainty garments.

"But—" Tress began.

"Chust a little joke on you! They won't heal you—I got somesing for that. But they 'll make you forgit. Me!—I forgot eferysing else—but chust you. Tress, here's two little socks wiss tassels on an' blue ribbons in! An' here's a little—"

Tress gathered Betsy and all her dainty work in his arms.

"Oh, Tress," she cooed, "at first—chust right at first, mind you—I wass *afraid*. You wass n't glad—like me. Only—chust—right—at—first."

AT TWILIGHT.

BY GUY WETMORE CARRYL.

WAS it so long? It seems so brief a while
Since this still hour between the day and dark
Was lightened by a little fellow's smile;
Since we were wont to mark
The sunset's crimson dim to gold, to gray,
Content to know that, though he loved to roam
Care-free among the comrades of his play,
Twilight would lead him home.

A year ago! The well-remembered hail
Of happy-hearted children on the green
We hear to-night, and see the sunset pale,
The distant hills between:
But when the busy feet shall homeward turn,
When little wearied heads shall seek for rest,
Where shall you find the weight for which you yearn,
Ah, tender mother-breast?

Dear lips, that in the twilight hushed and dim
Lulled him with murmured fantasies of song;
Dear slender arms, that safely sheltered him,
The empty years are long!
The night's caressing wind moves babbling on,
And all the whispered gossip of the firs
Is busy with his name who now is gone—
My little lad and hers!

But if we so, with eager eyes and glad,
Looked forward to his coming in the gloom;
If so our hearts leaped out to meet the lad
Whose smile lit all the room,—
Shall there not be a Presence waiting thus
To still the bitter craving of the quest?
Shall there not be a welcome, too, for us
When we go home to rest?

Yes, God be thanked for this: the ashen-gowned
Sweet presence of the twilight, and, afar,
The strong, enduring hills, in beauty crowned
With one white, steadfast star!
A year ago? What, love, to us are years?
The selfsame twilight, cool and calm and dim,
That led him home to us, despite our fears,
Shall lead us home to him!



A MAN WITHOUT A PAST.

BY JOHN D. RUFF.



PANTON, though it rather posed as a center of aristocratic dignity, was enjoying its genuine sensation as though it were the most vulgar little town on the map.

The strange young man did not get well. When found by the police, in the early morning, lying just off the sidewalk leading up from the railroad-station, he was breathing, and apparently without wounds or hurt, but unconscious; and though he had since regained his consciousness, and could eat and walk and talk, his memory was gone. He did not know his name, where he had come from, the nature of the accident which had befallen him, or the smallest prior event. When he was first found and carried to the Good Samaritan Hospital, Dr. Burns, the head physician, finding that he was neither drunk nor drugged, had his head shaved, and discovered a bruised place on the scalp, just over the pterion, round, and about the size of a silver dollar. A few tiny beads of blood which appeared on this spot must have been forced through the skin by pressure, as there was no puncture or rupture through which they could have come.

He slowly regained consciousness, and his power of memorizing began to reassert itself; but his memory of all past events, his former condition, and his relations and experience with the world in which he found himself, apparently remained a blank. He rapidly learned to talk, and his physical health appeared normal and unusually good. Some things he learned so fast that it appeared to be merely a reawakening or recognition of what he had known before. His material knowledge—of days, events, and physical facts—was only of things which he had learned after the accident. It was amusing to note how his inability to tell thwarted all attempts to determine what manner of man he was or had been, or what might have been his station in life. He was apparently between twenty-five and thirty years of age, a rather handsome fellow, with a good, strong face, no signs of dissipation in the skin or eyes, fairly smooth, soft hands, but without a scar or distinguishing mark

anywhere. His clothes were good, though not foppish, but without a name anywhere; and not a scrap of paper or a cent of money had been found on his person. From his rapid mastery of language, and the facility with which he learned the meaning and use of unusual words, it was thought that his education had been good. As Dr. Burns expressed it, his mind seemed to have the training of an adult brain, without any of the experiences.

Of course the mystery was intensified and kept alive by the constant visits of detectives and newspaper men, followed by physicians and brain specialists from all over the country, and one or two experts in hypnotism. Most of the physicians said that they would have believed the case impossible; and some added that therefore it was impossible, and the man was a fraud. Dr. Burns, though young and enthusiastic, declined to commit himself on this point, even to his wife; but to her it was evident that he hoped his already celebrated case was genuine.

When it appeared that the man would learn his past life only by the slow recognition of it as he came upon it little by little, a social rivalry sprang up for his possession as soon as he was allowed to come out of the hospital, and of course the Marshes easily carried off the prize. Mrs. Marsh and her daughter Minnie, a quiet, graceful girl of twenty, were as frankly curious as anybody; George Marsh, the only son, who ran down frequently for little visits from his haunts in the city, and who found Pantan after dinner just a little dull, was interested; and even Colonel Marsh, too high-bred for curiosity, conceived it not incompatible with his position as a director of the hospital to have the celebrated sick man to dinner.

By the time that event came around, some six weeks after the accident, the sick man's education, by omnivorous reading, had gone a long way forward, and he appeared resplendent in the proper clothes, and looking as though he was used to wearing them and attending dinner-parties all his life. Another guest at the dinner was a Miss Bolton, who was in Pantan from the city, on a long sum-

mer visit to Mrs. Burns; and it was she whom the sick man took out to dinner. She was a very pretty girl, and also a very rich one, with that certain indestructible air of high breeding which gives to its fortunate possessor unquestioned license to do as he or she pleases, without exciting the comment or criticism that would be sure to fall upon mortals less fortunately endowed.

"Though I have, of course, heard all about you," began Miss Bolton, "it seems impossible that it should be true, and that anybody in this old nineteenth-century world should have achieved fame in such an entirely new direction. A man of your age entirely without a past goes quite beyond the imagination. No doubt the cynics would tell you you ought to be the happiest man on earth."

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the sick man. "Dr. Burns tells me that every feeling—and I suppose he includes happiness—goes by comparison; and being, as you say, entirely without a past, I am without comparisons. I am like a precocious child, interested and curious about everything, and learning everything. Nevertheless, barring a few problems of a practical and prosaic nature, I think I am happy. My whole life, so far as I know it, has been made up of just such things as this,"—indicating the dinner and the company,— "and if I have any higher—or lower—aspirations, I presume I have only to gratify them. And yet"—with a slight sigh—"who knows but that the cynics are right? I may be a criminal, or a runaway husband, or some style of man that you and all my friends here would never care to have to do with."

"How marvelous!" exclaimed the girl, with amused interest. "But I think that is impossible. Do you suppose you are married?"

"My wife does not seem to miss me, if I am. But I think not, and the doctor agrees with me. When Mrs. Burns asked him the same question, he said that marriage was one experience which no man could forget. Besides, I do not feel married."

"Then you were not serious in fearing you might be a runaway husband?"

"Well, it would have its funny side, and," with a keen glance at the somewhat pompous figure at the head of the table, "the joke would be as much on our host and all of you as on me; but I meant it in all seriousness. Indeed, I am afraid I believe the cynics are right. Sometimes the awful possibilities of what I might have been—what I may be—make me quite gloomy."

"I would not let that trouble me much, if I were you," she said. "Doesn't the consciousness of what your tastes are make you feel satisfied that you are not as bad as that?"

"Ah, that's it! Taste is something the doctor denies me. He says that while abilities, appetites, and passions may be inherited, taste is largely a matter of education; and though some of the philosophers I have been reading do not agree with him, I am inclined to think he is right. If so, all my tastes have been formed in the last six weeks, so that virtually I have n't any. All that I have read has simply been undertaken with the idea of learning as much and as rapidly as I can, so that, while I have read with absorbing interest, I have neither formed nor discovered any tastes."

"But the books you read—don't you like some and dislike others?"

"I like them all—that is, I like to read them all. I approve of some and disapprove of others, and occasionally what the doctor recommends I find absurd and impossible."

"Judged by what standards?"

"Ah, there it is again! You see, it's a very serious business. I have no standards, no experiences; and yet I do judge books, and even people, as I've just explained."

"I see. Not thwarted by inherited and instilled conventionalities, you are able abstractly to determine between right and wrong, the true and the false. That's a delightful idea, and makes one understand why people so often wish they could unlearn things. Perhaps you are to be congratulated on having no standards."

"I don't know," he said in a discouraged way. "That sounds queer, and I hope you are not laughing at me. Really, the whole thing is a serious matter, and to-night it seems more serious than ever."

"Laughing! No; indeed I was not. Come, don't be so down-hearted! I'm sure it will all come out right; and I, for one, think you are quite—quite—"

"Quite the proper thing?"

"Well, yes," she said, with a laugh and a slight blush; "and"—laughing again—"I was almost on the point of telling you not to cry. How old are you?"

"Four weeks," he replied.

"Oh, of course; I might have known before I asked."

"How old are you?"

She smiled, and answered simply, "Nineteen."

"How pleasurable!" said he.

"Sir!" and she looked at him quickly.

His eyes were resting on her neck, where the tendrils of her bright red hair were curling before being gathered into a brilliant, burnished knot above; but he turned upon hers an untroubled, if a slightly regretful and preoccupied, gaze. Remembering what he had said of his lack of standards and tastes, she met his gaze with one which was meant to be freezing, as he quietly continued:

"How satisfactory to be nineteen—to be sure of that and all the rest; to be beautiful, wealthy, and accomplished; to know—there, you are offended! Now tell me why."

"Well, then, I'll tell you—since Dr. Burns insists that we must all assist in your education—that it is hardly conventional to ask a woman her age."

"Yes, the books have told me that; but you asked me my age."

"And, in the second place, if you must pay compliments, they should not be so absurdly broad and clumsy."

"Compliments?" he said, apparently puzzled. "Why do you suppose they are compliments? Is it not true that you are beautiful, and do you not know it? Come, now that you have given me the lesson, enlighten me further."

"I positively decline to. I perceive the doctor overestimates your need of education, and I am not sure that you are not taking undue advantage of your supposed lack of it."

"You say many hard things in a very few words; you are still angry."

"Yes, I believe I am; though"—smiling, in spite of herself, at his evident dejection—"I confess I do not know why."

"Well, then, I apologize; but I do it simply to regain your good will, and not because your lesson has made me aware of any wrong-doing."

"What an apology!" she exclaimed, smiling again.

"It is an honest one, though it may be unconventional."

"Well, then, I forgive you."

"Will you shake hands on it? That's conventional enough."

"Why, dear me, yes! There"; and she laughed as she held out her hand.

In the open summer life which followed the Marsh dinner-party, the people who comprised that set saw much of one another; and the sick man, with the consent of the doctor and the assistance of Mrs. Burns, was completely part of it. George Marsh advanced the theory that he would most quickly find his place in

the world by being allowed to choose his own level; and with this idea led him, as far as the doctor would permit, into every highway—to say nothing of the byways—that Panton had to offer. He did not show much fondness for George's society, however, and was quite tractable in remaining wholly within the Marsh set. He at once attached himself to Miss Bolton with the simplicity of a trusting child, becoming her knight-errant, shawl-bearer, and faithful follower; while she, by reason of a certain sympathy and interest, and a desire to help him, acted as his guide, philosopher, and friend, and, when needed, his special champion. And it was needed. She had many admirers whose jealous ire was raised at the sick man's monopoly of her, and her acquiescence in it; and it did not take long, naturally, for people to assert, with various degrees of amusement, rage, or irony, that the sick man had fallen in love with her as completely and unerringly as though guided by the experiences of a long and vividly remembered past. While carefully avoiding any approach to a discussion of this subject with him, with others she steadfastly maintained the absurdity of the idea; and she did it in a way that those of her admirers, or their backers, who might have dared to point out the folly and injustice of anything like encouragement of such an affair were silenced. Whenever the idea came to her that her unfortunate friend might be a fraud, as some of the others now intimated, and that he was attempting a flirtation with her, she put it aside, never thinking of her money, as a humiliating proof of her own vanity and disloyalty. Yet at times she felt somewhat helpless, and when in their tête-à-têtes the conversation took the half-tender turn which at will he seemed able to give it, she was surprised, and not a little disconcerted, to find how his honesty, directness, and unconventionality interfered with and thwarted her ability to fence. Convinced that this was nature and not art on his part, it filled her with a sense of his power and force, and in addition to a desire to help him, she found an undeniable attraction in his personality. At the same time, she had frequently recurring fears that if he did love her, his unsophistication and his simplicity might, at any least-expected moment, lead to a catastrophe or an unbearable situation. But as these fears dwindled without realization, her confidence in him and in herself increased. She found that with him she too could be unconventional, simple, and direct, and she enjoyed it.

The sick man himself seemed somewhat troubled in this time, and the watchful but purely scientific eye of Dr. Burns took note of a change. The doctor believed the sick man was in love, because his infallible wife had told him so, and he took due notice of the fact in its bearing on the case; but it was nothing more to him than that. From the time the sick man had first recovered consciousness, soon after he was found, his physical health had been perfect, and he had seemed willing to renew his acquaintance with the world just as rapidly or just as leisurely as Dr. Burns saw fit. But now all this was changed. His speech was at times slower, more halting than ever; he had lapses of moody absent-mindedness; and he was in feverish haste to be up and off, to find out all possible as soon as possible. He conceived the idea, from reading the papers, that he was well acquainted with New York, and his desire to go there increased daily. To this Dr. Burns objected, because his health began to show evidences of failure.

The Marshes were now rather in favor of the sick man's departure for New York, the South Sea Islands, or such other place as he might select. For some time they had hoped that George might find in Miss Bolton and her money all that there was to make life worth living reputably. George, whose pale blond hair was rather thin on top, had certainly shown a livelier interest in the proposed experiment than in others which had been brought to his attention; and now that Miss Bolton was so absurdly wrapped up in the sick man, his interest amounted to something positive. Of course the Marshes knew—anything else would have been absurd—that Miss Bolton was only assisting in the sick man's education; but nevertheless, seeing George sufficiently stirred up, they approved of the sick man's desire to go off and find out, as George put it, whether he was all right or not.

And despite the fact that he was without funds, and the doctor, who might have supplied him, was openly opposed to it, the sick man continued to assert his desire and, finally, his intention to go. It was Miss Bolton in particular, as having great influence with him, whom the doctor had especially charged with the rather unwelcome task of "talking him" out of this feeling.

"Why," said the invalid, one evening, as the two were walking home from the tennis-grounds in the late dusk, "it is preposterous to keep me here for an indefinite time, when

I am in perfect health, and when I might solve the problem of my identity in a few days by going to New York."

"Yes," replied the girl; "that is one view to take of it; but, on the other hand, the doctor, whom we certainly all believe in, says that while you are perfectly sane, and have been for weeks, any unforeseen event might bring a sudden change, with serious results—results of madness, or even death. I do not wonder he cannot consent to it. None of us can. Quite aside from the interest we feel in your case, the matter has become personal. We all like you for yourself, and it is too much to ask, when you are doing so well, and must inevitably come upon your past easily and without harm, that we should turn you adrift to take chances and risks that we know nothing of."

"You say you all like me for myself," he replied; "but how much—or rather how little—do you like me? You like most of your casual acquaintances; and, indeed, even those whom you do not like you would not cast adrift to run against madness or death. But do you like me no better than this? Don't you like me well enough to see my trouble—to have me take the risk, whatever it may be? Do you like me only as a curious toy instead of a human being? Is your liking so slight an affair that you are content to take me as I am, and while I last, without sharing at least some of my desire to end suspense, and to know to a certainty who and what I am? Do you not like me well enough to want to know whether I am worthy of your liking?"

"Yes," she replied gently; "we even like you that well; but perhaps we already feel that you are worthy, and Dr. Burns, who alone knows the risks, says that—"

"Ah, Dr. Burns! I knew it was for the doctor you were talking. He only likes me, good and kind as he is, as he likes all his hard cases. But you, who have been my teacher and close friend—I am sure you like me well enough to have me go; now don't you?"

"Yes, perhaps I do; but, as I was going to say when you interrupted me, Dr. Burns, whom I also like and respect, is one of the greatest physicians in the country, and when he says you ought not to go, certainly it should have some weight."

"Tell me, Miss Bolton, have you promised the doctor to try to dissuade me from going?"

"Yes; I suppose it amounts to a promise of that, although he told me that unless he gave you money you could not go; and be-

sides," she added rather weakly, "I really think the doctor knows best."

"Perhaps I could get the money from George Marsh; he is willing enough to have me go."

"It is quite a trip to New York; perhaps Mr. Marsh might not find it convenient. Besides, if, as you say, he regards you as an impostor, he would think he was being swindled, and that he would never consent to."

"Oh, yes; he might even consent to that in this case. But undoubtedly," he added as an afterthought, "the loan of the money would be on condition that I never came back."

"Would you take the money from him?"

"I don't know; certainly not on those terms. But I do want to go. Perhaps I could go without money."

"You would be arrested and stopped."

"What for?"

"Vagrancy, I believe the doctor said."

"What! Is the doctor afraid I will run away, and has he actually been talking it over with you?"

"No; only in my presence, my hasty pupil. And now, let me take a lesson from your directness, and ask you a few questions. You have evidently been turning over in your mind every possible way of going to New York, with or without the doctor's permission. Would you go without my permission, or without even letting me know—me, your teacher and close friend?"

"No," he said with simple confidence; "you would give me your permission."

"But suppose, when you told me you were going, I felt bound to tell the doctor?"

"He could not stop me. But, Miss Bolton, have you promised that much?"

"No; I have not. I was not asked to. But," she added resolutely, "perhaps I would feel it my duty."

There was a sudden and uneasy pause. Despite his ardor and wilfulness, the sick man had at times been talking in a half-fearful, half-absent-minded way, as though his thought had been running ahead of his speech to some idea which he fain would have shunned. Now he seemed much agitated between an impulse to speak and an effort to keep silent. But at last, with many halts and pauses, in an apparent attempt to control his feelings and to find just the exact words, he said:

"Alas! Miss Bolton, what am I finding out? I seem not to have realized till now how far apart we are in this situation. I am disappointed, outraged—in some strange way de-

frauded. I know that you believe that I am not an impostor, that you feel a keen sympathy and pity for me, that you are trying to help me; but none of that is now enough. Alone, it is worse than nothing. It is something to be—to be spurned, repudiated. How do you dare to call yourself my friend, without desiring, at all risk, to know what I am? For until it is known, my seeming equality with your other friends, my right to your friendship, is all a kindly pretense, a bit of benevolent sham. Why should you so fool me? Neither of us has ever told the other a lie,—at least, I have thought not,—but now it seems that you have at least allowed me to believe one—a most monstrous and—humiliating one. I find out now that your only enjoyment in all this has been the satisfaction of witnessing an experiment, of helping your friend Dr. Burns to the clearing up of a wonderful mystery, the determination of a celebrated case. All of our pleasant relations, our keen enjoyment of each other, has been, on my part only, a fact, on your part a play—the pretense with which you would indulge a spoiled child or a fretful invalid. There, I must not hurt your feelings. I have doubtless fooled myself. But oh, the strange, helpless anger at having been cheated! the humiliation—all new to me (it must be wounded vanity; but no! it is not)—of finding that a friend you imagined never existed; that the appreciation you have felt to have inspired in one who—in a kindred soul, is nowhere save in your own vain imaginings! and the bitterness and rage of not knowing whether you have cheated yourself or by this false idea been cheated! There, if I have hurt you, forgive me. I dare say you are innocent in the matter—I see how it might be; but a great light has suddenly gone out, and I find myself lost and alone."

During this disjointed, almost incoherent speech, Miss Bolton's eyes had filled with tears.

"No, no!" she cried. "You are meanly suspicious. You have no right, no reason, for such doubts. I am your friend first and before anything else, and your troubles are mine. Have I not shown it and proved it? Tell me how I can still further prove it."

"Lend me the money to go to New York," he said eagerly. "If I find myself and my past, I will pay you back, if I have to dig with my hands."

"Yes," she said sadly; "you do doubt me meanly. That last shows it." She was silent for a moment, strangely subdued, and wondering why she was not angry. "If I give

you this money, will it not be simply to prove that you have wronged me?"

"To be as subtle as you are, if you give it to me for that it will prove that I have not wronged you. I ask it on the supposition that I have, and that you want me to go."

"But will it be right?" Again she pondered, and as they neared the Burns's residence she involuntarily clutched his arm and slackened the pace, as though he might be about to go that instant. "You put me in a hard place," she continued. "You have made me feel guilty where I am innocent. You doubt yourself, too, even more than you do me. Somewhere in your heart, with or without reason, you have a haunting fear that you are not what you would like to be. Such a fear, alone and without help, might drive you crazy; and you put upon me the fearful responsibility of letting you go."

"No; not that last," he said. "Go I must, and now more than ever—if not with money, then without it."

"How much would it take?" she asked.

"I figure that I ought not to start with less than a hundred and fifty dollars."

"That would be a good deal to get quietly and without letting people know. Well, I am going on a coaching-party with the Benvilles to-morrow. Day after to-morrow, in the evening, I will give you my answer."

"And will you try to think out your decision alone, without consulting anybody else?"

"Yes; I will promise that, too." And he left her at the door, and returned alone to the hospital.

GEORGE MARSH came down from the city especially for the Benville coaching-party. He was to do the driving, with Miss Bolton beside him; and as the "indeterminate freak," as he styled the sick man, was not to be of the party, he had determined, if the girl's mood was as propitious as the occasion, to begin his long-delayed love-making. He knew nothing of his chances as yet, for he had so far paid her no special attention, nor given her the opportunity for those preliminary advances in which the new-fashioned girl is supposed to go half-way or better. But that was not part of his plan, for he knew that in such matters she was, or probably would be, very old-fashioned. He intended that his indifference should now waken into a slowly compelled interest, which, once aroused, should deepen more quickly into admiration and appreciation. But neither the occasion nor the girl's mood proved propitious. The

horses were fractious, the harness was defective, and, the whole affair proving something of a bore, the party voted for an early return instead of a farm-house supper at the Benville dairy farm, and a drive home in the late moonlight, as had been originally planned.

Thus it happened that when the sick man, who lived at the hospital, went around to Dr. Burns's house after dinner, he found they had come back. George Marsh had dined with the Burnses, and was still there. Miss Bolton sat just within the dimly lighted parlor, at a window opening on the porch, idly thinking. George and the doctor and Mrs. Burns were outside on the porch, the clambering vines of which sheltered them from the brilliant rays of the full moon. George was occasionally strumming on a guitar which lay across his knees, and they were doing very little talking. The sick man took a seat on the porch, back in the deep shadow of the vines, where he could see Miss Bolton, but was too far away to talk to her. Just as he was comfortably seated, a cab, which had come up the quiet street at a rapid pace, stopped at the gate, and a woman got out, followed by a man. The woman, who advanced up the walk first, was apparently young and of good figure, well dressed. This was all that could be seen before Dr. Burns, used to such calls, met them half-way down the walk, and asked what was the matter.

"Nobody sick," said the woman, briskly and assuringly. "We are just looking for Dr. Burns. Does he live here?"

"Yes, madam," answered the doctor; "I am Dr. Burns."

"Oh, you are Dr. Burns himself, are you?" she said, giving him a keen glance, and continuing: "Well, is Mr. Kelly still with you?"

"Mr. Kelly?" said the doctor, somewhat puzzled at the hurried manner of the woman. "I don't remember the name particularly. Who—"

"Him the papers call 'the sick man.'"

The doctor, seldom at a loss, suppressed an exclamation of surprise, and hearing from the porch the strumming of the guitar, lowered his voice as he answered: "He is still in Panton. Do you know him, or anything about him?"

"Yes; if it's him, I do," said the woman. "He is my husband."

After only an instant's pause, the doctor said: "This is news indeed, madam. Just step this way, and I will send for him." He led the way up the walk and across the porch into the parlor, the bright light falling successively on his face, the woman's, and that

of her companion. Once in the parlor, the doctor turned on all the lights. Then he stepped to the window where Miss Bolton was sitting, and beckoned the sick man in. The latter came at once, while involuntarily George Marsh and Mrs. Burns rose and went to the window. The doctor stepped back without saying more, and fixed his eyes on the sick man as, with a questioning look on his face, he came through the parlor door and into the room.

The moment the woman saw him, she exclaimed: «It's him! It's Gus! Gus!» She put out her hand in an appealing way, and it could be seen that she was trembling.

The sick man gazed at her a long moment, and a short one at the big, heavy-featured man just behind her. «I!» he said, putting his hand on his breast, and he turned a little pale.

«Yes, Gus! Gus!» cried the woman. «Don't you know me?»

Again he gave her a long glance with knitted brows, and finally said: «I don't know you. I cannot remember that I ever saw you. Who is it?» he asked, turning in a dazed way to the doctor, who was still closely watching him.

«Who is it?» cried the woman. «Great God, Gus! I am your wife. Don't you know me, or are you still mad?»

Now the sick man's eyes rested on the floor, with brows still knitted, and a gaze so intent that at last the doctor made a step forward to rouse him, just as he raised his eyes. «No; I cannot,» he said. «I do not know her.»

«I am his wife,» cried the woman. «He is crazy or lying. I am his wife,» she repeated, turning to the doctor. «He left me three months ago, because he got mad, and I have not seen nor heard of him since. It struck me all of a sudden, the other day, that a newspaper picture of the 'sick man' looked like him, and I have traveled night and day since; and now I have found him, and he is either crazy or a cold-hearted villain.» She broke down and sobbed, but rallied immediately. «But I can prove I am his wife—prove it by lots of people. My brother here will say so, and see—here is his picture.» And from her bosom she snatched a locket, and held a miniature up to the doctor.

The doctor took his eyes off the sick man long enough to take the miniature and examine it. It was an oil-painting on ivory. «Yes,» he said; «it is his picture.» Then, seeing the sick man still dazed, and about to relapse into another of those long and fear-

ful mental struggles, he said: «Well, madam, it ought, as you say, to be perfectly easy to prove all you claim; but this man is ill now, and probably crazy, and the best thing to do is to leave him quiet for to-night. I will keep him safe, and you and your brother shall have free access to him in the morning.»

«Yes, Mary,» said the man, evidently relieved; «that is best. We will telegraph, and by to-morrow night we will have plenty of proof.» He took the sobbing woman by the arm, and they went out. The doctor followed them to the gate, giving them instructions when and where to find him at the hospital in the morning, and they were gone almost as suddenly as they had come.

Miss Bolton, who had remained seated by the window through it all, now jumped up and hurried after the doctor. She found him at the gate, looking thoughtfully after the vanishing cab. «Doctor,» she said, «it is not true, is it?»

The doctor's occasional tantalizing reticence seemed to return to him as he answered slowly, turning up the walk: «If it is, your pupil is the smartest rascal in the world.»

«Why, doctor,» exclaimed the girl, «do you doubt him?»

«Perhaps I doubt him no more than you did when you ran out here to question me. But what I think is of small moment now. It is a matter which can be settled beyond all manner of doubt, and that speedily. The woman's brother says he can get scores of witnesses here by to-morrow night, if necessary. Where is the sick man now?»

«I left him in the parlor,» she said. Then, going ahead of the doctor, she hurried through the open door and up the stairway. On the porch the others would have stopped the doctor with questions and exclamations; but, still reticent, he moved on to the parlor. The sick man, standing where they had left him, dazed and haggard, turned eagerly to the doctor.

«How can this be? You say that everything I see or hear or read since my accident, I recognize at once if I knew it before; but I cannot remember this woman. Surely there must be some mistake.»

Seeing his suffering, the doctor said soothingly: «It undoubtedly is a mistake. I know plenty of even stranger cases of mistaken identity. But now, as your physician, I order bed. The whole thing can be cleared up in the morning. Come, say good-night, and we will go to the hospital.»

Here Miss Bolton, who had just returned

from up-stairs, came forward with the sick man's hat. She extended her hand, and said, "Good-night," with a bright smile of sympathy and confidence into his still dazed and questioning face, and at the same time raised the hat in such a way as to cover their clasped hands. To all it seemed as though the leave-taking was unnecessarily lingering, and as near to being in bad taste as was possible with Miss Bolton.

When the doctor returned from the hospital, George Marsh had left; and ignoring the evident desire of the women to speculate upon and discuss the strange turn affairs had taken, he at once suggested that it was time to go to bed. Alone with his wife in their room, he was still uncommunicative, and the last thing he heard her say, as she turned over in disgust, was: "Well, good-night, then. I really believe, Henry, that you consider yourself beaten. You think at last that your sick man is a sham, and you hate to acknowledge that you are wrong and the city doctors are right."

The next morning the sick man was gone.

It took an hour to discover that there were absolutely no traces of him where traces might have been expected. Of course they began telegraphing, and of course they soon heard of him. He had gone as far as the city, and there had been arrested and, for a brief hour, held on the charge of insanity. But the justice before whom he had been taken had read all about him, and, on his own statement that he was simply trying to find himself, and had left Pantan without breaking any pledge or parole, released him. This so disgusted the detective who had located him that he relaxed his vigilance long enough to go to luncheon; and during that time the sick man disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed him.

The Pantan people read all this in the evening papers, along with much more that was beautifully descriptive, as they came down from the city. The doctor was disappointed and nonplussed to the point of irritability, and declared that when next they got hold of the sick man he would instruct them to hold him on a charge of bigamy, larceny, vagrancy, or anything else. He was still reticent about the events of the evening before, and was not roused even when his wife's manner indicated to everybody that his professional reputation was now at stake, and that he refused, just at present, to jeopardize himself further. The sick man's wife and her stolid brother took

the flight much more easily than was expected. Their story was a short and unpleasant one, to the effect that the sick man was Gus Kelly, a variety actor with a most uneven temper. Three months before, he had quarreled violently with her because she had gone out riding with a gentleman friend, and had left her. George Marsh, who had interviewed the woman several times, said, with a satisfaction he could not conceal, that he had been inclined the evening before to think she was a fraud, but now it was evident that the sick man was a fraud of a vulgar, though unusually clever, kind. The colonel, who remembered that the absentee had dined at his table, expressed the hope that they might never see him again. "When it is all thoroughly exploited," he added testily, "the papers will ridicule us unmercifully."

Noon of the next day brought Miss Bolton a letter addressed in a handwriting which she recognized at once as the sick man's.

"It's all right," said the letter, which was dated from the city. "I have found myself completely, and there are no gaps which cannot be filled up. When I was released after the trial, and got away from the crowd, about noon yesterday, I turned into one of the side streets, and was going into a restaurant when I heard a voice, which I recognized at once as coming from the long ago, saying: 'Why, Alford! The deuce! I thought you were in Australia!' It was an old friend named Irving, who happened by the merest chance to be in the city. When I told him my story, he took me at once to a room in a hotel, where I have been ever since, and am now, while the sleuth-hounds of the law are walking the city and gnashing their teeth.

"To make a long story short, I am John Alford, a civil engineer—when last heard of, in the employ of Skagen and Epenstein, railroad contractors and mining men of New York. A few days before my accident, I left New York to go to San Francisco, there to take boat for Australia. I am not quite clear as to my mission in Australia, except that it was work of a confidential nature, and as few people as possible were to know of my going. I would have had nothing to do in San Francisco, except to take my passage, and my firm has no other idea than that I am now in Australia. What induced me to stop off at Pantan, or what happened to me there, will perhaps never be known.

"Irving, though a New-Yorker, is, unlike myself, well known here, and is rapidly getting things in such condition that I can go abroad without being arrested; and when

this is accomplished, I will come down to Panton to give you back those beautiful jewels and the money you slipped into my hand night before last. Then I suppose I must hurry on to New York, as it may not yet be too late for my Australian trip. Irving, by the way, knows George Marsh, and thinks, from my description, that he also knows the woman who claimed me as her husband. He gives her a rather unpleasant character. If it is the woman he thinks, he says she and George are old friends, and he feels sure that George devised the whole scheme. If this is true, I certainly owe a debt of gratitude to George."

Miss Bolton, elated over the vindication of her pupil, took this letter to Mrs. Burns; and that lady, after receiving an explanation of the jewel transaction, and being properly shocked thereat, announced to everybody that Mr. Alford would be down that night or the next day. The papers which came down from the city that evening set forth with much detail that the sick man turned out to be a young mining and civil engineer who had already scored some notable successes in his profession; and about the time the papers arrived, Mrs. Kelly and her large brother quietly disappeared.

But Mr. Alford did not come down that evening, or the next, or the next week. He wrote, instead, to say that he had decided to go to New York at once to see Skagen and Epenstein. After a week's silence he telegraphed from New York that he would leave that day for Panton; but the next day he sent another telegram, saying he had been unavoidably detained. This was followed by another week of silence. By this time the pressure of Mrs. Burns's indignation at him became so great that the jewel story leaked out, and the doctor was compelled to renounce a large part of his hospital duties, and devote his entire attention to keeping it from the newspapers, via the servants.

Finally, when everybody had about concluded that he would never come back, and had felt secretly sorry for the impulsive Miss Bolton and her jewels; when George Marsh had said the sick man was a scamp, after all, and had given up a suddenly announced six-weeks' business trip to the South; when Colonel Marsh, with feelings now indescribably mixed, had feebly expressed the hope that he had not entertained a thief at his table,—when all this had happened,—the sick man arrived. They saw at once that he looked older and haggard and ill, and there was an air of listlessness about him, in

marked contrast to the intensity and ardor they remembered. He said he had been busy every minute of his absence, and had only now come to say good-by, after thanking all his Panton friends for their many kindnesses, as in a very little while he must once more attempt the Australian trip. Indeed, he might go on in a day or two, without returning to New York. The incidents of his flight were discussed, and also the method; but though given several opportunities, he said nothing of the jewels until the day after his arrival, when, in the morning, he called on Miss Bolton.

He turned pale to the lips when he found her alone. "Miss Bolton," he said, without sitting down, "here are your jewels and money. I can never thank you or repay you for letting me have them. Without them I could never have found myself."

"You are ill," she cried, jumping up quickly, shocked at his pallor. "Here, sit down. Shall I call some one?"

"No, thank you; I'm well enough," he replied, sinking into the seat with a sickly smile which belied his words. "Perhaps I've been working and traveling too hard."

"I hope that is all, and that you will soon be rested."

"Thank you."

"We have been learning while you were gone what a distinguished patient we have had, and we are all quite proud of you—and of ourselves."

"Yes?" he said interrogatively. "Colonel Marsh is satisfied, is he?"

"Oh, quite," she replied, amazed at his listlessness, and at the difficulty of keeping up a conversation which she felt must be kept up. "I suppose you found lots of friends in New York."

"Yes, indeed," he answered; "I hardly know what one wants with so many."

"And I see from the papers that your occasional terrors at finding out who you were, were all groundless."

"Yes; I suppose so. I'm none of the reprehensible things we feared I might be. My people are all respectable; there are no more than the usual number of poor or otherwise unpleasant relatives; and my profession is one which I like."

"Still you are not happy," she said, smiling, and trying to give a lighter turn to his evident cynicism, but sorry the instant after that she had made an opening for what she felt might be coming.

"Still I am not happy," he repeated, smiling wearily back at her.

She gave up the attempt for a moment, wondering what to say next.

"You find me much changed, do you not?" he asked. "So much, in fact, that you feel you do not know me so well?"

"Yes; we all noticed the change. You have, at last, the air of a man who is constantly aware of his past, and all of it; but with such a record as you seem to have made, I do not see why it should oppress you as it appears to."

He took a long breath, and leaned forward in his chair. "The trouble is this," he said. "I have come back to tell you, and I will—"

"But are you sure, Mr. Alford, that there is any trouble? May it not be simply fatigue from hard work—a case for Dr. Burns? He will be home for luncheon, and of course you will stay. Mrs. Burns will be down in a moment."

"No; it is no longer Dr. Burns's case. I beseech you to let me tell you, even though I make it worse. When I left here I loved you,—if you need to be told,—and, in my happy ignorance, it seemed the simplest thing in the world that if I went away and found myself to be all right, I had only to come back and say so. But when I did get away, I saw how different it all was—how completely in the dark I was. Before it seemed only natural and right that we should be the kind of friends I felt we were, and only once, for a moment, did I have a glimpse of the possibility that your feeling was not mine. During that moment I accused you of pretense. Now I see that it was nothing of the kind; but, alas! I also see that your divine charity and patience, your gentle goodness, may have meant nothing so great as the friendship I believed in.

When I first left I began to realize this, and it made me afraid to come back. The longer I stayed away, the harder it became to return; and I am not here at last because I am less afraid, but because I had to come. That is the trouble, and it gets clearer and bigger all the time."

"But that is really no trouble at all," she said with airy lightness, and an attempt to appear greatly relieved. "We were friends—real friends, before. Can we not be the same now?"

"Friends!" he exclaimed, with all his old ardent impatience. "Can we be friends if you do not feel the same as I? Or do you mean that, loving you, and not knowing your feeling for me, I am to begin a flirtation—what George Marsh would call a 'campaign'—to try to win you? How could we be friends—how could there be friendship—while that was going on? Besides, have we not gone too far? Can a friendship be begun over again, or can it be suspended for one or the other to catch up? No, no. If you can find it possible, let us be real friends—lovers. If not, then tell me so, and let me begin, as best I may, to try to make you love me."

She looked down at the package of jewels she still held, and from which she was tearing little pieces of paper, with something like a pout. "You are the same obstinate, headstrong fellow you were before you left us. I had meant to make you pay dearly, when you came back, for all your petulance and overbearing—and browbeating; but now your absurd argument seems to be—of course it is absurd, Mr. Alford—as far as there is an argument—that I have compromised myself, after a fashion, and so I must—so we must simply go on and on, and that you—that I—"

And George Marsh went South, after all.

COLONIAL.

BY R. E. LEE GIBSON.

THE old house, many-gabled, far withdrawn
 From the broad highway, and despoiled with age,
 Torn by the summer's wrath, the winter's rage,
 Still stands austere upon the spacious lawn.
 In other days, the couriers here at dawn
 Rode like the wind, by word or written page
 Announcing tidings from Burgoyne or Gage,
 Or with Cornwallis how the day had gone.
 Time, like a Tory, loyal to the crown,
 As loath to leave, seems fondly here to cling;
 It were no marvel though a ghost strode down
 Among the cedars, where the wild birds sing,
 In buckled shoon, cocked hat, and velvet gown,
 Firm in the faith that George the Third is king.

WOMEN COMPOSERS.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

ONLY yesterday it was being said how strange it was that women could not write music. To-day, their compositions make up a surprisingly large portion of the total publication. The worst of these not even gallantry could approve; it need not be invoked for the best. Yet, even if women had not recently produced good work in certain individual instances, the comparison of their former absence from the field with their present zeal there should serve both for an explanation of previous failures and a hope for future success.

The mistake of those who dogmatized upon woman's inability to compose was the old fallacy, What has not been done cannot be done.

Now, music was the latest of the arts to be evolved into anything approaching maturity. The modern world does not hope to surpass the Iliad, the «Antigone», or the Parthenon; nor does it hope to surpass the achievements of the Father of Music: but between the ripening of a Phidias and a Bach stretch epochs of art and the long twilight of the middle ages. The music that had run along with these other arts, *haud passibus aequis*, was childishly limited in resources.

It has, then, taken men whole centuries to learn music. They do not yet seem able to write it well in isolated communities without the benefits of association with old and new masters, and a chance for the publishing of ambitious work to a competent audience. America, through pilgrimages to Europe, is only now giving hope of a national school of music.

Women have been, as a sex, just such an isolated community. While it may be said that they have never been positively debarred from effort, it is only the present century, with its wonderful impulse to public activity, that has given them the positive encouragement necessary.

Women wrote at music long ago. The last

century and the earlier part of this saw a few composers who aroused a certain curious interest in their own little day; and their work is probably no more completely forgotten than that of most of their highly accepted male contemporaries.¹ But these were only individuals, and they did not indicate any general movement; nor had they the support of such a movement.

It is commonly believed that woman is more emotional than man. At the first glance it would seem, then, that she should take the foremost place in music, which is more entirely the voicing of emotion than any of the other arts. But the evolution of music has made it so complex that it demands, first, a special aptitude for invention, which has been rare among women; then, a sort of histrionic ability to study one's own feelings objectively, which is not so rare a feminine trait; third, the architect's aptitude for high elaboration of details within close bounds of consistency; fourth, the skill of a chess-player, or a strategist, for a definite and direct, yet veiled, plan of movement; and, finally, a long, hard training in the manipulation of the materials at hand. And it seems almost vital for the existence of composers, that they should have a dense musical atmosphere.

It is not necessary to say that woman has been enslaved, to excuse her for her little writing of good music; but it is only fair to confess that she has had little encouragement in developing any innate ability into the erudition and technic necessary to great composition. Fanny Mendelssohn, who wrote graceful music, was ashamed to publish it under her own name, and it was absorbed into her brother's renown.

Rubinstein did not hesitate to say that the sex had written no good music at all, and could not write it. He sneered especially at its failure to write one good love-song or to express mother-love in one true lullaby. But Rubinstein's creed is not necessarily gospel;

¹ Among them could be named De Baur (born at Stuttgart in 1776), Louise Bertin (born in 1805 at Roches, composer of three operas publicly presented), Caccia (born at Rome in 1759), Mme. Dussek (born at Edinburgh in 1775, and wife of the famous virtuoso), Carlotta Ferrari (born at Lodi in 1837, composer of several

works publicly produced), Mme. Gail-Garré (born at Paris in 1775, composer of four operas publicly produced, as well as a collaborator with Boieldieu), La Roche (who lived in the last century), and Reise (born at Berlin in 1796, and greatly praised by the historian Fétis).

for instance, he was blind to the greatness of Wagner. He died, too, at the very dawn of what I believe is to be a great epoch of composition by women.

Music belongs to woman at least as much as to man. Her sentiments are more the marrow of her being than is the case with man; her love is more nearly the total of her

last obstacle in the way of her devoting her life to her chosen ambition. She has always exerted a vast influence upon the music made by men. She is now awake to the possibility of influencing the world through her own music.

A prominent publisher tells me that where, some years ago, only about one tenth of the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY BENQUE.
MLLE. CÉCILE CHAMINADE.

interest; her sorrow is intenser and more helpless; her tact and delicacy are finer; the pursuit of grace and beauty, and the fancy for subtleties and nuances, play a more vital part in her life than in that of man. The present awakening of interest, one might almost say excitement, among all woman-kind both in the arts and industries, and the general interest of the whole world in the work of woman, have removed almost the

manuscripts submitted were by women, now their manuscripts outnumber those of the men two to one. While this ratio will not hold in published compositions, the rivalry is close even there. Women are writing all sorts of music. A few of them have already written in the largest forms, producing work of excellent quality and still better promise. It is in the smaller forms, however,—in instrumental solos and short songs,—that they



Mlle. AUGUSTA HOLMÈS.

have naturally found their first success. So good has their work been here that honesty compels the admission that hardly any living men are putting forth music of finer quality, deeper sincerity, truer individuality, and more adequate courage than the best of the women composers. Besides these, there is a number of minor composers writing occasional works of the purest quality; and in art quality is everything.

As to nationality, one finds best represented the three countries that are now working along the best lines of modern music: Germany, of course (whose Clara Schumann wrote much that was worthy of serious consideration), France, and America; for America, whatever its musical past, is surely winning its right to the place in this triumvirate of modern music. Its tendencies are toward the best things. Italy has recently had a flurry of new life, and of growth away from the debilitating mawkish-

ness into which it had drifted, but has not yet produced a notable woman composer. The other Continental countries seem even more torpid; and though Englishwomen have written much, they have not got beyond the prevailing cheapness of the English school, except perhaps in certain of the compositions of Mrs. Marie Davies and Miss Maud Valerie White.

THE most prominent woman composer, and on many accounts deservedly so, is Mlle. Cécile Chaminade. Many musical people who were familiar with the compositions of «C. Chaminade» have been surprised to learn that music of such ability belongs to a woman.

Mlle. Chaminade was born in Paris, of a seafaring family. She still lives within easy reach of the city, and her works show how thoroughly Parisian she is by birth and breeding. She displayed the precocity usual to those that achieve much in music. At

the age of eight she composed a few religious pieces which won praise from Bizet. He predicted a future for her, and advised her parents to put her to serious work, promising to oversee her studies himself. Her first masters were Le Couppey, Savard, and Marsick; finally Benjamin Godard taught her composition. Mlle. Chaminade has written, in the large forms: «*Les Amazones*,» a lyric symphony with chorus, which was given at Antwerp; «*La Sévillane*,» an unpublished comic opera in one act; a number of successful suites and various other pieces for orchestra; two trios for piano, violin, and violoncello; a ballet, «*Callirrhœ*,» which was presented with great success at Marseilles in 1888, and at Lyons in 1891; and a fine *Concertstück* for piano and orchestra, which was played by the composer, under the auspices of Lamoureux. A persistent figure in the piano, at first unaccompanied, but gradually enmeshed in the whole orchestra, is a curious feature of the work. The scoring is not complex.

Mlle. Chaminade is a virtuoso as well as a composer. The highest praises of her are heard from abroad; and America is to have an opportunity of judging for itself. The qualities of facility, brilliance, force, and felicity can be read in her compositions to a degree that must be reflected in her performance. She is a modern of the moderns, and above all a Parisian. Her identity is shown nowhere more plainly than in what she writes in the rococo forms. Thus, while she occasionally works in clear old harmonies that one of the Bachs might have used, there are other bits that could come only from the Paris of to-day. Her toccata has about the general emptiness of this form, which is as repetitive and thin as a bagpipe, maugre what Browning claims to have found within that «*toccata of Galuppi's*.»

She is better at home in the more romantic forms. Her «*Arabesque*, Op. 61,» is one of the finest examples of her melodic facility. An early «*Barcarolle*, Op. 7,» is inconsequential; but her «*Sérénade*» expresses a



PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOUIS SAUVAGE.
MME. DE GRANDVAL.

tender and yearning timidity. Some of Chopin's colors and touches appear in her «Valse Caprice,» though the spirit is quite dissimilar.

The influence of Chopin is seen more plainly in the scherzo which is the first of six concert studies grouped in Opus 35. Its lushness goes near to justifying that old pope who called the key of C «lascivious,» though we think it the palest of all keys. This scherzo is Chopinesque, too, in its lack

and tender, as any one should know who has ever seen a woman in anger or great grief, or, failing that, has ever heard of her achievements in history. The fourth of these concert studies is an unusual example of a rage of grief that is yet a womanly outcry: not hysterical, but fierce, and ending in terrific bitterness.

Mlle. Chaminade's «Impromptu,» with its constant use of pedal-point, shows a schol-



PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHARLES L. LEWIS.
FRÄULEIN ADELE AUS DER OHE.

of humor; for though Beethoven and a few others made of the scherzo a work of great comicality, Chopin was quite lacking in this spirit.

The second of the concert studies is called «Autumn,» and is full of the autumnal mood. Beginning with a somewhat slow song, it arrives at the necessary «concert» brilliance in an outburst of passionate regret. It ends, uncharacteristically enough, in rich simplicity.

Music, to be womanly, need not be delicate

arly excess, as does her «Étude Symphonique,» where incommensurate rhythms are wrought beyond the point of moderation. In throwing three notes against four, and five against three, and the like effects, there is a tantalizing fascination; but after this is carried to a certain distance, fascination exists only for the composer, and not for the distraught hearer. Perhaps the most perfect examples are Schumann's «Eusebius»—but this is only one page long—and Chopin's Fifth Valse, delicious by the simplicity and

brevity of its use of these effects. In this elaborate étude Mlle. Chaminade has carried the tangle too far. The good features of her rhythms, however, here as everywhere, are their spontaneity and originality.

Besides certain shows of virtuosity, Mlle. Chaminade has written several graphic character studies of fauns and clowns. Her «Flatterer» («La Lisonjera») has had wide popularity; but in spite of its dangerously

strongly discordant, unprepared secondary sevenths over a raucous pedal-note. Now, after a tentative preparation, there is an outbreak of sprightliness that melts into seductive entreaty, and turns strenuous, until the main dance-motif is caught upward most fascinatingly from a downward rush. A sort of woodland scene intervenes, as if a rout of nymphs surrounded the *première danseuse*; then the same fantastic cry, in



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ELMER CHICKERING.
MRS. H. H. A. BEACH.

instantaneous catchiness, it expresses just the sentiment of flattery in all its shades, from pleading to deprecation.

In many respects Mlle. Chaminade's greatest achievement for the pianoforte is the group of half a dozen «Airs de Ballet,» No. 1 being easily the first in value as in precedence. It is not an empty dance-tune, but such a drama as Carmencita enacts. It begins with an *entrada*, a cymbal-like jangle of chords over one long, deep horn-tone. These chords (formally, chords of the eleventh, with the third omitted) have the effect of

chords of the eleventh, announces a wild repetition of the main ballet. Throughout are daring harmonic and melodic *tours de force*. This is Mlle. Chaminade's best piano work surely, and is to me the finest thing of its sort ever written. A rapid and amorous «Scarf Dance,» with a coquettish interlude, is one of the most spontaneous of her works, and deserves its great popularity.

Successful as she is in her piano pieces, it is hardly safe to credit them with more than a remarkable ability and invention; but of certain of her songs I do not hesitate to say

that they breathe the very fire of genius, and deserve a place among the greatest lyrics. Mlle. Chaminade's accompaniments are not usually independent of the song, though they are given a unity of their own; nor are they often contramelodic. They are gorgeous streams of harmony. Some of them have an impressionistic richness equal to a sun-thrilled poppy-field of Monet's. Their high scale of color is emphasized now and then by striking dissonances that are not mere foils to the concords, but have a meaning of their own. Mlle. Chaminade finds a charm even in those discords that are so pro-

of naïve gaiety, and «L'Anneau d'Argent», which is as exquisitely tender as Schumann's «Wenn ich früh in den Garten geh'». Its refrain, «Oh, the little silver ring that once you gave to me!» is fairly haunting. A few songs I find rather dull and trivial; but Mlle. Chaminade rarely speaks without something to say. About the only instance in which she has condescended to *floritura* is «L'Été.» «Sur la Plage» is a song of the sea-shore, with some big modulations that give it power without bathos. I am tempted to call it virile; but Mlle. Chaminade does not need to ape masculinity to acquire strength.



PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOLLINGER & ROCKEY.
MRS. MARY KNIGHT WOOD.

nounced that their beats are strongly felt, and at these places writes down *vibrato*, or even *vibrato dolce*.

A success characteristic of her abilities and passion is her setting of «Le Noël des Oiseaux.» In this dainty lyric Armand Sylvestre prays kind Heaven to send even the wee birds a pleasant Christmas. The theme is so frail that adding music would ordinarily wreck it in namby-pamby; but Mlle. Chaminade has given it an accompaniment, with neat touches of ecclesiasticism and a climax that save it. Two songs in folk-tone show a winning simplicity—«Collette», a moment

«L'Idéal» shows the courage of this ambitious woman in its very failure, which is due to the attempt upon a problem too abstract for music.

Mlle. Chaminade is constantly hunting novel effects, and even in her least inspired work one is likely to find some trace of her inventiveness and courage. Though her songs have a very discernible individuality, they are really managed with much versatility. Her sentiment ranges from bizarre studies in foreign color, like «Sombrero», a dashing thing with a good use of raw consecutive fifths, through songs like the



PHOTOGRAPHED BY A. MARSHALL.
MISS MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG.

«Chant d'Amour,» which has the repose of Jensen, to works like «Trahison,» which has the fire of Schumann's «Ich grolle nicht.»

Two choruses for women's voices are noteworthy also, particularly the «Angelus,» which has an unusual development of pedal-point effects, now for a clangor of church-bells in the accompaniment, and now for a chanting monotone of the contraltos under the hymning of the other voices.

Three of her finest songs are a «Madrigal,» «Si j'étais Jardinier des Cieux,» and a «Ritournelle.» The accompaniments of the latter two songs are exquisite, and the «Ritournelle» has one indescribable effect of dropping a half-tone, that gives Coppée's lyric a thrill of beauty. A review of the work she has accomplished already in her brief career justifies the exclamation of Ambroise Thomas: «This is not a woman that writes music: this is a composer!»

Another Frenchwoman who has written well is Mme. la Vicomtesse de Grandval. Her

music has not caught America as has Mlle. Chaminade's, but she is very highly thought of in Paris. Beginning her musical studies under the rather shallow composer of «Martha,» she was reformed under Saint-Saëns. She has had half a dozen operatic works produced, beginning in 1859. The chief of these is «Mazeppa,» which scored a genuine success. Her religious writings are also important, including an oratorio and many masses.

Mlle. Augusta Holmès is of Irish origin, and has gained much attention in Paris. She was a pupil of César Franck. Eugène de Solenière, who has written a curious little pamphlet, «La Femme Compositeur,» says of Mlle. Holmès: «Her music is a cry of war or a song of love. There reigns in it a constant opposition of *ff.* and *pp.*» She has written several politico-musical compositions, like «Ireland,» «Ludus pro Patria,» and «Poland.» Another noteworthy work of hers is «La Montagne Noire,» which

stirred up much discussion. Mlle. Holmès has been an ardent Wagnerian, and a radical generally. Her songs do not show these qualities particularly, being rather studious of rhythmic effects and nuances, that sometimes show what might be called a touch of blarney. «En Chemin» is an example of her high-keyed harmonies, though it seems

written some excellent songs and a comic opera.

Germany is well represented by the compositions of Fräulein Adele aus der Ohe. Her preëminence as a pianist has left her little time for composition; but the quality of what she has done is very high. When she was a pupil of Liszt, he grew so much in-



MRS. CLARA KATHLEEN ROGERS.

to me a pity that women write so many songs supposed to be sung by a man to a woman. Artificiality is inevitable in such works, and yet they really make up a majority of feminine compositions. Some of Mlle. Holmès's songs are almost spoiled by repetition after repetition without the slightest variance. This effect is justified in her weird «Fleur de Neige.» Possibly her best song is «L'Amour,» a superb lyric, with an accompaniment that is complicated but progressive and highly interesting.

None of the other numerous women composers of Paris need be mentioned, except Mme. Gabrielle Ferrari, who has

terested in her improvisation that he requested her to make a volume of preludes and dedicate them to him. Upon their completion, he wrote her a complimentary acceptance of the dedication. The preludes have not yet been published.

Fräulein aus der Ohe's compositions possess the substantial and vigorous qualities of her playing. Her most important work is a «Suite for Pianoforte, Op. 2.» It has made a deep impression upon severe critics, and is indeed a real achievement. Written in the old style, it is remarkable for catching the very spirit of that music. It is not a mere happy imitation, but an expression so spon-

taneous and personal that Bach himself might have been proud of it. Here is pure music that is at the same time full of life. Even better than the sturdy gaiety of the «Bourrée,» the stateliness of the «Sara-bande,» or the crystalline cheeriness of the «Menuet» is the «Gavotte,» contrasting as it does the hauteur of the principal movement with the sprightliness of the «Musette.»

Another important work is an «Étude de Concert,» highly praised by Tchaikowski. It is an ideal bravura study, because its great technical difficulties do not seem to be dragged in for their own sake, but rather to be caught up and swept along in one tempestuous idea. It is also published in a simplified edition. These are the chief of Fräulein aus der Ohe's published works for the piano; but I have had the honor of hearing her play from the manuscript several others, notably a fiery «Polonaise» that promises to be one of her best works; and two melodies, one in F that is very fluent and ends deliciously, and one in G of deeper import. There is a soothing «Berceuse,» and a «Bauerntanz» which is rather programmatic; it opens somewhat like that other peasant festival, Grieg's «Wedding March,» with a thumping of stout fifths; a rollicking, boisterous dance ensues, followed by a moment of regretful farewell; then with a dash it is all over.

Fräulein aus der Ohe has published settings to several American lyrics. Four songs make up the first group: «A Birthday Song,» with a beautiful figure repeated in the accompaniment, and a fluty bird-lyric. The third has a somberness of treatment that gives its love-message a religious fervor; its postlude is happily given to a voice that seems to answer the song. The last is «Thistle-down,» and, save for a dramatic moment, it has all the airiness of its subject. Of her other published songs the best is possibly a deeply tragic setting of the poem, «Silent, Silent Are the Unreturning.» Another has a rich glow, but an irrelevant and uncharacteristic postlude in arpeggios. There is a conventional cradle-song, and one lyric in a woodland mood with bugle effects and a striking vocal skip of a tenth. «Winds to the Silent Morn» is also strenuous and vigorous. A dainty humoresque from the Servian is «I Begged a Kiss of a Little Maid.» Two specially good lyrics are a serenade, «I Grieve to See These Tears,» which has a bitter pathos and a wailing refrain, the guitar idea being developed freely in the accompaniment; and Chamisso's «Die Waise,» in which the plaint of an orphan is wrought up to a wild climax.

VOL. LV.—98.

Two other German women are mentioned as writers in the larger forms: Ingeborg von Bronsart and Cornélie van Oosterzee. Two symphonic poems by the latter were thought worthy of performance by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under Nikisch. They are based on two of Tennyson's «Idyls of the King,» and describe «Elaine's Dream and Death» and «Geraint's Bridal Ride.»

It gratifies one's patriotism to feel that American women can stand unabashed before the world in their compositions. This is not surprising, since woman has been encouraged here, as nowhere else, to work out her own salvation. Aside from opera, however, in which many Frenchwomen have dabbled, but in which American women and men can see no hope of production, our representatives have been as serious and ambitious in the larger forms as the women of any other part of the world.

The most ambitious is certainly Mrs. H. H. A. Beach. Her «Jubilate for the Dedication of the Women's Building at the Columbian Exposition» is indeed a sort of clarion note of triumph—the cry of a Balboa discovering an ocean of opportunity. The work has undoubtedly too little contrasting quietude, and it is a trifle long; but after examining it, it seems impossible to oppose anything but bigotry to the acknowledgment that women can write great music.

Mrs. Beach (Amy Marcy Cheney) was born in New Hampshire. Her descent is American back to colonial times. She composed as early as the age of four, and with the exception of a preliminary course in harmony, has herself to credit for her thorough knowledge of musical theory. She translated the works of Berlioz and Gevaert for her own instruction in instrumentation. Mrs. Beach is a pianist also, having given public performances since the age of sixteen, and having played with the Boston Symphony and Thomas orchestras.

Much erudition in resource is shown by Mrs. Beach's «Mass in E flat major.» Other orchestral works are a scena and aria, «Eilende Wolken,» from Schiller's «Maria Stuart,» sung at a concert of the New York Symphony Orchestra, and a ballade for chorus and orchestra, «The Minstrel and the King,» both of which show ambition rather than inspiration. The most recent of Mrs. Beach's larger works is her «Gaelic Symphony,» which was played with distinction by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. This work is in manuscript, and I have not had the privilege of seeing or hearing it; but all accounts agree in im-

puting to it Mrs. Beach's characteristic largeness of plan.

Among her works for the piano, two of the largest are "A Cadenza for Beethoven's Third Piano Concerto" and a "Valse Caprice," both of which are remarkable chiefly for gymnastics. In a group of four "Sketches for the Piano," Mrs. Beach shows a praiseworthy desire to investigate for herself harmonic possibilities, and brings many strange, new tone-colors out of her alembic.

Mrs. Beach's songs show the same variation in quality; thus, she has made the fatal mistake of turning "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonny Doon" into elaborate form. Other works, like her "Ecstasy," are of the popular order; but she displays genuine ability in certain songs, like her setting of W. E. Henley's "Dark Is the Night," a thrillingly powerful work; the same poet's "Western Wind," all delicacy and cheer; and the delicious "Blackbird." Fourteen of these songs have been grouped into a "Cyclus."

Another Boston woman worthy of the highest consideration is Miss Margaret Ruthven Lang. She is the daughter of B. J. Lang, Esq., and is American by birth and training. Two of her three concert overtures have been performed by the Thomas and Boston Symphony orchestras. The latter organization also performed her concert aria for soprano and orchestra, "Armida." It was accounted a work of much breadth, dramatic feeling, and modernity of orchestration. Miss Lang has also in manuscript a similar aria, a cantata, and two rhapsodies for the piano.

The touch of the fantastic that makes her song "Ghosts" a thing so delicately eerie makes a success also of her setting of Edward Lear's curious nonsense, "The Jumbles," which is arranged for male chorus with the accompaniment of two pianos.

Some of Miss Lang's frailer songs show the qualities many people expect in womanliness more than the works of any of these other writers. The passionate delicacy of "A Maiden and a Butterfly" and "Eros" is such as none but a woman could achieve properly; but equally womanly are the pathos of the "Spinning Song," the largeness of the "Grief of Love," the dreaminess of "Oh, What Comes Over the Sea?" and the dramatic fire of "Betrayed" and "Nameless Pain." Her "Lament" I consider one of the greatest of songs, and proof positive of woman's high capabilities for composition. Miss Lang has a harmonic individuality, too, and finds out new effects that have little sense of effort after strangeness.

Personally, I see in Miss Lang's compositions such a depth of psychology that I place the general quality of her work above that of any other woman composer. It is devoid of meretriciousness and of any suspicion of seeking after virility; it is so sincere, so true to the underlying thought, that it seems to me to have an unusual chance of interesting attention and stirring emotions increasingly with the years.

Of somewhat similar refinement are the fluent lyrics of Mrs. Mary Knight Wood of New York city. They show a bigness in little and a fondness for unexpected harmonies that do not disturb the coherence of her songs. They possess also a marked spontaneity. An example of an unexpected note is the brave E flat in her "Serenade." Her popular "Ashes of Roses" also has a superb harmonic structure. Among other songs, one, with an effective obbligato for the violoncello, deserves special praise.

Mrs. Clara Kathleen Rogers deserves a prominent place among our composers; for, though she was born in England, this is her home by adoption. Mrs. Rogers is the daughter of John Barnett, "the father of English opera." She was admitted at the Leipsic Conservatory three years before the minimum age prescribed in the rules. Her teachers included Moscheles, Plaiddy, Richter, and von Bülow. Singing was her first career, and only after activity and success in opera in Italy and England and in America did she take up composition, her first publication being in her thirty-eighth year. She makes her home in Boston, where she is a vocal teacher, one of the fruits of her work being a book published here and in England, and devoted to "The Philosophy of Singing."

Mrs. Rogers's compositions are characterized by a preference for a low scale of color. This is very effective in songs of a gloomy nature, like her "Come Not When I Am Dead" and "Nothing"; but in the setting of such poetry as Swinburne's "A Match" it is hardly competent. The hymnal structure that mars many of her love lyrics is quite forgotten in two sacred songs, of which "The Voice That Sang Alone" introduces in the accompaniment a Bach chorale.

The harmonic dunness of much of her music is compensated for by lively thematic movement. She has a nimble wit, too, as is shown by her "Rhapsody" and "Confession" and by a scherzo for the piano. On occasion her music can don rich colors and wear them well. Such successes are her very original

rhapsody «Before the Blossom,» the ecstatic song «The Rose and the Lily,» and «Clover Blossoms.»

Mrs. Rogers is also the author of an album of six songs after poems by the Brownings. In the first, Mrs. Browning's translation of Heine's «Aus Meinen Grossen Schmerzen,» she has challenged comparison with one of Robert Franz's greatest *Lieder*. She has, however, made an entirely different approach to the song. Robert Browning's lyrics have been so rarely put to music, that few comparisons are forced. «Apparitions» is well varied in emotion. «Ah, Love, but a Day» is a perfect expression of womanly anxiety. «The Year's at the Spring» is optimistic.

Two songs with violin obbligato are characteristic of Mrs. Rogers's command of resources, particularly the «Aubade.»

America can claim some share in the achievements of that distinguished South American pianist, Mme. Teresa Carreño, who has written several elaborate and important compositions.

Mrs. Bicknell Young (born Elisa Mazzucato) represents Italy in America. Her father was the Chevalier Alberto Mazzucato, both the director of the Conservatory and the conductor at La Scala in Milan. Mrs. Young's compositions include a local comic opera, produced with success in Omaha and Salt Lake City; a one-act romantic work, «The Maid and the Reaper,» for two characters and invisible chorus, produced at Chicago; a romantic French song, «Le Roi Don Juan,» with orchestral accompaniment; and various short works for voice and piano. Among these is a finely wrought staccato étude, dedicated to William H. Sherwood, Esq., and played by him in his concerts.

There are no Italian women of note except perhaps Virginie Mariani and Giselda delle

Grazie, both of whom have had operas produced.

At Chicago is also Mrs. Jessie L. Gaynor, who was born at St. Louis and studied chiefly under Dr. Louis Maas. «Six Rose Songs» have been gathered into an album. More unusual is a group of children's songs, «For Little Folks.» Besides a cradle-song and the song «Fireflies,» there are several stories told with great musical humor.

Another American composer is Mrs. Clara A. Korn, who is a teacher of harmony in the National Conservatory of Music in New York. Six of her piano pieces have been published; they are ambitious and scholarly.

It is impossible to mention all that have done certain things with true art; but one should note the lyrics of Miss Patty Stair, the concert-pieces of Mme. Julie Rive-King, the religious work of Miss Fanny M. Spencer, and the songs of Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins, Miss Georgina Schuyler, Miss Helen Hood, Miss Harriet P. Sawyer, Miss Gertrude Griswold, and Miss Constance Maud. There are other women who have done occasional bits of music of unimpeachable art; but I have catalogued the most prominent. They make up a group which need not ask praise from chivalry alone, but can challenge criticism.

The survey of the field of present activity in music throughout the world enlarges the claims of women to consideration. For, now that Brahms is dead and Grieg has almost ceased to write, there are not many men to be justly preferred above the best of these. To deny that the most capable of these women write better music than the average male composer would surely be beyond even the most conservative. Once it is granted that certain women can compose better than the average man, I do not see how it is logically possible to deny the sex musical capability.

THE WANDERERS.

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY.

THE ocean, storming on the rocks,
 Shepherds not there his wild, wet flocks;
 The soaring æther nowhere finds
 An eyrie for the wingèd winds;
 Nor has yon glittering sky a charm
 To hive in heaven the starry swarm;
 And so thy wandering thoughts, my heart,
 No home shall find; let them depart!

FRATERNALISM VS. PATERNALISM IN GOVERNMENT.

BY RICHARD T. ELY.



WE hear the word «paternalism» used often enough, but generally with a meaning attached which is both historically and philosophically incorrect. As currently used, it carries with it a certain element of demagogism—upper-class demagogism, because generally used in the interest of the few as opposed to that of the many. It gives no reason for the practice or opinion attacked, but supplies the lack of argument with an epithet of opprobrium.

If it is proposed to add to the function of government in any manner,—as, for example, with us, the purchase of our telegraph lines and their subsequent management by the Federal government,—we are sure to hear the word paternalism employed. The word paternalism seems sometimes to be used to designate any governmental activity, but more frequently to designate any increase in governmental activity. The people of England do not as a rule call the ownership and operation of a postal telegraph by the government paternalism, but many Englishmen would call the government ownership and management of the railway lines paternalism. On the other hand, if one goes to Germany at present, one finds few Germans who call the state railways paternal in character. The truth is, however, paternalism has no reference to the quantity of governmental functions, but rather, if I may use the expression, to the quality of these functions. It has no reference to the extent of governmental activity, but to the character of governmental authority. Paternalism means the theory of those who claim that sovereignty is paternal in origin and paternal in character. Sovereignty, it is claimed by adherents of this theory, is patriarchal, because it grew up out of patriarchal arrangements, and preserves its original nature. The authority of a sovereign, it is held by advocates of paternalism, is like that of a father.

The theory of paternalism was prominently advocated in England in the seventeenth century, in the time of the Stuarts. Charles I was a pronounced adherent, and one of its

leading exponents was Sir Robert Filmer, who wrote a little book in its defense called «Patriarcha; or, the Natural Power of Kings.» It was this work which called out the treatises on government by Locke and Algernon Sidney. Henry Morley, in his edition of «Locke on Government,» including Filmer's work, thus sums up Filmer's theory: «There never was a time, said Filmer, when men were equal. When there were only two in the world, one was the master. When children were born, Adam was master over them. Authority was founded by God himself in fatherhood. Out of fatherhood came royalty; the patriarch was king.» The following are the titles of the chapters into which the «Patriarcha» is divided, and they show clearly the real nature of Filmer's doctrine:

«I. The first kings were fathers of families.

«II. It is unnatural for the people to govern or choose governors.

«III. Positive laws do not infringe the natural and fatherly power of kings.»

Filmer argues against equality, and declares that it was by desire for liberty that Adam fell. That the multitude may correct or depose their princes is called a «damnable conclusion.» Filmer refers with evident approval to the saying, The King of Spain is king of men, «because of his subjects' willing obedience; the King of France is king of asses, because of their infinite taxes and impositions; but the King of England is said to be king of devils, because of his subjects' often insurrections against and depositions of their princes.» Now I regard this as a perversion of the true theory of the state. The people constitute the state; and the state, like the church, has divine rights; but these rights, as the venerable Hooker long ago taught, are vested in the people. Kings and priests as individuals are of the social body, and their superior rights are superior or excellent opportunities for service. Their rights are derived from God through the social body. Neither kings nor priests may govern like God, or even like fathers of families. The state is strictly coöperative in character. It is a coöperative community, and this is true without regard to the extent of the functions of the state. We may have a paternal theory of the state, and at the same time advocate

very limited functions of the state; or we may advocate very extensive functions of the state, going even to the extreme of socialism, and yet adhere to the coöperative theory of the state—the commonwealth theory, as it may be called.

There are, as a matter of fact, two kinds of socialism—paternal and fraternal; but the popular socialism of the day is altogether fraternal in character. I am inclined to urge, as an objection against it, that it has too little respect for the theory of paternalism; for it rejects leadership and guidance from superior classes. The German government has waged war against social democracy precisely on this account. It is not so much socialism as democracy to which objection is raised by the ruling classes in Germany. The International Workingmen's Association, under the guidance of Karl Marx, adopted resolutions at its first meeting in London, September, 1864, which began as follows: "In consideration that the emancipation of the laboring classes must be accomplished by the laboring classes." This little clause means a great deal: it means the entire rejection of paternalism. It is likewise true of American socialism, as advocated by the Socialistic Labor Party, that it entirely rejects paternalism, and implies a separation of class from class, and a rejection of the assistance of superior classes.

While the coöperative theory of government is the correct one for modern times, it ought to include a certain element of paternalism. Democracies, above all other forms of government, require the leadership of wise and strong men. Moreover, there are classes in every modern community composed of those who are virtually children, and who require paternal and fostering care, the aim of which should be the highest development of which they are capable. We may instance the negroes, who are for the most part grown-up children, and should be treated as such. How any one who believes in the fatherhood of God and in paternalism in the family is able to sneer at paternalism and reject every element of it in government as a bad thing, I am unable to conceive. I must confess that I am too much of a conservative in my views and sentiments to do this.

The course of modern national development has been away from paternalism and in the direction of the extended functions of the state. The two movements have proceeded *pari passu*. Paternalism was connected with the feudalism of the middle ages, and in its highest development was a natural

outgrowth of feudalism. Feudalism regarded sovereignty as a private right, and like a father the overlord protected his subordinates settled on his estates. These subordinates surrendered themselves to his protection, and gave up a large portion of their freedom. Out of the institutions of feudalism and its hierarchy of classes grew the conception of freedom merely as negative. Not to be restrained by the state was freedom; but in modern times, as has been well pointed out, freedom implies participation in the activity of the state. During the period of feudalism, however, the functions of the state were comparatively limited. The revenues of government were relatively small, and the chief departments of state activity at the present time did not then exist. The administration of justice was largely private. Public boards of health did not exist, nor even regular paid police and fire departments. Streets were not lighted at public expense, nor were they cleaned by public authority; but each one cleaned the street in front of his own door, if it was cleaned at all, which was not usually the case. Education was only to a very limited extent, as compared with modern times, a public function.

As a matter of fact, those who would like to return to European absolutism urge as an objection against modern constitutional government that it is far more expensive than the older, absolutistic governments which it has replaced. Very naturally so. It is not more extravagant, nor is it more corrupt. What parliamentary government does not shine in both respects when compared with France under the Bourbons, or England under the Stuarts? The greater expensiveness of free governments means simply that democratic governments engage in more numerous and larger activities. It is a commonplace of finance that free, democratically governed nations bear burdens which would produce revolutions in a despotism. Why? Because in the one case the people feel that they are acting, and in the other case that some one else is acting for them, in a paternal capacity.

We often enough hear self-help opposed to the activity of government; but in what does self-help consist? In doing everything directly for one's self? Then I ought to bake my own bread, make my own boots, build my own house, etc.; and all this is contrary to the fundamental principles of industrial civilization. Self-help consists in having things done. Do we practise self-help when we let private corporations do

things for us? What do those people mean who speak about self-help in gas business, railways, etc.? Shall each one build his own gas-works, construct his own railways, etc.? This is folly. Self-help can only mean to have things done by our agents under our general control, as in the case of government enterprises under a system of representative government.

We see, then, that those people who speak of governmental activity as paternalism have an altogether un-American idea of the state. They are behind the times, for they have transported into our day ideas appropriate to the reign of Charles I.

There is a great deal of paternalism in the United States, and it is found in the industrial field. It is a paternalism of private corporations performing public functions, because it is claimed that the people are not intelligent and moral enough to perform them directly through their own agents. Arguments used in favor of this paternalism are precisely similar to arguments used in favor of the old political paternalism—namely, the need of intelligence and integrity superior to that of the mass of the people. Like the old political paternalism, it is irresponsible and rejects all claims to control in the interests of the public as an invasion of sacred rights. Like the old political paternalism, those who represent this modern industrial paternalism enjoy large revenues, and they let others labor and fight and die for them. They support their own private armed troops exactly as did the old feudal lords, and the basis of both claims is divine private rights. The modern feudal lord and his claims remind me of what one of the most distinguished jurists of modern times—Professor von Ihering—says of those who prate most loudly about the sacred rights of property—namely, that to them too often nothing else is sacred.

As instances of industrial paternalism I would mention our railways, telegraphs, telephones, street-car lines, elevated railways, gas-works in most cities, water-works in some. I have in mind, for example, the desire of New York for rapid transit. New-Yorkers for years pleaded with private individuals, entreating them to give the city rapid transit; but for a long time it scarcely occurred to them to do anything for themselves.

The higher education in many of our States may be instanced as an example of paternalism of a somewhat different kind. The people, as such, too often fail to think

it their duty to make contribution for this; but they constitute themselves beggars and besiege every man of property to make gifts.

Paternalism of a private character—as opposed, I mean, to governmental paternalism—has made alarming progress among us in recent years. The paternalism to which I refer is a paternalism of the rich, and it is a paternalism which they should resist. Inequalities of the most injurious character are by many held justifiable, because it is claimed that we need the very rich to plan, organize, and carry on all important enterprises. Where would our railways be, it is asked, if we did not have among us men who count their money by the million? There is scarcely a town in the land where the people are not waiting for a rich man to start some enterprise. Business, churches, schools, all wait upon the movements of the rich. The idea of self-help dwindles. People fold their hands and wait.

Outside of the industrial field there is fortunately some evidence of a tendency of wealthy philanthropists to resist the paternalism which others would force on them. Notable examples may be found in the gifts of Mr. Enoch Pratt to Baltimore and of Mr. Andrew Carnegie to Allegheny City and to Pittsburg. The latter were generous gifts for library buildings, made on condition that the libraries should be supported either partly or entirely by taxation. Mr. Carnegie, in other words, said: I will help you, provided you will help yourselves; and, fortunately, he emphasized this condition in these words: «I am clearly of the opinion that it is only by the city maintaining its public libraries, as it maintains its public schools, that every citizen can be made to feel that he is a joint proprietor of them, and that the public library is for the public as a whole, and not for any portion thereof; and I am equally clear that unless a community is willing to maintain public libraries at the public cost, very little good can be obtained from them.»

I am strongly of the opinion that there should be a similar coöperation of public and private effort in maintaining all institutions of learning, including universities; and I believe that this coöperation will secure the best results. I cannot help regretting, for example, that Mr. Johns Hopkins did not offer his millions to the State of Maryland for the establishment of a university on condition that the university should be regarded as the university of the State, should be the crown of the educational system of the State, and should receive an annual grant from the

public treasury equal, say, to four per cent. on the value of his endowment, in addition to the income of the endowment itself. This could have been effected in such a manner as to avoid injurious political influences, as the experience of several Western States amply demonstrates. What would have been the results of such an arrangement? His university would have a more ample income, and could spend a portion of this in direct efforts to improve the educational system of the State. The people of the State would feel a greater interest in it, because, being supported in part out of taxes, it would belong to them more than it does; and a closer connection with the public life of the State would help to purify politics and elevate the tone of the public service.

The rôle which we assign the state as a coöperative institution will depend upon our wishes and ideals. If we desire medieval paternalism or a plutocracy, we must assign it very limited functions, leaving all great enterprises, all large and noble institutions of learning, all the interests of art and culture, to the care of the few, and training the people to look to them for aid in every concern of importance. If, however, we aim to secure the highest practicable development of all faculties of all, we must advocate, not that exclusive state action which we call socialism, but far-reaching functions of government, Federal, State, and municipal, attempting to separate wisely the duties of individuals, and of free and voluntary associations of individuals, from the duties of the people organized as state. There is no self-help for the masses like state action—using state in its broad generic sense as inclusive of all subdivisions of the state. The state is a suitable field for the coöperation of ordinary men with ordinary means. It gathers up small sums, and uses the large aggregate for undertakings which otherwise would be beyond the reach of any save the rich. It is thus that in some countries railways have been built by the people and are now owned by the people, the artisan, the mechanic, and the peasant being all part owners because they are citizens. A state may be mentioned in Germany—Württemberg—where the railways were admirably constructed under the supervision of a man who required for his services less than two thousand dollars per annum—perhaps equivalent to twice, possibly thrice, that sum with us now. The greatest universities of the world are likewise state institutions. Scholars look now to Berlin as the leading university

of the world, and all the endowments which it has received from rich people amount to less than one million dollars, the income of which is used chiefly for special purposes like prizes, scholarships, fellowships, etc., and not for the regular expenses of the institution, which are defrayed by taxation. In the United States the State universities have recently grown more rapidly than the private foundations.

I do not say that it is altogether wrong for us to ask people of means to assist in carrying on and developing our educational institutions, and I am sure it is praiseworthy in wealthy Americans to give so generously as some of them do; but I do say, without hesitation, that we as a people should be more self-reliant and practise to a greater degree self-help in all spheres of social life, the higher education included, for that, like every other grade of education, is a matter of public concern and not a class interest. Nor must we overlook other facts in this connection. Private paternalism in education and elsewhere has a dangerous tendency toward plutocracy. Sometimes, even if not so often as one might think, support by the wealthy few is made virtually conditional on management in the interest of these few. More than once have I heard the opinion expressed that the most fortunate thing which could happen to an institution would be the death of a wealthy benefactor whose authoritative interference was felt to be burdensome.

On the other hand, the fact must not be overlooked that private support of art, literature, learning, places the burden of sustaining and carrying forward our civilization upon a few people comparatively. When we examine into the number of givers in cities like New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, we find that it is a small one indeed in proportion to the number of wealthy people, and we are reminded of the saying, "Many are called, but few are chosen." There is in each great community a small list of givers, and that is all. If the names of contributors to public institutions are asked, the same names are repeated again and again; and once outside of the little circle, givers are rare. This is not morally justifiable. It was not part of the design for which private property was instituted that the great bulk of it should be used for selfish enjoyment.

Another consideration is brought to mind by the mention of art. Art, essentially public in nature, as a matter of fact never has flourished when exclusively dependent on

private support. The atmosphere of private wealth is antagonistic to its growth.

We may insist upon public support of public institutions, and at the same time afford full scope for the largest amount of private philanthropy. Private parties can do what, as a matter of fact, states cannot at present be persuaded to do, even if it is their proper function. We must, as practical men, take into account the existing situation. Private persons can also go ahead of public opinion and lead it, ever placing high ideals before us. The loftiest conceptions of civilization must ever first dawn in a few minds, and the truest excellence frequently requires vigorous support of strong arms, and that for a long time, before it can secure anything like general recognition.

Perhaps it is now plain to my readers why selfishness must demand very limited functions of the state, and why we must insist upon extended functions of the state. What is the ethical idea of the state? We may say fraternalism. The state, and the state alone, stands for all of us. All other institutions are more or less exclusive, and stand for part of us—for some of us, not for all of us. As the state advances, as it becomes more ideal in its constitution and in its administration, as its fraternal, ethical essence becomes purer, its functions must ever grow wider and wider. So-called self-help—that is, individual self-help—in protection of person and property, comes to be regarded as barbarism. Private enterprise in war, like Wallenstein's in the Thirty Years' War, is, thank God, abolished; and education, art, the care of the weak and dependent, and the nobler departments of social life, become to an increasing extent public in character. First the individual bears the burden; then perhaps the association of individuals; then, in the middle ages, the church; then, since the Reformation, the state, the greatest of all coöperative institutions,—that is, the people in their organic capacity,—takes up the work of civilization.

Yet the state can never absorb all our industrial and social life. Society is greater than the state, and must include a sphere for the individual and for private associations of individuals. By a harmonious development of all sorts of activities will scope be afforded for a richly diversified civilization and for the best expansion of true individuality. We shall thus have the Aristotelian variety in unity.

The educational value of public ownership

and management may be contrasted with the lack of general educational value of corporate undertakings. Austin, Texas, serves as an example. A few years since the first part of a campaign in that city for the establishment of city water-works and an electric-light plant was educational. It began in an economic society of some thirty members, which met from time to time to discuss economics; and during the entire campaign there was an active discussion of the relative merits of public and private undertakings, and an examination of underlying economic and social principles was made by many citizens. This is the kind of political activity which carries with it the popular education which has been so much lauded in republican and representative government; whereas ordinary municipal campaigns are merely personal, and leave behind only bitterness and dissension. Public undertakings carry with them instruction in economics and politics, whereas fools can grant a franchise to private corporations and let them exploit the people: Turkey, corrupt, degraded, ignorant, turns over even her lighthouses on the sea-coast to a private corporation.

Harm results from the use of the epithet «paternalism.» It keeps us from those works of magnitude which would be a real blessing, but does not prevent a thousand and one petty acts of interference.

We may, indeed, go further and say that in keeping us from works of magnitude it necessitates countless laws and petty acts of interference, and in preventing action at the right time it necessitates action at a later period when it is more difficult to accomplish the desired end. It keeps us from applying the ounce of prevention, and as a consequence we are perpetually trying to make up for past neglect by the use of a pound of cure. It would be—so timid souls, frightened by the cry «paternalism,» tell us—illegitimate to expend a few hundred dollars in efforts to reform «Margaret, the mother of criminals,» but we spend a million and a quarter on her pauper and criminal posterity.

Mr. Charles Booth, in his book «Labour and Life of the People,» shows that past neglect now necessitates a certain amount of what he calls socialism. The old individualism, he tells us, has broken down, and he adds these words: «Thorough interference on the part of the state with the lives of a small fraction of the population would tend to make it possible ultimately to dispense with any socialistic interference in the lives of all the rest.»

GENERAL GRANT'S DES MOINES SPEECH.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES OF A REMARKABLE UTTERANCE.

BY JAMES S. CLARKSON.



REFERENCE to General Grant's «famous Des Moines letter,» in General Horace Porter's oration at the dedication of the Grant monument, leads me to think that the public would willingly read of the circumstances of that remarkable utterance.

The declaration of General Grant's political faith at Des Moines was not in a letter, but in a speech. In fact, it was in this speech, made on Iowa soil, that the great soldier began to find that he could talk on his feet. The occasion was on September 29, 1875, at the principal evening meeting of the reunion of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee. The place was Moore's Opera-House. General Sherman presided, and Generals Sheridan, Logan, Dodge, Howard, Pope, and other distinguished Union generals, were present on the stage. This little speech, which, like Lincoln's short speech at Gettysburg, contained so much living wisdom and enduring merit, has its own little history, part of it known probably only to me.

I was then editor of a newspaper and postmaster at Des Moines; and President Grant, in the three or four days he was in that city, used to come to the post-office to hide from the crowds of people that followed him everywhere, and to get a little rest, and to smoke. About five o'clock on the afternoon of the day this speech was delivered, he drove up suddenly to the post-office, and came direct to my room, in some way having escaped the attention of the crowds on the streets. He said: «Take me inside the post-office, where we can be out of sight, where I can get a chance to smoke, and where we can have a quiet talk.» We went inside the post-office, where there was an old-fashioned circular mailing-case, about ten feet high and thirty broad, shutting out the view from every one, and took seats on two stools; and I opened a box of cigars, and he began to smoke. He was in the chatty and reminiscent mood into which, when with one person, he so often fell. He began by talking of his boyhood, of his experiences and

hardships in the army on the Pacific coast, of his life in Missouri and his attempts at farming, and of a project he had formed with some friends to try to secure some hard-wood forests in South America, thinking it a good investment. Then he passed on to talk of education, schools, and oratory, and how unkind it seemed to be that one man had the natural gift to tell what he knew, and another could not. He said: «Now I have never had, at any time in my life, any difficulty in writing out my ideas or thoughts easily and quickly. But when I get up on my feet to speak, everything I know seems to go down into my boots.» Then a queer smile came over his face, and he began to reach down into the deep pockets of a large overcoat, or linen duster, that he had on, and to take out six or seven sheets of note-paper, on which I could see traces of writing. He held them toward me, and said: «I wish you would read these. Every time I attend these army reunions, the boys are always asking me to speak, and I never do it. This time I am going to fool them. I have had in my mind for two or three years some things I wanted to say to the American people on the public-school question. It was my intention to put them in my last annual message to Congress, but I forgot or overlooked it in some way; and it occurred to me to-day, when the subject returned to my mind, called back by the public schools I saw while riding about Des Moines, that Iowa was a good and fitting place in which to give these utterances out to the public. So a while ago I hunted up some paper in my room at Judge Cole's,»—where he and his family were guests,—«and jotted them down; and I wish you would look them over and criticize them, and make any suggestions freely.»

I accepted the opportunity to read, but not to criticize. For, as an editor, I had closely watched and carefully studied General Grant's peculiarly lucid and sententious style of expression in all that he wrote, and therefore knew in advance that, in all probability, these few ideas jotted down hastily at

Judge Cole's were likely to be memorable. As I read them, the peculiar strength of analysis in estimation of the growing importance of the public school to the republic, and the wisdom of the prophecy in warning the American people as to the perils menacing the school, and the dominant note of freedom in all things good and possible in American life sounding through it all, impressed me greatly, and I laid the straggling and crumpled little sheets together, folded them up, put them back in his hands, and said: «I have not the ability to criticize a line, a word, or breath of that speech; and I do not believe the man lives who would have the impudence even to attempt to do it.» I added: «In my opinion, Mr. President, this will prove to the people of the future republic the greatest and most useful of all your utterances. It is an actual gift, not alone to the American people, but to all the world; and as a citizen of Iowa, I am proud that the name of this State is to be associated with such a great message to all the people who love liberty.» He replied, as simply and quietly as though the greatness of it had become common to his thoughts: «It is a subject on which I feel deeply, and it is time public thought and public conscience were both more thoroughly aroused regarding it.» Then some little changes of his own occurred to his mind, and he unfolded the little package, hunted out the sheet on which he wished to make the changes, and started to do it. Evidently he found he did not have room, and, reaching down into his pockets again, fished out another sheet of paper, not written upon at all, turned to the mailing-desk, and rapidly rewrote the whole page. He read it to me, folded up the pages once more, put them in his pocket, and said, «Now that is ready for the boys to-night and the people to-morrow.»

As he was in such a delightful mood, I ventured to ask him: «Why is it, General Grant, that editors, and especially literary critics and magazine people, and indeed the public generally, refuse to believe that you were the author of your own papers in the war, and in civil life since?»

He took the cigar from his lips, and, with more animation than he had shown before, said: «It is the irony of history that all men get credit for a great deal to which they are not entitled, and as invariably are refused credit, often by their own friends even, for many things perhaps the best of all in their achievements. Now,» he went on, with increasing feeling, «there was a vast deal of

credit given to me, and for many things that belonged to other men, or at least not to me. I have had papers, books, and histories written about me by the dozen, the most of them kind, much of the eulogy fulsome and overdone in praise; but so far all writers have denied to me, or failed to give me, credit for two things that I do deserve: first, that the greatest credit I was entitled to receive fairly was for my work in organizing, first the Western, and next the entire Union army.» He stopped awhile, then added: «After it was so organized, and made up of such material as it was, it was not in fate for it to be defeated or conquered. Then, as to the second thing,» he went on to say, «you have touched upon that—the unwillingness of the American people, and of my friends as well as the general public, to believe that I have always written my own papers. In the war, they said at first it was Rawlins who wrote them; then it was some one else—Halleck, I think; then Stanton, then others»—and he went on to name two or three other people. «But,» he said with much spirit, «if the people had only thought of it, or taken the trouble to take all my papers—war despatches, letters, messages, etc.—and compare them as a whole with the writings of these other men, they would have seen at once that, while Rawlins had one style, Stanton another, and the other men still others, one style, good or bad, had run through my papers from first to last. No,» he added in a reflective manner, «I cannot speak on my feet» (that was before his trip around the world, when, as in Glasgow or Edinburgh, he found his tongue, and ever after stood in the highest places with the ready grace of worthy speech); «but I have always been able to write down anything that came into my mind, and to express myself clearly.»¹ Happily, he lived to see the people of his own country, and of all countries, willing to admit that he was the author of his own papers. For before he died the whole world learned to know the style in which he always spoke or wrote—a style that never had in it a false note or a clouded or double meaning, that took hold of every reader with its own masterful strength of wisdom and sincerity and kindly counsel, and that gave itself to the world in epigrams and proverbs to be treasured up for the good of men and the counsel of governments for all time.

At the meeting that evening, General

¹ The report of this conversation is from notes that I made of it, as I was then in the trained editorial habit, within an hour after it occurred.

Comrades

It always affords me
much gratification to meet
my old Comrades, in arms
of 10-14 years ago, and to live
over again the trials and hard-
ships of those days, ^{hardships} in the
imposed for the
promotion & perpetuation
of our free ^{institutions} government. We
believed then, and believe now
that we had a government
worth fighting for, and if
need be dying for. How many

Grant went upon the stage arm in arm with General Sherman. As usual, Sherman, as the presiding officer, called upon Grant for a speech; and, to the surprise of Sherman and nearly everybody else, Grant at once arose and started to the front of the stage, beginning to hunt in his pockets for his speech. He was as shy and embarrassed as a school-boy; but as his comrades and the great audience cheered him tumultuously, he started to unfold the manuscript to read it.

His hands trembled, and he dropped the scattered sheets on the stage. General Sherman and the secretaries helped to gather them up; and then he read them to the three thousand people present, half of whom found difficulty, even in the stillness of an unusual time, to hear all that he said. The newspapers carried it all over the globe the next day, and it attracted attention and commanded admiration throughout the world. Following is the text of the

speech, here copied from a facsimile of the original manuscript, as given in Professor Leonard F. Parker's monograph on "Higher Education in Iowa," published by the National Bureau of Education in 1893:

COMRADES: It always affords me much gratification to meet my old comrades in arms of ten to fourteen years ago, and to live over again the trials and hardships of those days—hardships imposed for the preservation and perpetuation of our free institutions. We believed then, and believe now, that we had a government worth fighting for, and, if need be, dying for. How many of our comrades of those days paid the latter price for our preserved Union! Let their heroism and sacrifice be ever green in our memory. Let not the results of their sacrifice be destroyed. The Union and free institutions for which they fell should be held more dear for these sacrifices. We will not deny to any of those who fought against us any privilege under the government which we claim for ourselves. On the contrary, we welcome all such who come forward in good faith to help build up the waste places and perpetuate our institutions against all enemies, as brothers in full interest with us in a common heritage. But we are not prepared to apologize for the part we took [in] the great struggle. It is to be hoped that like trials will never befall our country. In this sentiment no class of people can more heartily join than the soldier who submitted to the dangers, trials, and hardships of the camp and the battle-field, on whichever side he may have fought. No class of people are more interested in guarding against a recurrence of those days. Let us, then, begin by guarding against every enemy threatening the perpetuity of free republican institutions. I do not bring into this assemblage politics, certainly not partizan politics; but it is a fair subject for the deliberation of soldiers to consider what may be necessary to secure the prize for which they battled. In a republic like ours, where the citizen is the sovereign and the official the servant, where no power is exercised except by the will of the people, it is important that the sovereign—the people—should possess intelligence. The free school is the promoter of that intelligence which is to preserve us as by our nation [qy.: as a nation]. If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing-line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other. Now, in this centennial year of our national existence, I believe it a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundation of the house commenced by our patriotic forefathers, one hundred years ago, at Concord and Lexington. Let us all labor to add all needful guarantees for the more perfect security of free thought, free speech, a free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiment, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage

free schools, and resolve that not one dollar of money appropriated to their support, no matter how raised, shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian school. Resolve that either the State or nation, or both combined, shall support institutions of learning sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical tenets. Leave the matter of religion to the family circle, the church, and the private school supported entirely by private contribution. Keep the church and state forever separate. With these safeguards, I believe the battles which created us "the Army of the Tennessee" will not have been fought in vain.

This is part of the true story of how General Grant, in 1875, "summed up his political faith" in his famous Des Moines speech. Indeed, Des Moines was honored during that session by two remarkably great speeches. For the evening after the meeting where Grant spoke, the citizens of Des Moines gave to the distinguished visitors a banquet at the Savery House, where, in responding to a toast offhand, General Sherman replied with kindling spirit and sweeping power to the criticisms of the plans of his march to the sea—a speech that was clearly impromptu, and gathered force terrifically as it went. It swept the audience with its gathering strength, and made the reporters forget their work, with the result that no report of the real speech was ever made. I can remember distinctly how, taking up one critic and his statement after another, he met them all with his own strong and complete refutation; and then, with the fire of righteous wrath blazing in his eyes, he turned about to look General Grant directly in the face, and with marvelous energy closed substantially in these words: "I want to meet these critics, and to answer them here now, and for all time, while in the presence of the only witnesses who, of all men, know all the facts, and who can and will contradict me if I have not told the truth." There was applause, and a silence which seemed long, and that no one present will ever forget, as Sherman stood looking in Grant's face until the latter deliberately and impressively bent his head in approval of his great lieutenant's emphatic asseverations. Then Sherman, turning once more to his audience, and seeming to raise himself to a still more commanding stature, swept his left arm over in the direction of one corner of the table, as if to indicate that some of the critics might be sitting there, and ended with this one sentence, uttered in a tone of mingled contempt and victory: "Any man can march to the sea *now*."

TOPICS OF THE TIME

Numbers.

IF Matthew Arnold had delayed his first visit to America, his preachment to us Americans on the subject of «Numbers» would have been less needed. As our country gets to be more and more numerous in its integral parts; as everything in it multiplies at such an astonishing ratio that in many directions the multiplicity has the menace of infinity, we less and less need the warning voice of the prophet to keep us from being infatuated by either numbers or size. It was some time ago that Americans became less boastful concerning mere extent; and the orator who argues greatness from length of rivers, or spread of territory, or aggregations of population, is apt to awaken the sense of humor rather than the sentiment of sublimity. It seems long ago that it was oratorically demonstrable that, because the Mississippi and its affluents were so many thousand miles long, therefore the American republic was etc., etc., etc., as compared with such and such republics and empires, ancient or modern. Nowadays the orator, to be effective, must put forth an entirely different argument. One of the most telling after-dinner speeches listened to lately was that of a young Philadelphian who spoke at a public banquet in New York on the eve of its expansion into the so-called greater city, and who, amid hearty applause, deprecated the confounding of size with true «greatness», casually remarked upon the better appreciation of New York's tall buildings by the citizens of Philadelphia, who at that distance could see them in more favorable perspective, and openly hinted at a comparison between the so-called greatness of the metropolis with, as to size, the less «great» historical cities of Athens and Jerusalem.

As time goes on, and the directories and the censuses wax bigger and bigger, it is seen that an increase in numerosity produces changes not only in degree, but in kind. It is not only that the mails and the tenement-houses and the means of transit become congested, but there seems to be through this physical increase, at times, also a spiritual congestion; a change seems to be taking place in all sorts of things that one might think not necessarily affected. An increase in the number of Chinamen in China might not have the same effect as an increase in the number of Americans in America, because the Chinamen would maintain a certain monotony of thought and custom for centuries. But increase the number of Yankees, for instance, each one of whom goes to work to contrive and invent, to criticize, to make over—i. e., re-form—all creation, and the change in physical, mental, and moral conditions will go on at an enormous ratio. Each Chinaman counts, say, one one-

thousandth as compared with one Yankee; for the latter sets to work at once to make a new world.

The consequence is that changes which might take hundreds or thousands of years to manifest themselves in other races and in other conditions proceed here before our very eyes, sometimes creating not only serious apprehension, but alarm, on the part of the thoughtful.

There are changes in the streets, and under the streets, and above the streets. Steel construction turns highways into cañons, and produces mountain-ranges along the line of greatest social pressure. The telephone reduces travel, and the trolley and the flying trains, again, increase it. Electricity is being developed to such an extent that even specialists can hardly keep up with the record of development and discovery. Mere numbers are affecting college life and the social life of cities in unexpected ways. The religious life of the people, as related to association, is affected by innumerable societies, local, national, and international. New social machinery is demanded by the new conditions relating to our amusements, our charities, and our government. Our politics are more complex, and require more attention for their understanding and practical manipulation. The rotary press and the cheap «process» produce a profusion in the literary and pictorial «output» which has a tendency to befog the intellect and lower the standards of taste.

The multitudinousness of modern life is increased by the facility of intercommunication and the universality of the newspaper. Any given community not only has to endure its own noise, but, to some extent, that of all the world. When any one wishes to be heard, for the sake of his message or of his business, he must not only make more noise than his neighbor, but more noise than his neighbor's neighbor. Even the peanut-stand nowadays is advertised by its own steam-whistle. Some Western town, by the way, lately tried to suppress the peanut-man's steam-whistle by local ordinance. This is a good sign, for objection to noise is an evidence of civilization.

In these times of many things, more and more is the need felt of a choice of a few things. The lesson for the day should be the lesson of discrimination. Though the outer ear be dinned upon, it is important that the inner ear should preserve its delicacy, so that the still, small voice may be heard. Longevity has increased, but not in proportion to the increase in the number of things human beings are asked nowadays to consider and to do. Never was there more need of the spirit of criticism and selection, when so many ideas, so much to read, so many causes, so many geniuses, so many prophets, so many and so much of everything, press upon the mind of man.

The "Mystery" of General Grant.

A READER who had followed with analytical interest General Horace Porter's revelation of the every-day thought and action of his commander, in "Campaigning with Grant," on reaching the end, said with a tinge of disappointment: "While he brings us much nearer to the man, he does not solve the mystery of Grant's success as a soldier."

Nor does any other writer solve the mystery; least of all General Grant himself, for the reason that his "Memoirs" are in themselves the most direct proof of honesty and simplicity of character, and of intellectual power, or, in other words, of those qualities which, in the line of human action, work wonders without theatrical effect, and leave no impress on the results differing from a logical situation produced by natural agencies. To the reader looking for a mystery, in giving unconscious proof of unusual abilities General Grant seems to evade a disclosure of the methods by which he organized victory. Like the cunning quack with a sovereign remedy, he seems to withhold the recipe.

During the progress of the Civil War no mystery was imputed to General Grant: he appeared to his comrades in arms, and to the people, as a resolute man of common abilities and impulses, and, as some thought, far too common. The mystery, then, so far as there was any, was divided between those who at least recognized his achievements, and those who saw in his generalship nothing but brute force, guided by careless luck. With the former the mystery was that other generals, with more impressive manners, did not have equal success; and with the latter it was a mystery why General Grant was allowed by the powers in Washington to keep on blundering into success, from Fort Donelson and the fierce struggle at Shiloh to the daredevil triumph at Vicksburg. Thereafter most of his detractors became resigned to his leadership, on the theory that he was being taken care of by his staff, and that he had the knack, peculiar to mediocrity, of winning from the supreme authority a coöperation which had been withheld from others on account of jealousy.

It was only after the war, when the recognition of heroic deeds produced a demand for a leading soldier-hero, that men began to pad General Grant's figure with mystery in order to make him appear, to their eyes, of the stature of a true Ulysses. That he was the logical candidate for the position no one could deny; and no opinion in support of his fitness was more conclusive than that of the most picturesque hero of the war, who was distinctly the alternative choice for the first place in the national pantheon. And when General Grant was formally installed, the imputed mystery reconciled to his fame even those who could not, or would not, see his natural greatness.

His fate in this regard has not been different from that of other men of action who have done great deeds without personal display, and in subordination to a higher authority. They have had to wait for time to dissolve their own envelop of reserve, and for history to vindicate their common humanity. Even then something of mystery will seem to encompass them, as the garment in which men prefer to dress their demigods. When, as in General Grant's case, there is no mystery about a man's acts, or the results they achieved, it is necessary

to go back beyond the line of possible demonstration, and impute a mystery to the personal agency. But when, as in Shakspeare's case, the acts are really a mystery, because unknown, and the resultant works a miracle of superiority, then there are minds so perverse as to reject the idea of mystery in the agency, and to seize upon a palpable prodigy like Bacon as the only possible solution of a work of genius.

But some other ground than human fancy must be found for General Sherman's espousal of the theory of mystery as to General Grant. In fact, he stated it so strongly as to make it quite possible that the vogue the theory has acquired is due, in some measure, to his authority. For it may be assumed that the views he expressed in a letter to a friend,¹ fourteen years after the war (dated November 18, 1879), were deliberate conclusions, after much speculation on a subject always near to his thoughts, and in line with what had been his usual attitude toward the character of his friend and chief. Speaking of General Grant's demeanor while being fêted in San Francisco, General Sherman says:

"He is a strange character. Nothing like it is portrayed by Plutarch or the many who have striven to portray the great men of ancient or modern times. I knew him as a cadet at West Point, as a lieutenant of the Fourth Infantry, as a citizen of St. Louis, and as a growing general all through a bloody civil war. Yet to me he is a mystery, and I believe he is a mystery to himself."

The explanation of Sherman's estimate of Grant's character, as containing something inscrutable, we will venture to say may be found in contrast. Sherman was too great a man to have any illusions in regard to himself, and he knew from the comparisons of soldierly intercourse that in knowledge and self-reliance he was not inferior to the quiet man in whom the sense of danger was no bar to the boldest enterprise. Contrasts in their characters began there, and continued along the lines of intellectual habit and temperament. In yielding the full measure of confidence to Grant as his worthy and official chief, Sherman, with his dread of the political mind working in the dark, may well have marveled at Grant's easy mastery of the politicians, and, with his hotspur nature, have regarded as incomprehensible Grant's power of resolving the personal obstacles and disappointments of official life in his mighty reticence. In the crisis of battle and in the focus of honors, he had beheld in Grant the same modest, imperturbable spirit, and from him the ascription of mystery to his comrade's character was merely a graceful way of testifying to his own belief in Grant's superior authority.

General Schofield, in his book, which has just come from the press, entitled "Forty-six Years in the Army," refers to Sherman's statement that he could not understand Grant, and doubted if Grant understood himself, and adds:

"A very distinguished statesman, whose name I need not mention, said to me that, in his opinion, there was nothing special in Grant to understand. Others have varied widely in their estimates of that extraordinary character. Yet I believe its most extraordinary quality was its extreme simplicity—so extreme that many have entirely overlooked it in their search for some deeply hidden secret to account for so great a character, unmindful of the general fact that simplicity is one of the most prominent attributes of greatness."

¹ See THE CENTURY for April, 1897.

The near view of Grant while performing the greatest task of his career as a soldier, given to us by General Horace Porter, harmonizes with the estimate of General Schofield, which is reinforced by Colonel William C. Church's «Ulysses S. Grant,» in the Heroes of the Nations series. Indeed, Colonel Church uses effectively the authoritative data of recent years, such as the evidence of Lincoln's perfect understanding of Grant's abilities, as revealed in Nicolay and Hay's «Abraham Lincoln,» to portray a consistent military character of which great things were predicted from the earliest period of the Mexican War, and from which he easily shows that success flowed, in almost every military enterprise intrusted to him, because Grant, «as a soldier, . . . met all the conditions of his time, and rose superior to them. It was not (luck,) it was energy, zeal, and singleness of purpose, directed by exceptional military capacity, that explain his success.»

A writer in the «Revue des Deux Mondes,» who devotes ten pages to a review of General Porter's memoirs, is appreciative of the interest attaching to the Civil War, which impresses him as resembling the rude combats of antiquity rather than a contest between modern European nations. So far from finding anything mysterious in the character of General Grant, he deprecates the author's effort to include him among the great captains of the world, and even can find nothing in General Porter's recital «which gives the impression of a captain of genius.» On the contrary, to this French writer General Grant's deeds and virtues mark him for «a good citizen» rather than a great soldier. Foreign heroes who chance to call at the French Valhalla are apt to find the place already overcrowded; but it will not touch American susceptibilities to know that General Grant has been turned away on the ground that he belongs properly to a new line of soldiers, who were first of all good citizens. In fact, it is that view of his personality which appeals most forcibly to the American people, and which speaks from the face of the tomb they have erected as a sign of their belief in his greatness; for on it is written all there is of mystery in his character as a soldier. It is his own simple message: «Let us have peace.»

Playing to the Galleries.

No doubt there are in Congress sincere opponents of reform in the civil service, but to lookers-on in Washington who are familiar with the real conviction of the average senator or representative, half distracted by the scramble for office, the attacks upon the merit system during the present session take on the aspect of a farce. In some cases the wink of the legislator, as he rises to speak, can almost be heard. The listener pricks up his ears and rubs his eyes. Can that be the honorable gentleman from — who is pleading so tearfully for the liberties of the people—he who is compelled to resort to subterfuge and locked doors to defend his privacy against the invasion of the clamorous office-seeker?

Not only do legislators confess, in moments of private candor, to the relief which they would have in the abolition of congressional patronage, but most of them are committed publicly to the abandonment of the system. To interpret the platforms of the chief political parties from the point of view of common honesty, it would seem that no stronger pledge could be framed in

words than that which each has given that the merit system shall be maintained and extended. Members of the party out of power are not absolved from its promises to the people; while those who are nominally responsible for the conduct of the government are doubly committed to civil-service reform by the arraignment and promise of this resolution in the Republican national platform of 1888:

«The men who abandoned the Republican party in 1884, and continue to adhere to the Democratic party, have deserted not only the cause of honest government, of sound finance, of freedom, of purity of the ballot, but especially have deserted the cause of reform in the civil service. We will not fail to keep our pledges because they have broken theirs, or because their candidate has broken his. We therefore repeat our declaration of 1884, to wit: The reform of the civil service, auspiciously begun under the Republican administration, should be completed by the further extension of the reform system, already established by law, to all the grades of the service to which it is applicable. The spirit and purpose of the reform should be observed in all executive appointments, and all laws at variance with the object of existing reform legislation should be repealed, to the end that the dangers to free institutions which lurk in the power of official patronage may be wisely and effectively avoided.»

The pledge of the Republican platform of 1896, written when the classified service was substantially as at present, was unmistakable:

«The civil-service law was placed on the statute-book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it; and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable.»

Unless national politics is to take on the aspect of bunco-steering on a colossal scale, these reiterated pledges must be kept.

If it is asked why legislators, distinguished ordinarily by the strictest exaction of party fealty,—a common but not very enduring form of distinction,—are willing to play fast and loose with the people on this question, going so far in their violence as to make vulgar attacks upon the personal character of a man like Mr. Schurz, or to declare that they would be satisfied with «any old thing» (sic) in place of the merit system, the answer must be looked for, not on the floor of the House, but in the galleries to which the cheap comedians are playing. In these galleries are gathered from congressional districts of many States a horde of office-seekers of the professional type, who pay the civil service its highest compliment when they confess it is an obstacle to their voracious desire for office. These malcontents, who are not willing to try for the public service on their merits, must be placated from the floor of the House. Each is a possible center of discord for some timid congressman, and altogether they seem for the moment to stand for the American people. Their applause is always ready for the declaration that there is a screw loose in the Constitution when any system can prevent the payment of personal or political pledges to incompetents out of the public crib. The twenty men to each office who, as we write, are in Washington, impeding currency reform and other pressing public business, will thus be able to tell the «home folks» that «our member» made a beau-

tiful speech, and «poured hot shot into the law»; while their place at the capital will be taken by a new set of constituents, who will continue to make life a burden for the congressman, who, on his part, is secretly cursing the day he ever consented to accept a nomination. To this farce which goes on in the name of Liberty and «the people» no American satirist has ever done justice.

The insignificance of the professional spoilsman as an element of our national life is cogently set forth in an editorial article in the «Indianapolis News» of December 22, 1897, from which the following extracts are made:

«The spoils system is a cunning device of a class that would retain to itself the administration of public affairs. One might as well argue, from the chronic jurymen that hang around court-houses, that the people are interested in being drawn on juries, as to argue from the clamor of spoilsmen that it is the people who want the offices. The people—the great mass of the seventy millions in this country—do not want offices, and they have no time for them. They are pursuing life, liberty, and happiness in their own way. . . . But there is a little coterie of men in every city, in every town, in every hamlet almost, that hang around the post-office, or the county court-house, or whatever center of public activity, who seek to make of politics the means of living. . . . These folk are always to the front. They are out on the curbstone, making a noise. Merely passing along the street, you might think, to use the common phrase, that the «whole town» is talking; whereas the whole town is in shops and stores and offices and factories, engaged in the business of life, while a mere handful of people are in the highways and byways, making a noise. . . . Put this question to a test, let a vote be taken, and the spoilsmen would see that they would not amount to a chip on the tide, to a leaf in the gale. They are simply as nothing, either in numbers or influence, compared with the great mass of the people who are attending to the business of life, and who want their public affairs administered as they administer their private affairs—honestly, thoroughly, efficiently, and because of fitness and not favoritism. We challenge the spoilsmen to any test they want to make. They are not merely not a majority of the people: they are an insignificant moiety of the minority.»

This pressure for public support is an instance of the inverted view of the function of government which survives among us, and which, if it be encouraged by narrowing the scope of the merit system, will place a tremendous strain upon Republican institutions at a time when they are already laden with a hundred burdens. The merit system is in the interest of the whole people; for, unlike the spoils system, it cannot be used by a faction to defeat the will of the people. Civil-service reform has never been a party question in the nation, for it stands for the interest of Republican, Democrat, Populist, Prohibitionist, Free-drinker, Single-taxer, Laborer, Revenue-reformer, and Protectionist

alike. It is a protest against playing the game of politics with loaded dice, furnished by the people against themselves.

The Century's Prizes for College Graduates.

THREE months remain in which the graduates who received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at any college or university in the United States during the commencement season of 1897 may submit manuscripts in competition for the three prizes of \$250 each, offered by this magazine. These prizes, which will be renewed to similar graduates of 1898, 1899, and 1900, are (1) for the best metrical writing, of not fewer than fifty lines; (2) for the best essay in the field of biography, history, or literary criticism, of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words; (3) and for the best story of not fewer than four thousand or more than eight thousand words.

Each manuscript, type-written, must be received at the office of THE CENTURY not later than June 1; must be marked outside and inside, «For the College Competition»; and must be signed by a pen-name which must also be written on the outside of a sealed envelop containing the name and address of the author. This envelop will not be opened until the prizes have been awarded.

As the object of the competition would be in part defeated by an award in any class, in case no manuscript of the class should be thought worthy of public attention, the editor reserves the right to withhold the award in such a case, and also the right to print the manuscripts receiving prizes, without further payments. But three months after the appearance of the prize manuscripts in the magazine, the copyright will be surrendered to the successful competitors.

Manuscripts for the first competition were received before the beginning of the new year; and the letters of inquiry from all parts of the Union indicate a very general interest among the graduates of 1897. Inasmuch as the chief motive in limiting the competition to graduates was to avoid any interference with regular college work, the editor wishes to place emphasis on the condition that each manuscript offered in competition for a prize must be the product of literary work done after graduation. Essays, poems, and stories prepared during the college course, as a part of the college work, or as contributions to college publications and to the activity of the literary societies, will not be considered. The sole object of the competition is to encourage literary activity among students immediately after leaving college, with the view of assisting those having such ambition to test their capacity for literary work.

A circular explaining the objects and conditions of the competition may be had on inclosing a stamp to THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.



OPEN LETTERS

Women's Work for Women and Children.

THE State of Massachusetts now has by legislation given to women a place on each board of trustees of the State charitable and reformatory institutions and on the Prison Commission. Women also have served on the State Board of Lunacy and Charity since 1880, by appointments of successive governors, though there is no statute which makes this obligatory. How have women gained these privileges, or, rather, have been allowed to perform these responsible duties? It has been said by ardent woman suffragists that «a sop» has been thrown to them in this way, as a partial compensation for their deprivation of the ballot.

Such, however, is not the case. It is a curious and interesting object-lesson to review the past, and to learn how women have been gradually introduced into the offices formerly held by men alone. The Prison Commission was established in 1870. To the legislature of that year a memorial was presented by two private charitable corporations who had been for some years engaged in the attempted reformation of discharged female prisoners. It was signed by a large number of prominent men and women concurring with the petitioners, and asked for a separate prison for women, and for a reformatory discipline in existing prisons. At the hearings before the Prison Committee of the legislature, there were various speeches on the subject. Men of high standing advocated the measure, and a few women found courage to tell the story of their experiences, and to give reasons for their request.

In answer to this petition, the legislature of that year established a Prison Commission. It consisted of three men and a secretary, the latter alone to receive compensation, and an «advisory board» of three women, who had no power whatever but the right to inspect prisons.

The prison for women was not provided; but the persons interested in its establishment continued to work for it, and at every legislature came forward to ask for it. At the suggestion of Mary Carpenter, the English philanthropist, when in Boston in 1873, a «Woman's League» was formed, which extended all over the State, and which sent in large petitions from men and women of high standing for a reformatory prison for women, under the management of women. Such a prison was built and opened in 1877, and has been in successful operation ever since.

Now this is an important thing to notice: these women who carried their measure at last, in spite of most discouraging obstacles, had no *political power*, and no personal end to gain.

They were perfectly acquainted with the matter in hand, and knew exactly what was needed for the class of persons which they desired to benefit. Their plans were founded on their own experiences in private charitable organizations. They could prove by the result of

years of labor in these that there was good reason to expect success in the prison management of women by their own sex, and also that the work of reform should begin in prison. Long after the first hearings before the Prison Committee of the legislature, a well-known politician, chairman of the committee, said to a political friend: «I remember, when those ladies first came before us, and pleaded earnestly for something to be done for outcast women, I whispered to B— [a member of the committee], and I said, 'I tell you, B—, there ain't any *politics* in all this.'»

In 1887 certain women who were dissatisfied with the working of the State almshouse and the State primary school—the latter an institution for children especially, and for training them to self-support—quietly introduced two benevolent members of the legislature to introduce a bill for the appointment of a board of three women visitors to those institutions, which was enacted. They asked for no power except the right freely to inspect them, and to make an annual report to the legislature. This board merely plowed the ground; but so thorough was the plowing, and so evident was their capacity to manage charitable work, that in 1879, when the legislature reconstructed the charity laws of the State, they put two women trustees on each board of control of the State almshouse, State workhouse, State primary and reform schools, and also on the Prison Commission, giving them equal powers with their male associates. In 1884 the State Board of Lunacy and Charity recommended, in their annual report, that two women trustees should be added to each board of control of the State lunatic hospitals, and a woman physician to the medical staff of each. This was enacted by the legislature of that year, and the result has been satisfactory.

Before women had attained to their present standing on State boards, Miss Elizabeth Putnam of Boston, who had been for years working among neglected girls, had seen the value, as many others elsewhere have done, of personal friendly relations with individuals among them. She felt that the employment of paid male agents to place and visit the minor wards of the State was not the best method for *girls and young children*. She proposed to the official at the head of that department of the State board that he should avail himself of the services of women in this important work.

After several conferences with him, a plan was formed, which was carried out, and has been in operation ever since. Miss Putnam, with the assistance of two or three others, found in every county of Massachusetts certain women who were willing to perform the required service. There has now been since 1878 a corps of «auxiliary visitors», as they are termed, at present eighty-one in number. Some of these are living in other States adjoining Massachusetts, where homes are found for dependent children. They have no legal status, and no pay; but their traveling expenses necessary to the per-

formance of their duties are reimbursed quarterly from a State appropriation. They are simply private individuals acting as advisers to the State official at the head of that department. Boys over ten years old are still placed and visited by paid male agents; but girls of all classes, except the very young children who are boarded in families at State expense, come under the care of the voluntary and unpaid women visitors. The result has been excellent. Whenever Mr. Wrightington receives an application for a child to adopt, or a girl to assist in domestic work, he sends it to the visitor for that district. She visits the family, and ascertains whether the home is a suitable one. Her decision is final. She reports her reasons for disapproval, if any, to Mr. Wrightington—of course in strict confidence. She is required to find out not only whether the members of the family are of good character and able to support a child, but whether they are such persons as will train her to virtue and usefulness, and make her reasonably happy.

When the girl is placed, the visitor must see her as often as is necessary, report at least quarterly upon her condition and treatment, oftener if there is anything peculiar in the case. As some of these girls have been sentenced for petty offenses, are immoral, ill-tempered, and perverse, great patience is necessary in guiding and influencing them. Some require several changes of place before the right one is found. Volumes could be filled with the interesting details of the work. There are tragic episodes, and very funny ones. Of course the visitors are not equally zealous or efficient; but they have been, on the whole, excellent.

The Massachusetts reform schools for boys and girls are under one board of trustees, and the legislature of 1895 gave to this board increased powers. They now can find homes in suitable families for the inmates of the reform schools, and visit them personally or by agents. The two women trustees have devoted (unpaid) nearly their whole time to this new work, with excellent results.

The State primary school for children at Monson formerly contained about four hundred inmates. This institution has been abolished, owing to the boarding-out system having become general; and the Board of Lunacy and Charity now employ several paid women agents in addition to the auxiliary visitors to carry on this additional work caused by the closing of the school.

It is often said, in regard to the security of investments, that "everything depends on their management." There are in the world born leaders, of clear sight and organizing ability in business undertakings. So it is with benevolent labors. We have only to look at the noble work achieved by Charles L. Brace for destitute children in New York to see what one man can accomplish. Mrs. Lowell's long life of charitable work, and that of Miss Louise Schuyler, in the same city, also show what leading spirits, faithful and unwearied, have done for humanity. In Mr. Brace's most interesting biography, just published, we find him forty-five years ago lamenting the supineness and selfish ease of the majority of persons at that date, and pointing out the great field untilled, where noxious weeds were daily springing up to poison society in the future. Mrs. Nassau Senior's report to Parliament, in or about 1870, on the condition of workhouse children, led to the boarding-out system for young children in England. This has been

copied in Massachusetts. Beginning in 1870 with the placing in families of foundlings and deserted infants, under medical supervision by the Board of Lunacy and Charity; with great saving of life from this method, it has been extended to older children in charge of that board. Not only are children far better in every way reared in domestic life than in the best-managed institution, but they become useful and self-supporting at an earlier age.

It is sad to read the long columns of our metropolitan journals which describe the doings of women,—hospitality perverted into ostentatious display, wholesome recreation sunk into a life of pleasure-seeking, women's clubs uttering a great deal of frothy nonsense and mutual admiration,—and to contrast this with the depths below of misery, vice, and ignorance—a turbid stream beneath these bubbles on the surface of society.

There is an army of women of leisure in this country who have the ability to transform our wretched slums into abodes of comparative peace and comfort, had they the unselfish spirit of Octavia Hill in England, and Mr. Brace, Mrs. Lowell, and others in this country. It is a curious fact, however, that women of leisure have not been the only or chief workers for the unfortunate and degraded classes. Mothers of families, some of them of narrow means and many cares, have done much service—the more efficient because the care of a family is an excellent training-school. Mothers of children, if they are true mothers, should best understand the needs of all children.

To sum up: The flood of immigration has brought to us an army of homeless, ignorant, neglected children. The experience of the most successful workers among them has proved that removal from large cities, and introduction into rural domestic life, is the true way to make them good citizens and virtuous men and women. Also that institution life for children should be only a temporary makeshift, because it cripples their faculties, besides exposing them to the contaminating influences of the more vicious ones. That personal, friendly influence, especially of women, is necessary to them as individuals; and that personal knowledge and visitation of children placed out in families is essential to their safety and protection from ill-usage. That the legislation necessary to the improvement of public charitable methods can be influenced by women without the ballot better than with it, as it comes through the efforts of non-partisans who have no personal ends to gain.

Clara Temple Leonard.

Rest and Exercise, and Pulmonary Consumption.

FROM rather an extended study of the subject of pulmonary consumption, I feel quite sure that very few opinions are more widely diffused than the one that sufferers from this disease must have an abundance of physical exercise before they can get well. So tenaciously is this notion held that consumptives persist in being up and in walking about until the last vestige of their strength is gone, and they are compelled to exemplify the pathetic but truthful saying that "a consumptive never goes to bed of his own free will unless it is to die." No one will, I think, be rash enough to assert that exercise has no place in the treatment of

this disease; for the least thoughtful attention to this matter will make it evident that the harm which comes from it is due to its indiscriminate employment—due to its application when rest should take its place; and it is in the hope of being able to say something which will make clear the indications for the use of each of these two important measures in the management of this disease that these lines are written.

At the very outset I wish to state that the idea of exercise in pulmonary consumption is based on a wrong foundation. It assumes that because exercise gives strength when taken in health, it must do the same thing in disease. A moment's reflection will teach us, however, that health and the disease which we are here considering are two widely different conditions. One represents the fullness of energy and vigor, and the other an exhausted state of the resources of life. The wasting, the general weakness, the shortness of breath which is out of all proportion to the amount of affected lung area, the slight evening fever, the loss of appetite, all indicate that from the very beginning of his disease the consumptive suffers more from constitutional debility than from local pulmonary disorder. In financial language, the healthy man is like a plethoric bank, while the consumptive is like a financial institution verging on bankruptcy. Following this argument, I would say there is no axiom better established than that money makes money if it is put to proper use, and hence he who has moneyed capital always has the chance of increasing his capital. But the banker whose capital is reduced to a minimum, and whose income does not equal the amount of his expenses, must, in order to escape being pushed against the wall, either increase his income or diminish his expenses. If he does both he will get out of his straitened condition more quickly than if he does one alone.

Accepting the dictum, then, that the consumptive is on the verge of physiological bankruptcy, what is the most reasonable course to pursue in order to restore his broken health? Is he to go on and take an abundance of physical exercise like his healthy neighbor? Shall he walk, ride horseback, row, hunt, mount his bicycle and fly through the country, or climb the mountains? Has he anything in common with his more fortunate and robust companion who by exercising draws on his reserve strength and so increases his physiological capital? Is there anything which would warrant him in doing this? No; for most of his reserve strength is gone, as has already been said; and if any of this energy is now devoted to physical exercise, it will make a serious drain on that which should be applied to the maintenance of other bodily functions, like digestion, breathing, circulation, etc., and in consequence these functions suffer, and the patient complains of an inability to eat, difficulty of breathing, of a weakened heart, etc. If he wants to save himself from physiological insolvency he must follow the same line of conduct as that which is pursued by the banker who wishes to escape financial insolvency. He must economize the forces of his body by reducing his expenses, and, if possible, by increasing his physiological income by means of more food. How this may be best accomplished is an important question.

May we not learn a serviceable lesson from Nature

herself in this respect? What promptings does she give him who exhausts his strength in daily toil? Does she tell him to continue his work and sap his forces still further, or does she admonish him to lie down and seek restoration in quietness and in sleep? What does she do when one is smitten with a debilitating malady like typhoid fever? Does she not compel him to seek a lying-down position—a position in which his muscles and his nerves are enabled to obtain the best possible rest? And why should not similar treatment apply to the consumptive? He is in the same situation in so far as the drain on his vital resources is concerned. With him it is a real living warfare between the strength of his body and the strength of his disease. The line which divides these two states is neither hard nor fast, but shifts its position in accordance with the ebb and flow of his bodily strength. When he is weak the disease advances, or gains ground; and when he is strong it is less aggressive, or goes back. The first duty of the physician is, therefore, to fortify and to invigorate the consumptive's condition, and to place him in that position in which he will have the best advantage to battle against his disease; and the foremost remedy in accomplishing this purpose is well-regulated rest. By placing the consumptive on his back, all that strength is economized which is otherwise wasted in walking, standing, and sitting; and when we realize that about one fifth of the energy of the body is devoted to these purposes, it does not require a very wild flight of the imagination to perceive that this means a marked cutting down of his expenditures. Practically this is followed by immediate beneficial results; for that part of his physiological capital which was previously diverted to the support of voluntary muscular motion is now distributed to the maintenance of the other and more essential functions. The digestion improves, the heart is less excitable, the breathing becomes easier, the cough and expectoration diminish, and altogether there is an air of vigor about the patient which was absent before. On observing this improvement, one is at a loss to know the reason for the existence of the general opinion that the salvation of the phthisical depends on plenty of exercise. Before I fully appreciated the great value of rest in the treatment of consumption, it was frequently a source of bitter disappointment to me to see patients whom I considered well enough to leave bed, walk about, and do work, almost invariably have a relapse when they did so. Although it was a puzzle to me then, it is clear to me now why it could not have been otherwise. They were allowed to leave their beds prematurely.

Rest bears its best fruit in the treatment of consumption only when it is applied systematically and persistently. It will not do to allow the patient to act for himself in this matter. He must be placed under the care and supervision of either a physician or a well-trained nurse. The following instance pointedly illustrates the difference between the results which are obtained when rest is applied in a loose and in a methodic manner. Some years ago, when I began to employ rest, I had a patient under my care who lived a long distance from me, and whom I was able to see only at long intervals. At the very beginning of the treatment I placed him on a diet of the most nourishing character, gave him what I thought was appropriate

drug medication, and ordered him to keep quiet, without any very specific directions as to how it should be carried out. He obeyed me strictly as to the food and medicine, and mapped out a general course of rest which he believed was proper in his case; that is, he sat up most of the day, walked up and down stairs and on the piazza and lawn, and occasionally took a short stroll on the street. This course was continued for about five months, at the end of which time I saw him again, and found that he was no better—in fact, not so well; for he had lost in weight, had a poor appetite, and about the same degree of fever as before, and there was no improvement in the local condition of his lungs. I now placed him under the care of a good nurse, and ordered him to bed, and to remain there day and night until I saw him again, but made no other change in the previous treatment. At the end of two months he was permitted to sit up an hour each day for the following two weeks, after which he was gradually accustomed to being up all day. In consequence of this change from exercise to rest, he began to improve at once, and in four months after the enforced rest treatment had been begun he had gained seventeen pounds in weight. When we consider that this patient made all this improvement with the existence of a good-sized cavity in the upper part of his right lung, it is a striking demonstration of what absolute rest did for him. He was soon engaged in his former occupation, to which he has become gradually readapted, and with the exception of not being allowed to do heavy lifting or violent exercise, he is now, and has been for the last five years, able to perform all the duties of his business.

After a consumptive has progressed far enough to be up and lead a more active life, how should he conduct himself so as to avoid a relapse? How is he to resume a vocation? These are to him most serious problems. To solve them he must bear in mind the principle which has secured his recovery thus far—he must economize his strength. He must avoid becoming tired, and forego physical strain. He may become fatigued provided this is readily put to one side by rest and food; but when he exhausts himself to such a degree that he feels weary and out of sorts from morning until evening, and fails to be refreshed by food or sleep, it is evidence that his body is wasting its resources faster than they are accumulated, and that he should call a halt, and rest. He should also shun the straining which comes from lifting, running, jumping, etc., so as not to throw too great a burden on the weakened blood-vessels of the lung, and avoid the risk of hemorrhage from this source.

Thomas J. Mays, M. D.

Fraudulent Mexican Antiquities.

SINCE the opening of the railroads of Mexico, which have so shortened the time and facilitated the visiting of the country, many thousands of Americans annually visit this land of never-ceasing surprises, perhaps the most wonderful of which are its antiquities and their histories. Naturally, when so many well-to-do people visit a country, they desire to bring back mementos of their trip, and the demand must be supplied in some way. Nowhere has the native better succeeded than in Mexico, where the manufacture of antiquities to supply the

traveler, the collector, the museum, etc., has been carried on for many years. The ever-increasing demand is more than met by the enterprising manufacturers.

These objects can be found in quantity in any of the antiquity-shops of the city of Mexico. They are often so cleverly made, and have been sold in such a roundabout way, that the most cautious have been deceived. But even more ingenious are the ways in which these articles are disposed of to the unskilled or to the unwary collector. One collector had unsuspectingly purchased for years of an old woman who had informed him of the trips of days to the mines and other places where she might be likely to find such objects. In one instance she had walked for ten or twelve days without obtaining anything; and then, again, for days she would watch a single excavation from which she might obtain only one or two objects. In fact, she made it her business to watch every important excavation made near the city, the result being that at each excavation she had found only an occasional object, thus keeping up the price. These she either made herself or bought of the manufacturer.

In the pottery objects, especially those made of dark clay and for sale everywhere, an enormous series was examined. Especially in one collection, which contained nothing else, the greatest freedom, and in fact skill, was used by the manufacturer. Vases described by Dr. W. H. Holmes a few years ago, about two feet in height, with a wealth of decoration in the form of heads of the Aztec type, are worthy of notice. The most remarkable objects were the large groups representing sacrificial scenes. In these sometimes as many as six or eight figures were represented as standing about a small corner of the ancient Mexican calendar-stone, on which was laid, or about to be laid, the victim. The figures were represented as engaged in various ceremonies, such as cutting out the heart; and in several instances the heart had been cut out, and was being held in the hand of one of the figures. These groups, as well as a large series of vases and other objects which are not copies of anything existing in Mexican archaeology, but are also fabrications, are made by putting together such exaggerated features of Mexican archaeology as would strike unsuspecting purchasers that the objects offered were remarkable Mexican antiquities. Thus one can purchase anywhere miniature copies of the water-goddess, which weighs twenty-two tons, and which has recently been removed from the pedestal where it had rested for centuries to the National Museum in the city of Mexico; and many others are rarely, if ever, true copies of anything existing in Mexico.

Many objects are made of the so-called Mexican onyx or aragonite from Pueblo. These are carved in facsimile of the small stone figures found in the valley of Mexico, often in fanciful shapes, with superfluous decoration, occasionally representing animal figures, the work throughout exhibiting a certain amount of Aztec spirit. In the large number examined were masks and heads made of this material, in which had been inserted the eyes, nose, and mouth of obsidian, made by lining the cavity with flakes of obsidian, which occurs as rolled pebbles in abundance throughout the valley of Mexico, and as an entire hill at Pachuca. This obsidian ornamentation sometimes extends to the head-

dress, and in one instance obsidian flakes were inserted as ear-ornaments. Gray and red obsidian objects, in the form of masks, elephants, small idols, and other objects, are made by a peon residing in the city of Mexico. Some of these fraud objects have found their way into European museums, and in one of Europe's greatest museums I found a series, since eliminated. Recently some dozens were successfully sold in New York city to a dozen collectors.

The most remarkable object of this kind that I saw—a mask measuring about eight inches in height and six and a half inches in width, and weighing eight or ten pounds—is carved in a crude manner, and polished, representing so much work and ingenuity to make that it might easily be mistaken for a genuine antiquity. Another very abundant type of these remarkable fabrications consists of masks about the size of the human face, and jars or kettles on feet, all of which are decorated with flakes of obsidian. These jars and vases, some of which are from ten to twelve inches in height, generally show where they are supposed to have been struck in bringing them out. An examination of these breaks will show that the interior is copper. They are made of a thin sheet of copper, to which has been added a layer, an inch or more in thickness, of some earthy substance mixed with bitumen found in the city of Mexico. While the mixture is still soft these long flakes of obsidian are inserted, one for the nose, and one for the mouth, and two more for the eyes, on the masks. They are applied so that the effect is most startling; and many an unsuspecting tourist cannot but believe that he has secured a rare Mexican mask or vase, especially when the copper is visible.

While examining the ruins of San Juan Teotihuacan with a well-known guide, the conversation drifted to the camera which the writer carried; and, strange to say, the guide seemed rather to fancy the idea of being photographed. It was with pride that he informed the writer that he was the maker of many of the clay figures and other objects that are sold at the station and throughout the city of Mexico. He also not only consented to show the writer how it was done, but also to allow him to see the furnace, and the molds in which these objects are pressed or cast. The clay used to make them is very fine-grained and smooth, and when pressed into the molds took a beautifully clean impression of them. The pieces were then united, and baked in a small, low oven in the open air, alongside of the little cactus-walled abode of the potter, which contains objects in all stages of manufacture; and the manufacturer very kindly allowed several pictures to be taken of the interior of his cactus-walled hut, the entire walls of which were formed by planting and allowing the tall club to grow so close together that the walls were almost as compact as those of a log cabin.

George Frederick Kunz.

Boldini's Pastel of Verdi.

In response to an inquiry by the editor, Mr. Boldini has made the following note of the circumstances under which he painted in Paris, in 1886, the striking por-

trait of the composer Verdi which, by his kind permission, is reproduced as the frontispiece of the present number, and which is included in the brilliant group of portraits which he has recently brought to America:

«I had just completed a three-quarter-length portrait of Verdi for his native town, when he called, one day, to bid me good-by, as he was to leave the same evening for Italy. He wore a white neckerchief, an overcoat, and a silk hat, as shown in the portrait. I begged him to stay for a few moments, so that I might make a small sketch as a souvenir; but he said, «I have no time.» I pressed him to spare me a few moments; but he still excused himself because of his early departure. Finally, however, he sat down for a chat, and I immediately took a pastel canvas, and began to draw. So as to hold his attention, I recalled to him a scene in one of his early operas, which I had heard during my youth at Ferrara. He then became interested, and began to sing with so much emotion that the tears came into his eyes, and instinctively I made the eyes in the portrait weep also; but after Verdi became somewhat calmer I had to blot out the tears. The sitting of a few moments had lasted four hours.

«Verdi, as you will see in this portrait, was a strong man, of robust health, although somewhat nervous. His conversation is charming, and gives one the impression of a clear, simple, and attractive melody.»

The composer, who was seventy-three years of age at the time this portrait was made, is now, at the age of eighty-four, reported to be failing in health.

Mr. Giovanni Boldini, one of the distinguished painters now resident in Paris, was born at Ferrara, Italy, in 1845. He has lived in France since 1872, but has not relinquished his Italian citizenship. His work, both in figures and landscape, has long been popular in America, but his portrait-painting, to which of late years he has devoted himself increasingly, is less familiar. He is an associate of both the great French art societies, and is *hors concours* at the old Salon. He was awarded a grand prize at the Paris Exposition of 1889, and was made a member of the Legion of Honor the same year.

Among his chief portraits painted in Europe, five of which have recently been shown at Bousod, Valadon & Co.'s in New York, are those of Mr. Whistler, the Princess Poniatowski, and Mrs. Adolf Ladenburg. Other portraits have been painted during his visit to America.

In general Mr. Boldini's work is characterized by dashing style, clever characterization, masterly technique, and agreeable color.

A Popular Error as to the Moravian Church.

THE Rev. Paul de Schweinitz of the Moravian Church, Nazareth, Pennsylvania, writes to protest against the literary habit of referring to teachers in the Moravian schools as «nuns», an error which Longfellow has helped to establish by his «Hymn of the Moravian Nuns of Bethlehem at the Consecration of Pulaaski's Banner.» The unmarried women of the church, he says, are technically called «single sisters,» but they never take any vow of celibacy or other sisterhood vow.

IN LIGHTER VEIN

Difficulties of a Deacon.

IT is my firm opinion that newspaper men should not be deacons. Not that there is any moral or spiritual reason why they should abstain—not that; but it does n't work; the chances are all against it. I know it from experience. I was a deacon myself once.

It was at a time when they were destroying gambling-tools at police headquarters. I was there, and I carried away as a memento of the occasion a pocketful of red, white, yellow, and blue chips. They were pretty, and I thought they would be nice to have around. That was the beginning of the mischief. I was a very energetic deacon, and attended to the duties of the office with zeal. It was a young church; I had helped to found it myself; and at the Thursday-night meetings I was rarely missing. The very next week it was my turn to lead it, and I started in to interpret the text to the best of my ability, and with much approval from the brethren.

I have a nervous habit, when talking, of fingering my watch, keys, knife, or whatever I happen to fish out of my pocket first. It happened to be the poker chips this time. Now, I have never played poker. I don't know the game from the smallpox. But it seems that the congregation did. I could not at first account for the enthusiasm of the brethren as I laid down the law, and checked off the points successively on a white, a red, and a yellow chip, summing the argument up on a blue. I was rather flattered by my success at presenting the matter in a convincing light; and when the dominie leaned over and examined the chips attentively, I gave him a handful for the baby, cheerfully telling him that I had plenty more at home.

The look of horror on the good man's face remained a puzzle to me until some of the congregation asked me on the train in the morning, in a confidential kind of way, where the game was, and how high was the ante. The explanation that ensued was not a success. I think that it shook the confidence of the brethren in me for the first time.

It occurs to me now, looking back, that the fact that I had a black eye on that occasion may have contributed in a measure to this result. Yet it was as innocent an eye as those chips; in fact, it was distinctly an ecclesiastical black eye, if I may so call it. I was never a fighter, any more than I was a gambler. Only once in my life was I accused of fighting, and then most unjustly. It was when a man who had come into my office with a hickory club to punish me for a wrong, as he insisted upon considering it,—while in reality it was an act of strictest justice to him,—happened to fall out of a window, taking the whole sash with him. The simple fact was that I did n't strike a blow. He literally fell out. However, that is another story, and a much older one.

This black eye was a direct outcome of my zeal as deacon. Between the duties it imposed upon me, and my work as a newspaper man, I was getting very much

in need of exercise of some sort. The doctor recommended Indian clubs; but the boys in the office liked boxing, and it seemed to me to have some advantages. So we clubbed together, and got a set of gloves, and when we were not busy would put them on and have a friendly set-to. It was inevitable that our youthful spirits should rise at these meetings, and with them occasionally certain lumps, which afterward shaded off into various tints bordering more or less on black, until we learned to keep a leech on hand for emergencies. You see, what with the spirit of the contest, the tenderness of our untrained flesh, and certain remembered scores which were thus paid off in an entirely friendly and Christian manner, leaving no bad blood behind,—especially after we had engaged the leech,—this was not only reasonable, but inevitable. But the brethren knew nothing of this, and could n't be persuaded to listen to it; and, in fairness, it must be owned that the spectacle of a deacon with a black eye and a handful of poker chips expounding the text in prayer-meeting was—well, let us say that appearances were against me.

Still, I might have come through it all right had it not been for Mac. Mac was the dog. It never rains but it pours; and just at this time midnight burglars took to raiding our suburban town, and dogs came into fashion. Mac came into it with a long jump. He had been part of the outfit of a dog-pit in a low dive on the East Side which the police had broken up. Sergeant Jack had heard of my need, and gave him to me for old acquaintance' sake, warranting him to keep anybody away from the house. Upon this point there was never the least doubt. We might just as well have lived on a desert island while we had him. People went around the next block to avoid our house. It was not because Mac was unsociable; quite the contrary. He took to the town from the first, especially to the other dogs. These he generally took by the throat, to the great distress of their owners. I have never heard that bulldogs as a class have theories, and I am not prepared to discuss the point. I know that Mac had. He was an evolutionist, with a firm belief in the principle of the survival of the fittest; and he did all one dog could do to carry it into practice. His efforts eventually brought it down to a question between himself and a big, long-haired dog in the next street. I think of this with regret, because it was the occasion of my one real slip. The dog led me into temptation.

If it only had not been Sunday, and church-time, when the issue became urgent, and the long-haired one accepted our invitation for a walk in the deep woods! In this saddening reflection I was partly comforted, while taking the by-paths for home afterward,—with Mac limping along on three legs, and minus one ear,—by the knowledge that our view of the case had prevailed. The long-haired one troubled us no more thereafter.

Mac had his strong points, but he had also his fail-

ings. One of these was a weakness for stale beer. I suppose he had been brought up on it in the dog-pit. The pure air of Long Island, and the moral environment of his new home, did not wean him from it. He had not been long in our house before he took to absenting himself for days and nights at a time, returning ragged and fagged out, as if from a long spree. We found out, by accident, that he spent those vacations in a low saloon a mile up the plank road, which he had probably located on one of his excursions through the country to extend his doctrine of evolution. It was the conductor on the horse-car that ran past the saloon who told me of it. Mac had found the cars out, too, and rode regularly up and down to the place, surveying the country from the rear platform. The conductor prudently refrained from making any remarks after Mac had once afforded him a look at his jaw. I am sorry to say that I think that Mac got drunk on those trips. I judged, from remarks I overheard once or twice about the «deacon's drunken dog,» that the community shared my conviction. It was always quick to jump at conclusions, particularly about deacons.

Sober second thought should have acquitted me of all the allegations against me, except the one matter of the Sunday discussion in the woods—which, however, I had forgotten to mention. But sober second thought, that ought always and specially to attach itself to the deaconry, was apparently at a premium in our town. I had begun to tire of the constant explanations that were required, when the climax came in a manner wholly unforeseen and unexpected. The cashier in the office had run away, or was under suspicion, or something, and it became necessary to overhaul the accounts to find out where the office stood. When that was done, my chief summoned me down-town for a private interview. Upon the table lay my weekly pay-checks for three years back, face down. My employer eyed them and me, by turns, curiously.

«Mr. Riis,» he began stiffly, «I'm not going to judge you unheard; and, for that matter, it is none of my business. I have known you all this time as a sober, steady man; I believe you are a deacon in your church; and I never heard that you gambled or bet money. It seems now that I was never more mistaken in a man in my life. Tell me, how do you do it, anyhow? Do you blow in the whole of your salary every week on policy, or do you run a game of your own up there? Look at those checks.»

He pointed to the lot. I stared at them in bewilderment. They were my own checks, sure enough; and underneath my name, on the back of each one, was the indorsement of the infamous blackleg whose name had been a byword ever since I could remember as that of the chief devil in the policy blackmail conspiracy that had robbed the poor and corrupted the police force to the core.

I went home, and resigned my office as deacon. I did not explain. We were having a little difficulty at the time, about another matter, which made it easy. I did not add this straw, though the explanation was simple enough. My chief grasped it at once; but then, he was not a deacon. I had simply got my check cashed every week in a cigar-store next door that was known to be a policy-shop for the special accommodation of police headquarters in those days, and the check had gone

straight into the «backer's» bank-account. That was how. But, as I said, it was hopeless to try to explain, and I did n't. I simply record here what I said at the beginning—that it is no use for a newspaper man, more particularly a police reporter, to try to be a deacon too. The chances are all against it.

Jacob A. Riis.

Possum.

Er dey 's any'ting dat riles me
An' jes gits me out o' hitch,
Twell I want to tek my coat off,
So 's to r'ar an' t'ar an' pitch,
Hit 's to see some ign'ant white man
'Mittin' dat owdacious sin—
W'en he want to cook a possum
Tekin' off de possum's skin.

W'y, dey ain't no use in talkin',
Hit jes hu'ts me to de hea't
Fu to see dem foolish people
Th'owin' 'way de fines' pa't.
W'y, dat skin is jes ez tendah
An' ez juicy ez kin be—
I knows all erbout de critter—
Hide an' haih—don't talk to me!

Possum skin is jes lak shoat skin;
Jes you swinge an' scrope it down,
Tek a good sha'p knife an' sco' it,
Den you bake it good an' brown.
Huh-uh! honey, you 's so happy
Dat yo' thoughts is 'mos' a sin
When you 's settin' dah a-chawin'
On dat possum's cracklin' skin.

White folks t'ink dey know 'bout eatin',
An' I reckon dat dey do
Sometimes git a little idee
Of a middlin' dish er two;
But dey ain't a t'ing dey knows of
Dat I reckon cain't be beat
When we set down at de table
To a unskun possum's meat!

Paul Laurence Dunbar.

Is it a Lost Art?

«I WONDER why it is,» he said,
«That women seek to do
The things of which they had a dread
When knights were bold and true.
In ancient days to be a bride
Was held a maiden's aim;
In ancient days a woman's pride
Lay in her husband's fame.

«Where lies the fault that woman's aims
Have turned from home to state?
Far greater virtues man now claims
Than tales revered relate.
He's better than the knights of old
Who battled for a glove—»
She interrupted, calm and cold:
«Except in making love.»

Elliott Flower.

The Four-masted Cat-boat.

AN ETCHING OF THE SEA. BY A LANDLUBBER.

The sea lay low in the offing, and as far as the eye could reach, immense white-caps rode upon it as quietly as pond-lilies on the bosom of a lake.

Fleecy clouds dotted the sky, and far off toward the horizon a full-rigged four-masted cat-boat lugged and luffed in the calm evening breezes. Her sails were piped to larboard, starboard, and port; and as she rolled steadily along in the heavy wash and undertow, her companion-light, already kindled, shed a delicate ray across the bay to where the dull red disk of the sun was dipping its colors.

Her cordage lay astern, in the neat coils that seamen know so well how to make. The anchor had been weighed this half-hour, and the figures put down in the log; for Captain Blifton was not a man to put off doing anything that lay in the day's watch.

Away to eastward, two tiny black clouds stole along as if they were diffident strangers in the sky, and were anxious to be gone. Now and again came the report of some sunset gun from the forts that lined the coast, and sea-robins flew with harsh cries athwart the sloop of fishing-boats that were beating to windward with gaffed topsails.

«Davy Jones 'll have a busy day to-morrow,» growled Tom Bowsline, the first boatswain's mate.

«Meaning them clouds is windy?» answered the steward, with a glance to leeward.

«The same,» answered the other, shaking out a reef, and preparing to batten the tarpaulins. «What dinged fools them fellers on the sloop of fishin'-ships is! They've got their studdin'sails gaffed and the mizzentops aft of the gangway; an' if I know a marlinspike from a martingale, we 're goin' to have as pretty a blow as ever came out of the south.»

And, indeed, it did look to be flying in the face of Providence, for the mackerel-ships, to the last one, were tugging and straining to catch the slightest zephyr, with their yard-arms close-hauled and their poop-decks flush with the fo'c'sle.

The form of the captain of the cat-boat was now visible on the stairs leading to the upper deck. It needed but one keen glance in the direction of the black clouds—no longer strangers, but now perfectly at home and getting ugly—to determine his course. «Unship the spinnaker-boom, you dogs, and be quick about it! Luff, you idiot, luff!» The boatswain's first mate loved nothing better than to luff, and he luffed; and the good ship, true to her keel, bore away to northward, her back scuppers oozing at every joint.

«That was ex neat a bit of seamanship as I ever see,» said Tom Bowsline, taking a huge bite of oakum. «Shiver my timber! if my rivets don't tremble with joy when I see good work.»

«Douse your gab, and man the taffrail?» yelled the captain; and Tom flew to obey him. «Light the top-lights!» A couple of sailors to whom the trick is a mere bagatelle run nimbly out on the stern-sprit and execute his order; and none too soon, for darkness is closing in

over the face of the waters, and the clouds come on apace.

A rumble of thunder, followed by a blinding flash, betokens that the squall is at hand. The captain springs adown the poop, and in a hoarse voice yells out, «Lower the maintop; loosen the shrouds; luff a little—steady! Cut the main-brace, and clear away the halyards. If we don't look alive, we 'll look pretty (durn) dead in two shakes of a capstan-bar. All hands abaft for a glass of grog.»

The wild rush of sailors' feet, the creaking of ropes, the curses of those in the rear, together with the hoarse cries of the gulls and the booming of the thunder, made up a scene that beggars description. Every trough of the sea was followed by a crest as formidable, and the salt spray had an indescribable brackish taste like bilgewater and ginger-ale.

After the crew had finished their grog they had time to look to starboard of the port watch, and there they beheld what filled them with pity. The entire sloop of mackerel-ships lay with their keels up.

«I knowed they 'd catch it if they gaffed their studdin'sails,» said Tom, as he shifted the quid of oakum.

The full moon rose suddenly at the exact spot where the sun had set. The thunder made off, muttering. The cat-boat, close-rigged from hand-rail to taffrail, scudded under bare poles, with the churning motion peculiar to pinnaces, and the crew involuntarily broke into the chorus of that good old sea-song:

The wind blows fresh, and our scuppers are astern.

Charles Battell Loomis.

Cupid's Paint-brush.¹

ROSALINDA, one fine day,
Came to Cupid, so they say,

And she said:

«Cupid, see; my lips are pink;
They'd be more admired, I think,
Richly red.

Cupid nodded, pricked his arm.
Rosalinda, in alarm,

Saw a drop,
Bright and crimson-hued, appear;
Begged of Cupid, with a tear,
Please to stop!

But the little fellow laughed,
Wet the feather of his shaft,—
Just the tips,—
Calmed her with a word or two;
Tinted with the crimson hue
Linda's lips.

Then the stained barb with care
In the sod he planted—where,
Precious dart,
Still it blooms, and maidens come,
Eager still for crimson from
Cupid's heart.

Albert Bigelow Paine.

¹ «Cupid's paint-brush» is a small red flower said to be used sometimes by girls for staining their lips.

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